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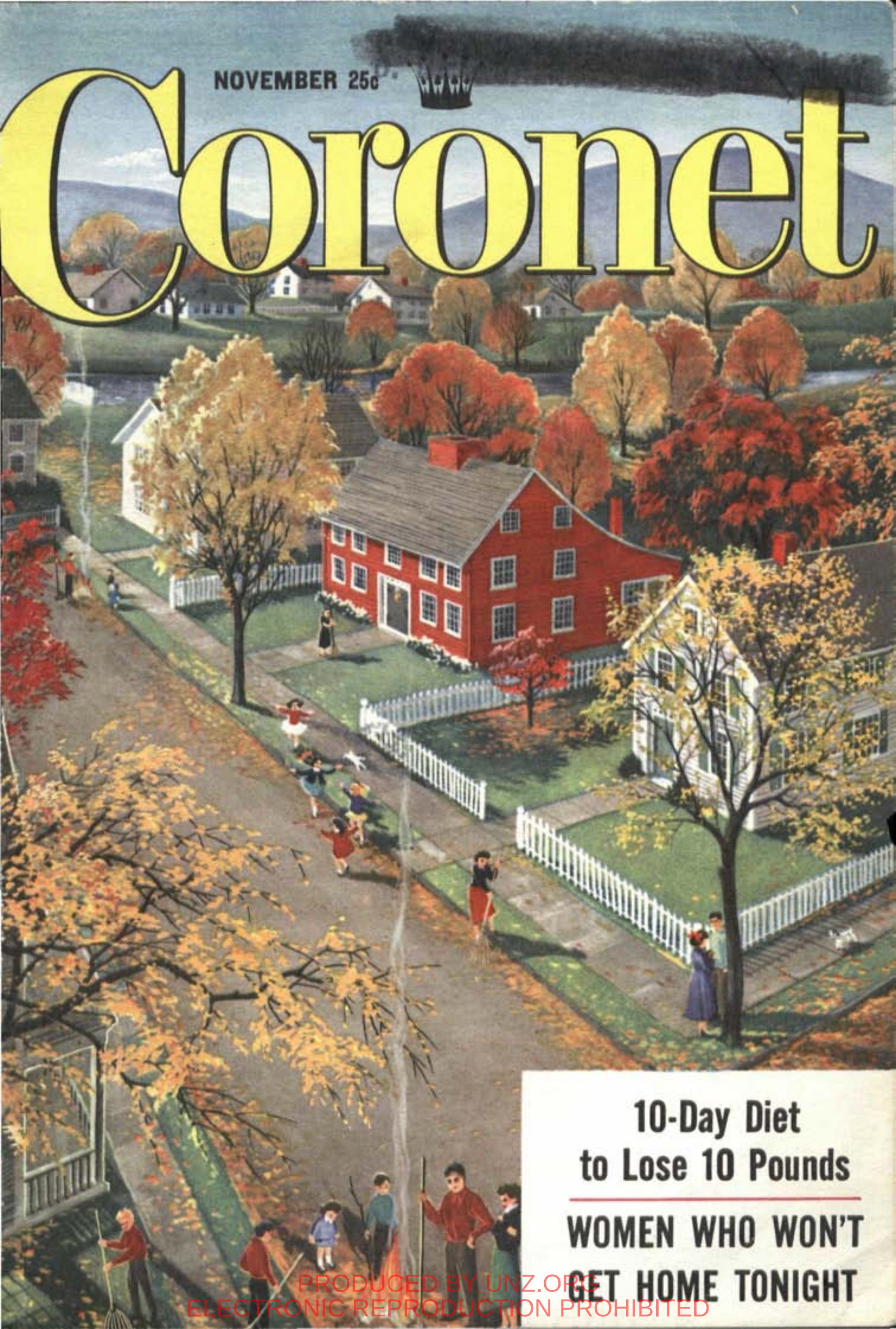

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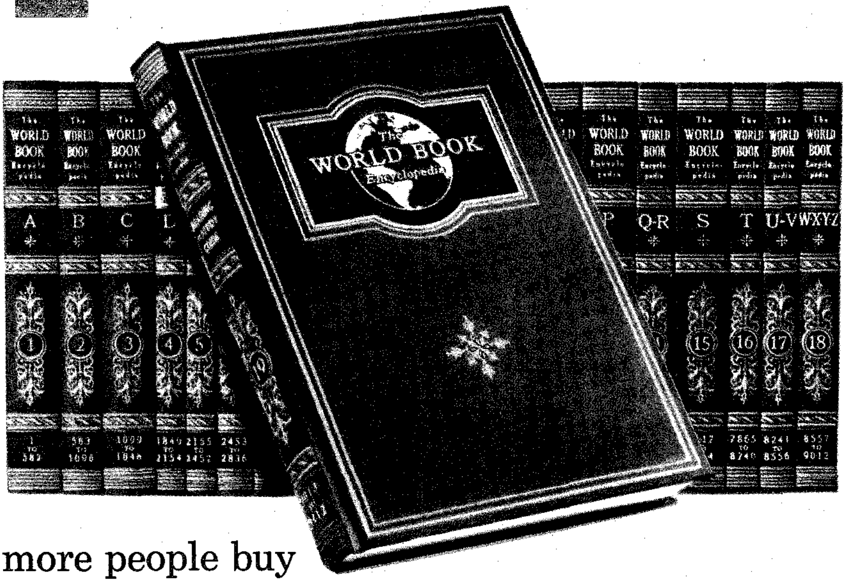

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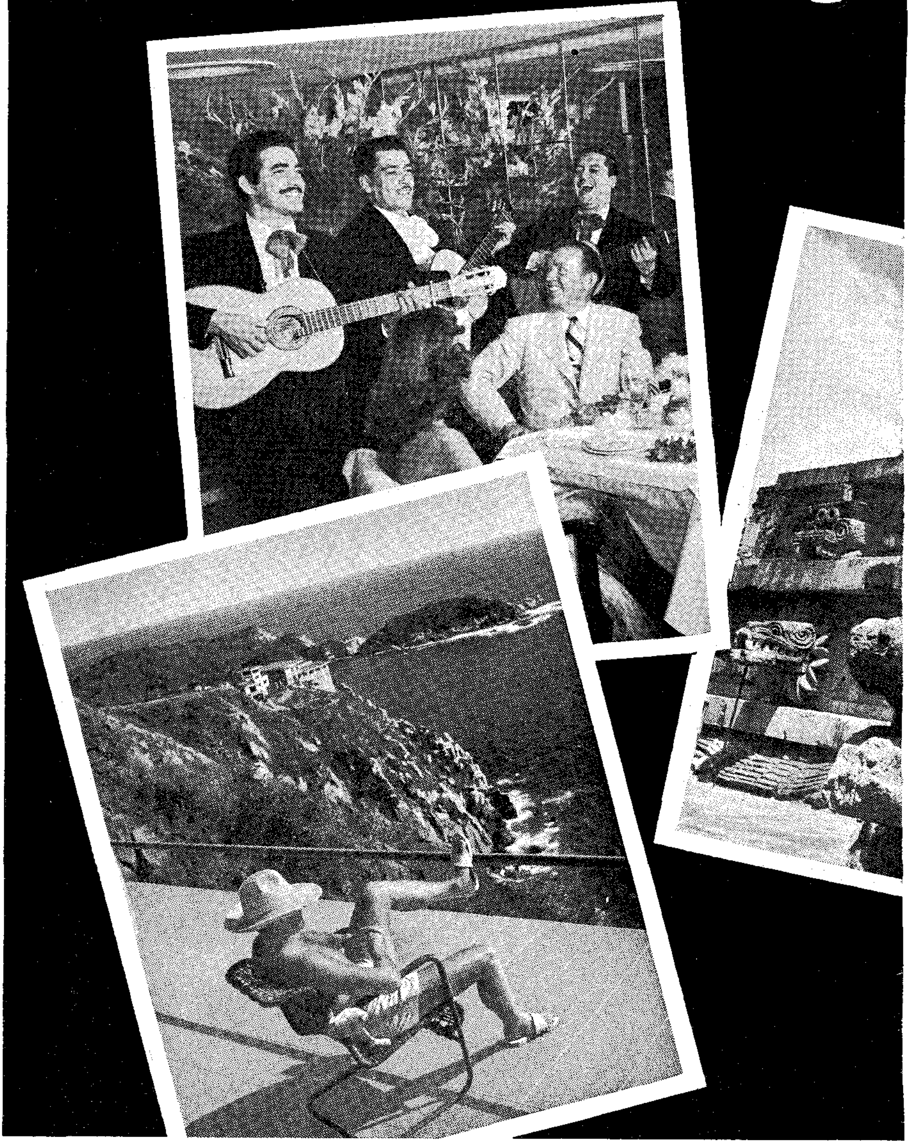

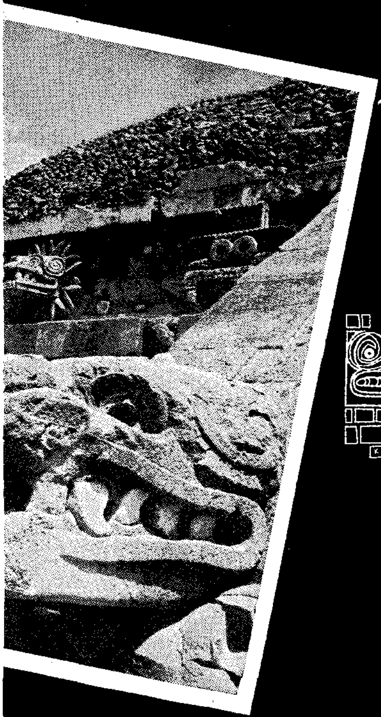

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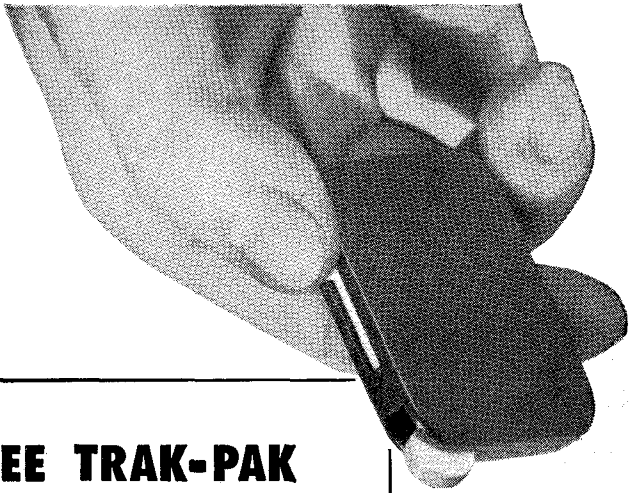
THE MONTH'S BEST...

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ, Academy Award winner for "All About Eve," turns his brilliant talent as writer-director to the story of a beautiful cabaret dancer who becomes an international success as a movie star, but whose restless passions drive her to a dark destiny. Photographed in Technicolor against a glamorous background of European playlands, this United Artists release co-stars Ava Gardner and Humphrey Bogart, strongly supported by Edmond O'Brien and Rossano Brazzi. The story etches some sharp portraits of American moviemakers abroad and Continental characters, as Mankiewicz again proves himself a master of superlative dialogue.

Ava Gardner poses for the statue which provides a clue to the contessa's motivations. Humphrey Bogart plays a has-been movie director.



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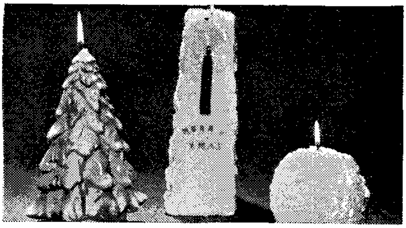

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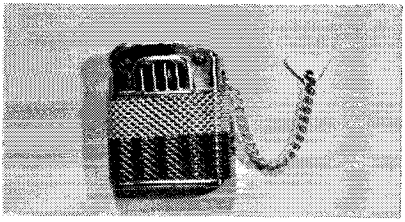

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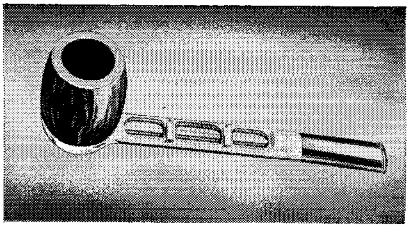

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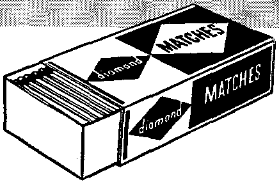
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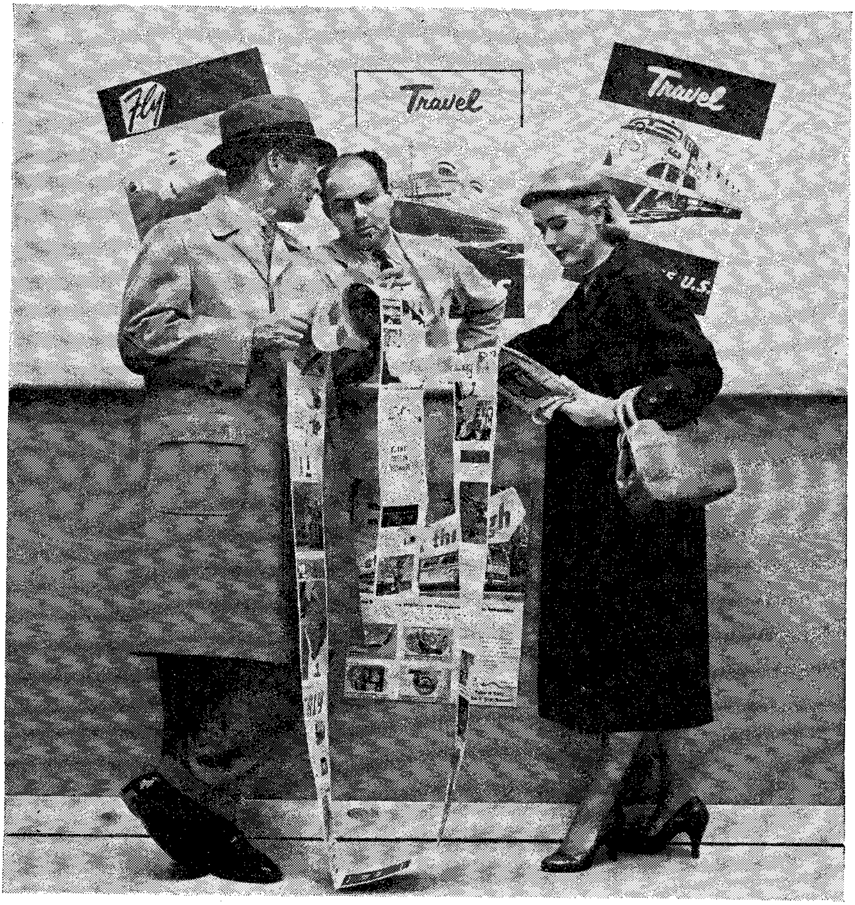


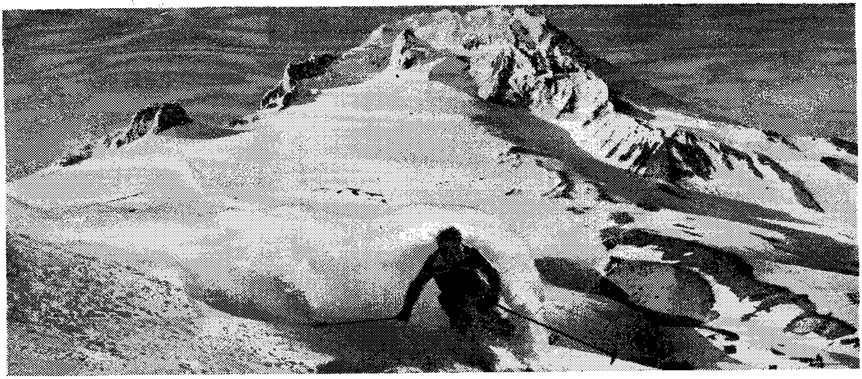
For Better Traveling...

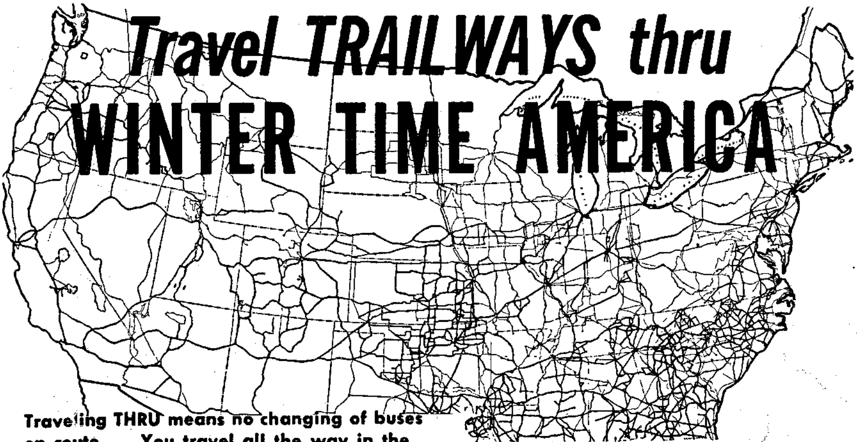
THE 12 MILLION Americans who will travel during December, January and February this year will find that everything has been done to make their trips both pleasant and inexpensive. Railroads and bus companies offer tempting packaged tours at middle-income prices. Steamship and air lines have "thrift" rates from December through March, cutting fares as much as 20%. Several railroads offer reduced rates for families, the husband paying full price, his wife and children half-price. The newest innovation is the "Pay Later" plan: a complete tour—travel by air and all land expenses—for a 10% down payment. The traveler has up to 20 months to pay the rest. It's no wonder the winter vacation boom has reached an all-time high.

(*Continued on page 12*)

Americans, becoming increasingly travel-wise, have found out that traveling light is a main prerequisite of traveling better. Since you are allowed only 66 pounds of baggage on overseas plane trips (on first-class flights) and 40 on continental trips, limitations have changed both the amount and the type of clothes that vacationists take, and, even more, the suitcases they go into. Popular types of 1954 luggage are made of every likely new material, in every likely and unlikely size, color and shape. But all are lightweight. Leather is still being used, but chiefly soft, light leather. Plastics and synthetics form the bulk of the market. Soft-sided cases on metal frames are in great demand, as the frames are sturdy and the canvas sides "give" for easy packing. The new suitcases, of plastic and molded Fiberglas, are pretty on the eye, light on the arm, easy on the budget. Almost all new styles hold more and last longer than the old ones did. And whether you travel by air or not, you will find that light baggage makes for less wear and tear—a happier, more carefree vacation.

(*Continued on page 14*)





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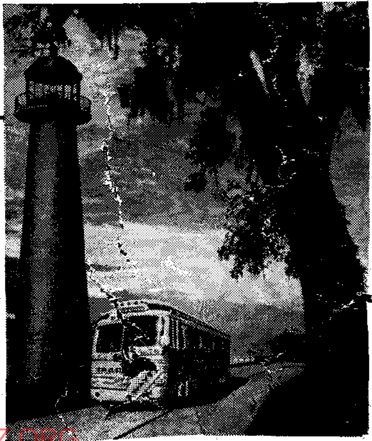

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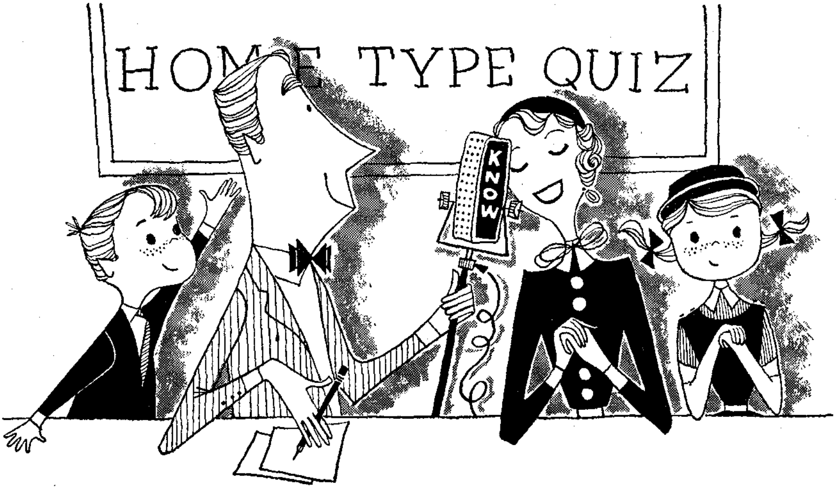

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NINETEENTH YEAR NOVEMBER 1954

PENICILLIN TURNS KILLER!

by LAWRENCE GALTON

PENICILLIN is now killing people as well as curing them.

From a healer for a host of ills—one of the truly great medical discoveries of all time—it has been turning into a menace. As the result of incredible misuse and overuse, the wonder drug has become a blunder drug that, too often now, causes sudden, unexpected collapse—and death in minutes.

In New York, a 31-year-old man came home from work one night recently and complained to a friend, a practical nurse, that he had a cold. She had given him a shot of penicillin for a cold about two weeks before and, although he had developed swollen lips and some wheezing, he appeared to have been "cured."

So she gave him another shot. Almost immediately, he gasped for breath and, even as he tried to get to his feet, collapsed and died.

In a hospital, a 28-year-old nurse who reported for duty with a cold, filled a syringe with penicillin and asked another nurse to give her an injection. A minute afterward, she cried out that she was burning, ripped her clothing off and collapsed, gasping for breath. Oxygen, stimulants, even artificial respiration, failed to revive her.

A 40-year-old man with an abscess on his face called a physician to his home and received a shot of penicillin. Within 30 seconds the man was gasping and, after using adrenalin, caffeine and other stimulants without effect, the doctor did an emergency tracheotomy, trying to open the windpipe to insert a tube so the patient could breathe. But the man was dead before the opening was completed.

These are not isolated instances. A year ago, Dr. A. L. Tatum, recently retired chairman of the University of Wisconsin Department of Pharmacology, warned: "The marvel is not that penicillin and other drugs can lead to tragedies, but rather that up to now such tragedies are relatively few."

They are no longer so few. In the course of investigating sudden deaths, the Office of the Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York turned up not only the three just related but five others as well, and declared: "With shocking rapidity, medical literature is beginning to abound with reports of near fatal and fatal reactions."

Moreover, there is a growing suspicion, even an outright conviction, among many medical authorities, that far more deaths have been caused by penicillin than have been officially reported.

It was only in 1949 that the first account of a fatality was published by a doctor after one of his patients, a 39-year-old woman with severe asthma, who had received penicillin several times, was given an injection in her own home and died three hours later.

In October, 1952, in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, a similar case of death from penicillin was described—this time with a doctor present. In January, 1953, a group of doctors from the Veterans Administration Hospital at Hines, Illinois, reported six cases of severe reaction, one of them fatal and the others the next thing to it. And in May, 1953, another group of doctors from Northwestern University Medical School and the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology reported five fatalities. The latter two reports, appearing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, emphasized something even more disquieting—surprise that there had been so few other reports of sudden death from penicillin.

Said one report: "This is puzzling in view of the ease with which this series was collected in a short period, and the widespread and perhaps indiscriminate use of this particular antibiotic."

At a recent medical meeting in New York, after one doctor told of two severe reactions and one fatality following injections of penicillin, a discussion took place among members present who, it turned out, had personal knowledge of three other fatal reactions and many other alarming but non-fatal ones.

In the current *Antibiotics Annual*, Dr. Perrin H. Long of the Department of Medicine, State University of New York, declares: "Few reports of such fatalities have appeared in medical literature, because it is not easy for physicians to discuss publicly such unexpected harrowing and always terrifying experiences."

In the same publication, agreeing that published fatal cases are "only a small sample," Dr. Ethan Allen Brown notes: "We, the clinical investigators, know of a second and larger group of cases which, for one reason or another, has not been discussed in print.

"General practitioners know of a third, still larger number . . . not reported because of the stigma of deaths following the use of remedial agents or because of real danger of malpractice suits.

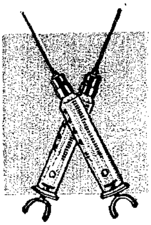
"Still another group is represented by deaths simply not recognized as drug reactions. A fifth group consists of patients who died of their initial disease but to whose death drug reactions may have contributed."

And Dr. Brown adds a dire prophecy: "Finally (and I say this advisedly) there are the hundreds of thousands of patients, some sensitive and some sensitized by previous exposure to these drugs, who in increasing numbers represent the potential reacters of the future."

THE POPULAR SAYING that there can be "too much of a good thing" was never more unhappily illustrated than in the case of penicillin. Its discovery helped to usher in a new age of medicine and health in which acute infectious diseases, once the great plagues, lost their sting. But penicillin also ushered in an age of indiscriminate dosing. It has been badly abused by laymen and, too often, by doctors as well.

Penicillin fights bacteria. But of the 2,110,510 communicable disease cases reported in one recent year by American physicians to the U. S. Public Health Service, 54.51 per cent were caused by viruses and parasites that resist penicillin or other antibiotics. An estimated 320,000,000 common colds occur each year. They are virus-produced and penicillin will not touch the virus.

Yet penicillin has been injected and swallowed by the ton-loads in diseases which it cannot help. Even nurses, who should know better, take penicillin without reason. Laymen may gulp penicillin tablets left over from a serious illness. Often they have insisted on injections for trivial illnesses and doctors have yielded.



In January, 1953, in the midst of a flu-like epidemic in the Midwest, the *Kansas City Times* reported: "The epidemic has placed a strain on physicians and pharmacists who have worked late into the night to combat the illness. . . . Druggists have estimated that their prescription business has risen about 35 per cent, and many have called in extra pharmacists to keep up with the demand for prescriptions for such antibiotics as aureomycin, terramycin and penicillin."

In the same news article, however, a spokesman for physicians of Kansas City offered the considered opinion that "rest and medication (such as aspirin) to relieve the discomfort are about the only treatments that have much effect."

One excuse for use of penicillin in colds, flu and other virus ailments is that it may be valuable for preventing complications. But even this has been discounted.

In a recent, carefully controlled study reported to the American Medical Association, 150 patients with a nonbacterial type of influenza were divided into groups. Fifty-four were given only aspirin, while 76 received one antibiotic and 20 another antibiotic.

In the aspirin-treated group, temperatures fell to normal in an average of 30 hours, as against 41 hours in one antibiotic-treated group and 42 hours in the other. Moreover, and this was the most significant part of the test, no complications developed in any group, including that treated only with aspirin.

One of the worst practices—condemned repeatedly by medical authorities—is the use of penicillin as a kind of substitute for diagnosis. When in doubt, sometimes even when just a little rushed, some doctors have prescribed a shot of penicillin without knowing what the patient's trouble was but hopeful it was something the drug would conquer.

What is wrong with indiscriminate use of penicillin? The hazard lies in allergic sensitivity. In some people, an altered reaction of the tissues occurs on exposure to agents which, in similar amounts, are entirely innocuous to other people. They become sensitized.

The theory is that, in these people, when a foreign material is introduced into the body—eaten, inhaled or injected—it may become an allergen, or exciting agent, that stimulates the body to produce antibodies.

Later, when the foreign material is introduced again, it interacts with the antibodies and trouble, of varying degrees of seriousness, results. And, evidently, the more often the foreign material is introduced, the more serious may the reaction be.

Even in the early years of penicillin's use, many people quickly became sensitized to it. In 1943, shortly after the drug was introduced, some 2.8 per cent of all patients developed some type of skin outbreak after taking it.

In recent years, as many as 10 per cent of all patients have been reported to show sensitivity. In addition to hives and various skin conditions, up to six per cent develop a serum-sickness-like reaction which usually appears three to ten days after the drug has been discontinued and consists of malaise, fever and pain in the joints.

Now a third type of reaction—overwhelmingly sudden and severe—is showing up with increasing frequency. It occurs a few seconds to several minutes after the drug is taken. There is a state of shock, with profound fall in blood pressure. Labored breathing and blueness are the rule. Unconsciousness usually follows, sometimes convulsions too, and death occurs often within a few minutes.

In the great majority of deaths reported, the victims were known to have had previous injections of penicillin. Many had had definite reactions of sensitivity on previous occasions when taking the drug. Their sensitivity had been increasing and now, finally, it had become a fatal sensitivity.

The situation is an alarming one. But it is not at all a hopeless one. Properly used, penicillin is still a life-saver. Medical authorities agree that it can be kept so, that it can continue to serve as one of the most valuable healers ever developed and deaths can be avoided with only a few precautions.

An obvious first one is that the drug should never be administered in conditions where it can have no value. It should be looked upon as an "emergency therapeutic crutch," which is exactly what it is—and should be used only in serious threatening conditions, not in trivial situations.

Secondly, except under the most extraordinary circumstances, penicillin should never be used by people who have had previous sensitivity reactions to it. Don't use it yourself, of course. And don't fail to tell your doctor of a sensitivity.

Physicians are being urged now to inquire closely about such sensitivity. "It is not sufficient," one medical report warns, "to ask whether there has been a 'reaction' following the use of the drug, since 'reaction' may not have sufficient meaning to the patient or family. It should rather be asked whether the patient had ever experienced an eruption, rash, swollen joints, shortness of breath or blotching of the skin following use of penicillin."

Thirdly, patients whose illness is due to an allergy—for example, bronchial asthma—should not be treated with penicillin because of the danger that their allergic status may make them especially sensitive to the drug. Several of the deaths from penicillin have been in asthmatic patients.

Fourthly, some authorities now recommend that it may be advisable to skin test all patients who have previously had penicillin, before re-administering it. Such a skin test, done by placing a tiny amount of penicillin on a scratch, is practically certain, according to many reports, to show up the deadly type of sensitivity when it exists.

The lesson of penicillin is important in terms of other antibiotics as well. For it exemplifies the Jekyll-Hyde personality or nature of almost all drugs. Like penicillin, the other antibiotics, too, despite their outstanding record of usefulness, are not normal body substances but foreign materials. Used wisely, they are wonder drugs; employed unwisely or unnecessarily, they have all of penicillin's capacity for becoming blunder drugs.

"One cannot help but admit that there is indiscriminate application of all antibiotics," Dr. Abraham Rosenthal of the New York City Medical Examiner's Office writes, "but since penicillin was available much before the others, the opportunity for its more widespread use and subsequent production of sensitization was much greater."

Rural Retorts

A TOURIST pulled up beside an old desert rat and said, "My good man, you're dressed like a prospector. Would you mind saying what you're prospecting for?"

"Uranium," said the desert rat.

"What does it look like?"

"I dunno."

"Well, you certainly can't expect to find anything if you don't even know what it looks like!"

"No?" replied the prospector with a yawn. "Ever hear of Columbus?"

—*Twaddle*

A LADY MOTORIST stopped beside a hill farmer and began exclaiming enthusiastically over the beauty of the countryside. "Is it really true," she gushed, "that you spend your life on these lovely hills, walking amongst the mists all day long, or tramping through the daisies?"

To which the farmer replied sourly: "No, but my dog does."

—C. KENT WRIGHT, *Unaccustomed As I Am* (George Allen & Unwin Ltd.)

Too many of us are falling into the lazy habit of letting others form our values and opinions

Who Does Your Thinking?

by MARTIN PANZER

ONE OF MY CHILDHOOD recollections is of a militant battle that was waged by the parents of my neighborhood against the introduction of "The Gary Plan" into the public schools. The rage with which the "Plan" was attacked still lingers vividly in my memory. The parents were really worked up about it and many of them said that if they lost the fight, they would not permit their children to go to school at all!

One of the reasons I remember that battle so well is the fact that it was my first lesson in thinking for myself. I asked my parents, who were just as fiery as the others, what "The Gary Plan" was. They were embarrassed by the question because they didn't know the answer. Neither did any of the other parents. All they knew was that they were against the Gary Plan and they wouldn't stand for it.

Perhaps if they had taken the trouble to find out that it was merely a plan to utilize school facilities more efficiently, evolved by Dr. William A. Wirt, then superintendent of schools in Gary, Indiana, they wouldn't have been so wrought up. As a matter of fact, the truth finally seeped into the most militant neighborhoods all over the country and, in later years, modified versions of the Gary Plan have been adopted in many cities.

Since my childhood, I have seen the same confusion happen over and over again. Thousands and thousands of people, who have perfectly healthy brains, go through life without doing their own thinking. They favor things that are bad for them and oppose things that are good for them because somebody else has been willing—even anxious—to save them the trouble of thinking for themselves.

I had occasion a year ago to put the situation to the test. I asked ten people who were for and ten who were against the proposed revisions of the Taft-Hartley Act: "Just what is it in the Act that you favor (or oppose)?" Only two in each category were able to give me a reply that had any semblance of meaning. The rest had obviously never read the Act and didn't have the slightest idea of what was really in it or what it really meant. They had been swayed purely by the arguments, blandishments and exhortations of those who were glad to do their thinking for them because they had axes of their own to grind.

What about you? If you were asked for your opinion about such vital issues as the unification of Germany, socialized medicine, the United Nations, or capital punishment, what would you say? Could you make an intelligent, informed statement or would you be compelled to parrot headlines you had glanced at and opinions that had been ready-made for you by others?

We need not limit our discussion to broad issues. This business of being too lazy to think for one's self extends into every facet of our existence. I know one woman, for instance, who has never spanked her child for any offense—and I assure you that her child is a first-rate social menace. She has never spanked him because she once attended a lecture by a psychologist who said that children should never be spanked.

I know another woman who spanks her child at least once a day, and I am sure the poor boy doesn't deserve it that often. This woman is guided by a maxim handed down by her mother who got it from her own mother: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

Now obviously this is no place for a discussion on the merits of spanking, but both these women can't be right. Both of them can be wrong, and probably are, because they have never taken the trouble to delve deeply into a subject which is of vital importance to the happiness and well-being of their children. Rather, they have had their thinking done for them by others; and for this, they and their children will suffer to some degree.

Suppose we consider the matter at your local community level. Have you ever become involved with neighbors in a battle against a change in zoning regulations, or in a big debate about assessments, or in a hassle about an increased school tax? What side were you on in these debates? What opinions did you express? Were you talking sense as a result of your understanding of the issues involved, or were you simply talking through your hat because you were having your thinking done for you?

There is no justification for borrowed thinking in a nation where thinking for yourself has been made so wonderfully easy. We are simply flooded with the means of learning all there is to know about practically anything, and to learn all shades of opinion on any subject that touches our lives. We have magazines and books and newspapers and pamphlets in superabundance; and they cover all sides of all subjects. We have radio and television and lectures and schools and transportation—means of learning beyond the wildest dreams of more than three-quarters of the population of the earth. Surely, we can utilize this wealth in such a way as to enable us to think for ourselves.

Indeed, there is so much opportunity for obtaining information that some of us are in danger of throwing up our hands in despair and reading or listening only to that which pleases us or bolsters our own prejudices. Fortunately, we don't have to try to read or listen to everything: our newspapers carry columns by men with conflicting views and, almost nightly, radio and TV stations have programs on which important issues are debated or discussed by well-informed persons in round-table fashion.

No, we don't have to read and listen to everything; we have only to read and listen well, then consider, select and decide.

I would suggest a simple test to which you might subject your opinions, whether they deal with global matters or with daily life at home. Ask yourself, first: did I arrive at this belief as a result of analysis and understanding, or as a result of a lazy reaction to what someone else said or did? Then ask yourself: if anyone asks me why I think or do this, will I be able to give a reasonably intelligent reply or will I have to bluff and flounder? Finally, ask yourself: Do I speak or act as I do in a particular instance because I am convinced I am right or because I am guilty of prejudices which have been instilled into me by others?

If you can answer these three questions as they obviously should be answered, you are one of those mature persons who think for themselves and help to carry the world forward. If you can't answer them honestly that way, then you are letting others do your thinking. And you should put a stop to it at once.

America's Strangest Monument

MOST OF AMERICA'S monuments are of concrete or marble or bronze. But in Portland, Oregon, on a quiet residential street, there is an official monument that is a telephone pole. . . .

Some 30 years ago, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Feldman moved into a cottage on Lincoln Street and set out slips of ivy. Twelve years later their small son, Daniel, transferred some of the ivy to the base of the telephone pole that stood in front of the house. The ivy soon began to climb the pole.

Danny grew up and when World War II came he joined the Army and went overseas. The ivy he had planted at the base of the pole now entwined it luxuriantly to the crossarms.

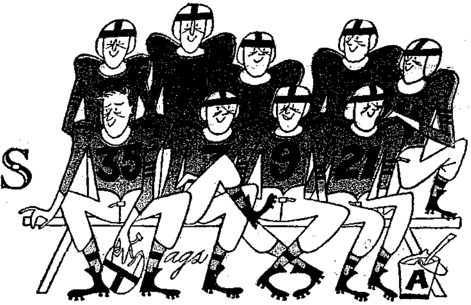
In the summer of 1952 the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company relocated some of its lines, which meant that the ivy-covered pole in front of the Feldman cottage would be taken down.

When the linemen came with their equipment to remove it, Mrs. Feldman was standing there. She had a request to make. The linemen listened, and drove away without the pole.

The following week a representative from the telephone company appeared before the Portland City Council. And that evening Mrs. Feldman, now a widow, stood on her porch and looked at the ivied pole, a sense of warm security in her heart.

No one could remove the pole now. The city councilmen had passed a special ordinance, and the pole had become an official monument—a 20-foot tower of ivy dedicated to Sergeant Daniel Feldman, who lay in a soldier's grave somewhere in Italy. —FRED BREWER

FOOTBALL FLASHBACKS



BACK IN 1948, during my first season as head football coach at Yale, we had a game scheduled with Vanderbilt University. Everyone around New Haven thought it was a breather, but I knew Red Saunders was having the best season that he had had at Vanderbilt.

The Friday night before the game, Red was visiting me and we were sitting around talking, and as he got ready to leave he said, "Well, Herman, may the best team win tomorrow."

I thought I would impress him with my Ivy League academic background and I said, "Don't you mean, may the better team win, Red?"

He said, "No, you big fat so-and-so. I mean may the best team win. We are planning on using three of them tomorrow."

They did, and we lost 34 to 0.

—From *The Herman Hickman Reader*, by HERMAN HICKMAN. Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Herman Hickman.

IN 1924, WHEN Notre Dame played Princeton, the two teams dressed in adjoining locker rooms with walls so thin that you could hear everything that went on in the next room. As Knute Rockne was about to say a few words to his boys, Coach Roper's voice came echoing through the wall in a wild, slam-bang pep talk to his Princeton team.

Quickly, Rockne, foxy rascal that he was, whispered to his players: "Boys, I wanted to say something to you, but Mr. Roper over in the other room is a much better orator. Just sit here and absorb his inspiration."

The players heard Bill Roper sail into the Notre Dame team individually and collectively. When he finished, a Notre Dame player cupped his hands and shouted: "That goes double for you, Princeton! Wait until we get you on the field!"

Notre Dame licked Old Nassau that day, 12 to 0.

—SAM MOLEN, *They Make Me Laugh* (Dorrance & Company, Inc.)

IN THESE DAYS when college football stadiums seat 90,000 or more spectators, it is interesting to note the comment made once by Andrew D. White, co-founder of Cornell University and its first president. Asked for permission to send the Cornell squad to Ann Arbor for a game, he bristled and replied indignantly, "I will not permit 30 men to travel 400 miles to agitate a bag of wind."

—BENNETT CERF, *Good For a Laugh* (Hanover House)

On the dark streets of cities and towns rapists and robbers lie in wait

WOMEN WHO WON'T GET HOME TONIGHT

by **ANDREW HAMILTON**

A BALTIMORE HOUSEWIFE, out of cigarettes one night, walked to the corner drugstore. On the way home, a man leaped from an alley, struck her viciously on the head and grabbed her purse. She lost $25—next week's grocery money.

Not so lucky was a pretty New York sculptress who attended an evening lecture at Smith College in Massachusetts. Foolishly, she accepted a ride to South Deerfield with two strangers. Two hours later she was found wandering along the highway dazed, beaten and raped.

Then there was the former federal clerk from Washington, who flew to Nassau for a vacation. Several days later her body was found in an open well in a stone quarry—clad only in a brassiere. Her slacks and blouse had been ripped off by her murderer, her skull was battered and bloody.

Shocking crimes such as these are on the upswing. The FBI's *Uniform Crime Reports* reveals that major crimes of all categories hit a new high of more than 2,000,000 last year. Crimes against the person are increasing even more alarmingly.

A veteran Chicago police officer says: "Any woman who goes out alone at night without a good excuse is a fool. I won't let my wife out under any circumstances unless I'm with her!"

Police are thoroughly familiar with the pattern that such crimes take. The most hazardous hours to be abroad are between 10 P.M. and midnight. Crimes are committed more frequently in large cities than in medium-sized or small towns.

Saturday nights are the most dangerous—but certain other times can also be pinpointed: high-school and college graduation nights, Fourth of July, Labor Day weekend, Hallowe'en and New Year's Eve. On these occasions, police take careful precautions and add extra manpower.

The increase in crimes against women can be explained: more women are working at night than ever before—in defense plants, baby-sitting, nursing, teaching night school, ushering in theaters, cashiering in restaurants. For every woman working before World War II, two others are employed today.

Also, there's a new attitude toward women. In competing for jobs with men, the female of the species is weakening our traditional code of chivalry. "They're drawing down a paycheck just like I am," I heard an aircraft worker say not long ago. "Let them look out for themselves!"

If you are a woman, then, what are your chances of getting home safely the next time you go out at night? Your chances are good—*if you follow a basic set of rules for self-protection.*

Women who must be away from their homes seem to fall into three classes so far as their attitude toward personal danger is concerned:

1. The "trusting" women—naive enough to think that since no harm has ever befallen them, none ever will. They are most likely to believe a cleverly-contrived tale or tear-squeezing story that will put them into the clutches of a sadist or rapist.

2. The "brave" women—certain that they can take care of themselves by twisting away or running. Such women do not know how powerful a sex-crazed male can be. Many criminals carry a knife or gun—which they do not hesitate to use.

3. The "smart" women—those who chart a middle course between bravado and panic. Because their jobs, family responsibilities or even personal recreation take them out at night, they are aware of dangerous situations and avoid them. They rarely suffer the grief and shame of their "trusting" or "brave" sisters.

Here are eight rules for women out alone at night, as suggested by the Los Angeles Police Department. Pay heed to them. They are applicable anywhere.

1. *Don't attract attention unnecessarily.* If you're young and pretty, watch the way you walk and talk. Don't be a "show-case." Don't flirt with strangers, don't get cute, don't try out your "line" on them. Also—be careful of flaunting money, jewels or furs in public places where greedy eyes may fasten upon them.

Not long ago, a North Hollywood model received several threatening phone calls. Unknowingly, she had attracted attention to herself. "You don't deserve to be so pretty!" a voice snarled.

Driving to the police station to report these calls, she was forced off the road by a sedan. A swarthy man jumped out and ran toward her, brandishing a straight-edged razor. Before the model could roll up her window, he had slashed her arms severely.

Purses can be an open invitation to snatchers—either in a crowd or on a lonely street. An envelope purse can be held most tightly in the crook of your elbow. If you prefer the shoulder-strap type, wear it under your coat.

In any event, if a thief grabs at your purse, let him have it. A New Orleans woman recently struggled with two teen-aged boys who lunged for her shoulder-strap bag. When she refused to give it up, they yanked it so hard the strap broke her shoulder. Police warn that crazed drug addicts, desperate for money to buy dope, are snatching purses—and will sometimes kill if thwarted.

2. *Ignore the advances of strangers.* Don't acknowledge whistles, no matter how the modern American wolf-call ruffles your hormones. Don't let yourself get drawn into conversations on the street. If a man persists, go up the steps of a nearby house or signal a passerby and tell

him you are being molested.

Sitting on adjacent stools in a restaurant or bar is not an introduction. Don't accept a ride with a stranger, no matter how charming or persuasive he is. Police files in cities all over the U. S. are crammed with reports of feather-brained women who have been forced to submit to rape, sadism or perversion because they rode home with a stranger or went with him to his apartment for a nightcap.

If you are subjected to advances in a theater, get up *immediately* and report the annoyance to an usher—and then find another place to sit. Detroit curbed this sort of thing by assigning policewomen to theaters where molesters were reported.

One of the best ways to discourage a man who follows you in a car is to write down the license number. Even if you only pretend to do so, he will take off promptly—knowing that police can trace his plates.

3. *When driving, keep the windows rolled up and the car doors locked at all times.* In Miami, a cashier in an all-night restaurant got off work at midnight and prepared to drive home. However, she failed to look into the back seat. A man who had been hiding there fractured her skull with an iron pipe.

If you must have fresh air while driving, be sure to crank up your windows when approaching a stop sign. Thieves and sex perverts sometimes leap into an automobile as it slows down, or reach through an open window and grab the key.

If you think you're being followed by another car at night, drive into an all-night gas station, restaurant or market. The man won't follow you there.

Don't pick up strangers at any time when driving—day or night. The good old American custom of hitch-hiking has been corrupted by criminals. There may be deserving persons on the highways who need rides but you can't take a chance. Unfortunately, many of these criminals wear military uniforms as an inducement.

4. *Don't occupy parked cars at night.* You are fairly safe when your car is rolling at night; when it stops, danger multiplies alarmingly.

In Salt Lake City, a young wife rode to the market with her mother one evening. While the older woman went inside, the daughter waited in the car. Out of the shadows sprang a man who attempted to attack her.

A pretty Los Angeles schoolteacher wasn't so fortunate. Driving home after teaching night school, she ran out of gas. "I'll give you a ride to the next gas station, honey," a passing motorist offered. He drove her into the Baldwin Hills and attacked her.

In Omaha, two soldiers from Offutt Air Force Base and their girl friends parked one night in a "lover's lane." Suddenly two young men armed with hatchets wrenched open the car door and severely beat the soldiers.

Then they drove off with the girls holding them prisoner for two hours, while they raped them repeatedly.

"We're the hatchet gang," they boasted. "If you tell the police, we'll kill you!"

5. *Be on guard when waiting for a streetcar or bus at night.* Thieves, perverts and other criminals watch bus and streetcar stops for potential female victims—especially late at night when streets are deserted. Have absolutely nothing to do with anyone who approaches you in such circumstances.

In Kansas City, an 18-year-old baby-sitter was waiting for a bus when a convertible drove up and the young man at the wheel asked: "Have you seen a Marine corporal on this corner? He's my brother and I was expected to meet him."

The baby-sitter said no, she had not seen anyone.

"Well, I'm worried. I hope he hasn't missed the bus."

Parking the car nearby, he strolled over to the bench. He talked more about his brother. Then from under his coat he pulled a knife and pressed it against the girl's side.

"Come with me and you won't be hurt. But one move and I'll kill you." He made her get into the car, drove her to a lonely field and raped her.

6. *Don't walk home alone at night.* A woman is most vulnerable to criminal attack when walking by herself in darkness. Many have paid the penalty for being so foolhardy.

A Cincinnati nurse, walking to the hospital in the half-light of dawn, was approached by a man who asked her to get into his car and "come see my sick wife." When she advised him to call a doctor, he jumped out and dragged her into his car. She was rescued by police cruising nearby who heard her screams.

Although some sections of your city are more dangerous than others, even a quiet residential neighborhood is no real protection. Women have been beaten and robbed when walking home from church, PTA meetings, bridge clubs and even door-to-door Red Cross campaigns.

If you ever find yourself in a situation where you have to walk through a dark, lonely area at night, stop and consider. Can you call a taxi? Can you ask a friend to give you a ride? Such extra caution may be your best insurance against personal harm.

7. *If you accompany a stranger, anything that may happen will be your own fault.* It is folly to be bedazzled by adventure, a moving story or promises of wealth or fame. There are proper times and places for the conduct of legitimate business. Night is not one of them.

In Los Angeles, a young co-ed asked an automobile repairman for an estimate on a crumpled fender and radiator grille. He said he would have to "test drive" it that night to make a proper estimate. He drove the car—and the girl—to a lonely spot in Pacific Palisades. She jumped out and made her way to a house whose occupants called the police.

Never, under any circumstances, be lured out of your home after dark by a stranger. Criminals frequently watch houses to learn when husbands are away—and then attempt to enter. The ruses they use are many—TV repairman, telegraph messenger, meter reader, florist delivery boy. Don't fall for any of these or similar excuses.

One of the cruelest hoaxes is for a man to ring your doorbell and blurt excitedly: "Your husband has been hurt in an automobile accident and is calling for you. Come with me!" Before doing so, check with the police by telephone. That call could save your life.

8. *Cooperate fully with the police if you are molested or attacked.* Although America's 160,000 full-time police are working overtime to protect women who must be out at night, they need your help in identifying and convicting suspects. Clues, methods of operation and testimony can be supplied only by the victim.

Because of a false sense of modesty, some women are reluctant to sign a complaint—even when beaten or raped. In refusing to do so, they are protecting nobody but the criminal, and he goes free to continue his depredations.

Other women will make out a police report, but when the case comes to court, will refuse to testify because of possible lurid publicity. This is especially true in rape cases where an unscrupulous lawyer for the defendant hints that his case will be built on the basis that the woman "cooperated willingly" or "led the man on."

Women can sometimes be helpful to police in capturing criminals. For example, a New York artist one night received a phone call from a man identifying himself as "Mr. Crow of WHMI-TV in Chicago." He said that she had won an assortment of fancy lingerie in a contest which picked names at random from the telephone book. He would like to come over to get her bust, waist and hip measurements.

He appeared twice, each time when the artist's friends happened to be present. Then he called a third time—saying he had lost the measurements. Suspicious by now, she called the police, who arrested the molester when he came again.

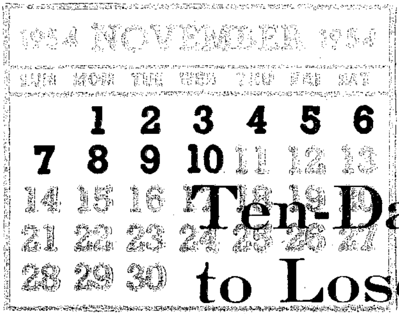
So . . . if you want to get home safely at night, remember this: *Your best defense is not to get caught in the web of a situation that can lead to personal danger. Use your wits and common sense; only then can you protect your money, your honor, your life.*

Noted and Overlooked

A NEWARK MOTORIST on vacation stopped for lunch in Boston. After a long search for a parking space he found a narrow opening between two imposing limousines, and after a great deal of jockeying succeeded in wedging his car therein. When he alighted, however, he found that the rear left wheel was a good two feet up on the sidewalk.

Too overheated and hungry to rectify the situation, he shrugged and let the car stay that way, hoping the Boston constabulary would note the out-of-state license plate and overlook his sin.

His hope was not in vain. When he returned from lunch, this neatly printed note was tucked beneath his windshield wiper: "Dear New Jerseyite: In Boston one does not park upon the sidewalk. Sincerely yours, Sergeant Murphy." —BENNETT CERF, *Laughter Incorporated*, (Bantam Books)



Enjoy your meals while you reduce by following these simple menus

Ten-Day Diet to Lose Ten Pounds

by **Alfred L. George, M. D.**

EVERYONE WHO IS overweight, regardless of degree, should reduce. Ten pounds too much, since it presents no immediate threat to health, may easily be ignored. Yet losing these pounds may be the most important step you can take to improve health and lengthen life.

The average person tends to gain weight between 25 and 50 because of a decrease in physical activities not accompanied by a corresponding decrease in food consumption. *An increase in weight of two or three pounds a year may not appear significant, but after 20 years, the extra weight may constitute a hazard to health.*

Many individuals are not aware that they have gained 10 pounds, and if they are, they invariably adjust to it physically and mentally. Only when their weight increases to the point of becoming a physical handicap do they consider going on a diet. At this stage most of them, after a few feeble attempts at dieting, will give up entirely.

However, anyone who is not more than 10 pounds overweight can reduce easily, quickly and painlessly—without discomfort or deprivation. But before undertaking a reduction program, he must understand this simple fact: *The only source of fat is food. Medical science has fully established that neither glandular nor metabolic disturbances nor heredity can cause overweight.*

In many instances, eating habits are so obviously faulty that it's easy to understand why overweight exists. However, many overweight people have faulty habits which are not so obvious. For instance:

The housewife who eats three small meals a day but nibbles between meals. The economical mother who cleans up left-overs on her children's plates. The man who eats three average meals a day but nibbles tid-bits while watching television. The people who eat everything on the menu when dining out because they're paying for it. The unmarried female, living alone, who rarely prepares regular meals but subsists on cookies, cakes, and other high-caloric items.

Then there's that large group of people who are ten or more pounds overweight, yet appear to have normal appetites. But their diet leans heavily on concentrated high-caloric foods: fried and creamed foods, gravy, butter and mayonnaise, rich desserts.

This type of person—"the careless eater"—is a victim of our high standard of living. It is among this group—the largest percentage of overweight people—that we physicians can do the most good.

The first step in a reducing program is to determine your ideal weight by referring to any authoritative chart of desirable weights at age 25. Next, estimate the number of calories required to maintain the vital functions (basal metabolism) of the body at the present weight. This is done by multiplying the weight of males by 11, of females by 10. To the basal metabolism, add the extra calories necessary for physical activities.

This will vary, depending how active one is. On the average, invalids and convalescents will increase their caloric needs by 25 per cent; white-collar workers and average housewives, 50 per cent; very active workers, 70 per cent. Examples are as follows:

Example 1. Female: Secretary, medium frame. Height 5′ 3″. Present weight, 140 pounds. Ideal weight, 120 pounds.

Basal metabolism:
140 lbs. x 10 = 1400 calories
Extra calories required for physical activities: 1400 calories x 50% = 700 calories
Total day's caloric intake to maintain 140 pounds: 2100 calories

Example 2. Male: White-collar worker, medium frame. Height 6 feet. Present weight, 180 pounds. Ideal weight, 165 pounds.

Basal metabolism:
180 lbs. x 11 = 1980 calories
Extra calories required for physical activities: 1980 calories x 50% = 990 calories
Total day's caloric intake to maintain 180 pounds: 2970 calories

After estimating the total calories required to maintain the present weight for 24 hours, the reduction diet can be decided. A 1,000-calorie diet is ideal for persons weighing under 150 pounds, 1200 calories for those weighing between 150 and 200, and 1,500 calories for individuals over 200.

Now we can estimate the approximate amount of fat that one can expect to lose in ten days:

Male—6 feet tall, white-collar worker, medium frame.

Present weight: 180 pounds

Present calorie consumption per 24 hrs.: 2970 calories

Reduction diet not to exceed (per 24 hrs.) 1200 calories

Calories burned in body fat per 24 hrs.: 1770 calories

Calories burned in body fat in 10 days: 17,700 calories (3500 calories is equivalent to one pound body fat.)

Expected weight loss in 10 days: 17,700 calories ÷ 3500 calories = approximately 5 lbs.

This represents loss of body fat only. Such an individual will show a greater loss on the scales due to loss of water stored in fat cells.

The menus accompanying this article illustrate how a well-planned diet can provide attractive, adequate and nourishing meals.

First Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Orange juice, ½ cup	55
Egg: 1 boiled or poached	75
Toast: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Coffee: no cream or sugar	0
Total	205
Lunch:	
Hamburger, made with round steak: 1 patty, 7 per pound	150
Broccoli, ½ cup or 2 stalks, 5″ long	20
Green onions: 6 small onions	25
Bread: 1 slice, white enriched	65
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea if desired; no cream or sugar	0
Total	365
Dinner:	
Calves liver—3 slices 3″ x 2¼″ x ⅜″, broiled	220
Baked potato: 1 medium, 2½″ in diameter with butter ⅛″ thick	120
Asparagus: ½ cup cut spears or 6 medium sized spears	20
Green vegetable salad: 1 salad bowl serving with 2 tablespoons vinegar and ½ teaspoon olive oil	50
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Grapefruit, raw: ½ small, 3⅞″ diameter	50
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	620
Total for the day	1190

Second Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Grapefruit sections, unsweetened: ½ cup	40
Egg: 1 boiled or poached	75
Toast: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	190
Lunch:	
Broiled veal chop: 1 large chop	185
Chard, leaves and stalks: ½ cup	15
Parsnips: ½ cup	45
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	405
Dinner:	
Pork chops, loin, pan-broiled: 1 medium-sized chop	235
Boiled potato: 1 medium potato	100
Brussels sprouts: ½ cup	30
Green vegetable salad: 1 salad bowl serving with 2 tablespoons vinegar and ½ teaspoon olive oil	50
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Apple sauce, canned, unsweetened: 1 cup	50
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Total	625
Total for the day	1220

Third Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
½ small grapefruit	50
Grape-Nut flakes: 1 cup with 1 level teaspoon sugar and ½ medium banana	160
Skim milk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	295
Lunch:	
Eggs, two; fried or omelet	210
Asparagus: ½ cup cut spears, or 6 spears, medium size	20
Beets: ½ cup, diced	35
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	425
Dinner:	
Leg of lamb, roasted: 2 slices,	

3″ x 3¼″ x ⅛″, or portion slightly larger than one dollar bill and ¼″ thick	205
Baked potato: 1 small to medium, 2½″ diameter, with pat butter ⅛″ thick	120
Onions, green, young: 6 small	25
½ tomato, ½ cucumber, lettuce, vinegar	25
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Cherries, red, sour, pitted, canned: ½ cup	60
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	510
Total for the day	1230

Fourth Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Grapefruit-orange juice blend: ½ cup, 4 oz. glass	45
Egg: 1 boiled or poached	75
Toast: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	195

Lunch:	
Calves' liver and onions: 2 slices of liver, panbroiled 3″ x 2¼″ x ⅜″ with 1 medium-sized onion, sliced (50 calories)	195
Carrots: ½ cup, diced	20
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	375

Dinner:	
Large hamburger: ¼ lb.	265
Yellow corn on cob: 1 ear	85
Spinach: ½ cup	25
Cottage cheese salad: 2 tablespoons on lettuce	25
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Honey dew melon, raw: 2″ wedge from 7″ melon	50
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Total	610
Total for the day	1180

Fifth Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Grapefruit juice: ½ cup, 4 oz.	45
Egg: 1 boiled or poached	75
Toast: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Coffee; no cream or sugar	0
Total	195

Lunch:	
Deviled crab: 1 medium-sized	185
Spinach: ½ cup	25
Tomato: 1 medium, raw, sliced	30
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	400

Dinner:	
Broiled Mackerel (or halibut, trout, perch, bass) average to large serving—4 to 6 oz.	200
Baked potato: 1 small to medium, 2½″ in diameter, with ⅛″ thick pat butter	120
Stewed tomatoes: ½ cup	25
Cabbage salad (cole slaw): ½ cup made with boiled dressing	40
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Pineapple: raw, 1 slice 3½″ diameter, ¾″ thick	45
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; if desired; no cream or sugar	0
Total	590
Total for the day	1185

Sixth Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Orange: 1 small, 2½″ diam.	50
Cream of Wheat: 5-minute or regular, ¾ cup cooked with	

one teaspoon sugar	115
Skim milk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	250
Lunch:	
Corned beef hash: ½ cup with poached egg	215
Spinach: ½ cup	25
½ cucumber, sliced	15
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	415
Dinner:	
Sirloin steak: portion approximately 4″ x 2¼″ x 1″ thick	250
Green string beans, canned or freshly cooked: ½ cup	15
Baked potato: 1 medium, with pat of butter, ⅛″ thick	120
Green vegetable salad: average salad-bowl portion with 2 tablespoons vinegar and ½ teaspoon olive oil	50
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Grapes: raw American types as Concord, Delaware, Niagara, ½ cup	40
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	550
Total for the day	1215

Seventh Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Orange juice: ½ cup, 4 oz.	55
Egg: 1 boiled or poached	75
Toast: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Coffee; no cream or sugar	0
Total	205
Lunch:	
Corned beef, canned: 3 slices, 3″ x 2¼″ x ¼″	195
Eggplant, fried: 2 slices	30
Asparagus: ½ cup cut spears	20
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	405
Dinner:	
Chicken, roasted: 2 slices, approximately dollar-bill size—6″ x 2¼″ x ¼″	200
Potato, boiled: 1 medium, with ⅛″ pat butter	120
Broccoli: ½ cup or two 5″ stalks	20
Grated carrot salad: ½ cup on lettuce leaf with 1 tablespoon boiled dressing	50
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Peach: 1 medium, raw	45
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	595
Total for the day	1205

Eighth Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Tomato juice: 1 cup, 8 oz.	50
Egg: 1, boiled or poached	75
Toast: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	200
Lunch:	
Bologna: 3 slices, 4½″ in diameter x ⅛″ thick	195
Kale: ½ cup	25
Rutabagas: ½ cup, cubed or sliced	25
Bread: 1 slice white, enriched	65
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	415
Dinner:	
Meat loaf: beef or pork, 1 slice 4″ x 3″ x ⅜″	265
Cauliflower: ½ cup	15
Peas, green: canned, ½ cup	70
Green vegetable salad: average salad bowl portion with ½ tablespoon commercial	

French dressing	60
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Cantaloupe: ½ melon, 5″ diam.	35
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	605
Total for the day	1220

Ninth Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Grapefruit: ½ small grapefruit	50
Egg: 1 boiled or poached	75
Toast: 1 slice, whole wheat,	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Coffee; no cream or sugar	0
Total	200
Lunch:	
Lamb chop, rib: broiled or panbroiled, 1 medium	130
Squash: winter, canned, boiled or mashed, ½ cup	45
Broiled tomato: 1 medium	30
Bread: 1 slice, white enriched	65
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	375
Dinner:	
Two frankfurters: 5½″ x ¾″	250
Sauerkraut: ½ cup, drained	15
Boiled potato: 1, medium, with ⅛″ thick pat butter	120
Tomato, lettuce, and cucumber salad with ½ tablespoon commercial French dressing	55
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Watermelon: ½ slice, 2½″ diameter of 10″ diameter melon	45
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	645
Total for the day	1220

Tenth Day's Diet

Breakfast:	Calories
Cantaloupe: ½ of 5″ melon	35
Shredded wheat: 1 biscuit, 4″ x 2¼″, 1 oz. with 1 teaspoon sugar	125
Skim milk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee; no cream or sugar	0
Total	245
Lunch:	
Two eggs: boiled or poached	150
Lima Beans: freshly cooked or canned, ½ cup	75
Tomato: sliced, 1 medium	30
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Skim milk or buttermilk: 8 oz.	85
Coffee or tea: no cream or sugar	0
Total	415
Dinner:	
Roast Beef: 2 slices, 3″ x 2¼″ x ¼″ or portion size of dollar bill, ¼″ thick	190
Potato, browned with the roast: 1 medium-size	100
Broiled tomato: 1 medium	30
Lettuce salad: ¼ head lettuce, 1 tablespoon boiled dressing	50
Bread: 1 slice, whole wheat	55
Butter: 1 pat, ⅛″ thick	20
Gelatin dessert: ½ cup (made with ½ cup fruit)	85
Coffee or tea; no cream or sugar	0
Total	530
Total for the day	1190

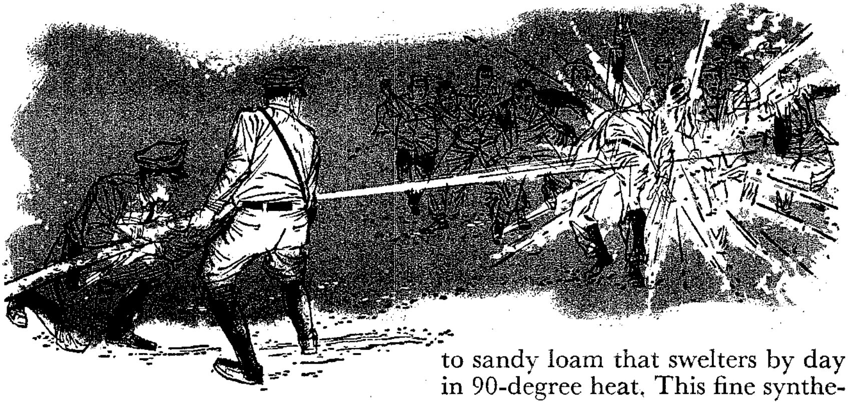
Windy Advice

NEVER RUN AFTER your own hat when it blows off. Others will be delighted to do so. Why spoil their fun?

—MARK TWAIN

Now peaceful and prosperous, Lodi, California, struggled . . .

Up From the Grapes of Wrath



by **John Wesley Noble**

"THIS SHOULD BE CALLED the happiest town in America," a world-traveled clergyman observed recently in Lodi, California. "It has the natural blessings of a small town, plus a strange, living spirit that develops in only one way—out of bitter human strife."

The minister's perception was greater than he realized. Lodi did indeed have its terrible strife. But you could search the reaches of California's Great Central Valley, where nature has been fabulously bountiful, without finding another community so blessed today as this sunny farm town of 17,000 contented citizens.

To the west, the easterly arm of San Francisco Bay pokes in through the Coast Range, almost to the hot interior valley. Cool night breezes waft through the gap, bringing dew to sandy loam that swelters by day in 90-degree heat. This fine synthesis sets sugars, acids and blazing hues in a unique, fiery-tinted grape known as the Flame Tokay. Ninety-seven per cent of the world's Flames, high-flavor delicacies on Eastern markets from September through Thanksgiving, grow in a ten-mile belt within sight of Lodi's brick city hall.

As a result, Lodians rejoice in tangible blessings—a modern city with no bonded indebtedness, excellent schools, municipally owned utilities, a church for each 416 population; a recreation program equal to big cities: 170 spreading acres of parks, four public swimming pools, a golf club, a football stadium and a big fresh water lake and picnic grounds that attracted 470,000 Valley people last year.

New bequests to this remarkable park system are acknowledged yearly by the mayor, B. W. (Spud) Fuller. They are from grateful, work-hardened men who came to

Lodi poor and made fortunes in grapes. They would have given nothing 20 years ago—not until a tragic civic war made the great change.

In the Fall of 1933, Lodi, with only 6,000, was suffering from the great Depression. Unemployment was appalling, merchants had piles of bad bills. Only bootleggers wanted the fabulous Flame Tokays then, and growers were tightlipped.

Distrust stalked the quiet streets. Teetotaling church members cried "Hypocrite!" at those parishioners whose grapes "somehow" found their way into wines and brandy.

In September, real trouble arrived from outside, just at harvest time. Waves of agitators appeared suddenly and urged vineyard workers to strike. The angry community erupted. Armed ranchers met secretly at midnight in the town theater. Mass meetings in the city park were dispersed with fire hoses.

The undermanned police force, its chief ill, was led by a soft-spoken young sergeant, Clarence Jackson, bookkeeper turned policeman to support his family. He saw he was in for trouble. A 100-man Vigilante Committee was forming. Jackson called in state police and deputies from other counties.

One morning a vineyard foreman was shot dead by a hidden gunman. Although the shooting was later proved to have resulted from a personal quarrel, and not from the labor troubles, tempers flared. The Vigilantes marched. Coldly they herded 2,000 strangers into the city park and drove them out of town. Growers went out, still armed, to harvest their tokays.

"Grapes of wrath," murmured Sergeant Jackson. "Do we go on to peace—or back to bitter feuds?"

Something was needed—some unifying community project. He started with an enchilada feed for the peace officers who had assisted. His invitation, however, included 100 men of all groups, and he steered their talk off the recent strife. With 19 local wineries operating due to Repeal, why not build attractive new worker camps? Attract steady labor? Growers agreed, and started construction at once.

Why not hold a harvest celebration? Advertise the Flame Tokay nationwide? Old-timers snorted, but finally the city council gave Jackson time off from police duties to produce it.

That first Lodi Grape Festival was a revelation to everyone. Jackson organized committees of growers, housewives, churchmen, fruit company executives, schools, merchants, vintners—and kept them occupied at work projects, barbecues, dances, preview shows. No one received pay: materials were donated, building space borrowed.

Jackson moved among them quietly, settling disputes before they got hot. As harvest-time approached, neighbors began to grin at each other with new enthusiasm.

The Southern Pacific Railroad put Flame Tokays on menus of trains, distributed Lodi festival posters over its nationwide system, ran special trains to the show. The festival was an overwhelming success, and community pride began to blossom. Soon, Lodi displays began to win blue ribbons at California's colossal State Fair.

New sidelines grew. V. D. Chappell, retired professor from Oregon, had opened a dairy supply store in Lodi. One day his wife, Ruth, observed the flashing beauty of red truckloads of Flame Tokays going to market. She cut several bunches and arranged them artistically in the window. A traveling salesman inquired their price.

"Why, they're not meant for sale," Mrs. Chappell said. But he had given her an idea. Today she has a prosperous business, shipping specially selected grapes as gift packages all over the world.

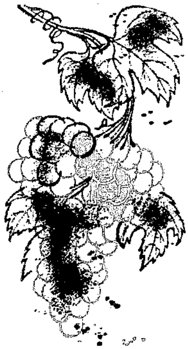
Not all Lodians are so lucky, however, for it takes more than rainless summers, dews and 5,200 hours of sunshine to make the perfect Flame. Man must work with individual grapes. In May, the bunches are "manicured." Growers go into the vineyard like surgeons, examining each budding bunch, scissoring it from 250 embryo grapes to 100. Only then will bunches develop round, ripe, uniformly colored Flames.

It may cost $30 an acre, but is the sort of painstaking care that today has transformed "jackrabbit land" into vineyards worth $4,000 an acre. A man with 50 acres has a fine livelihood; a man with more prospers. Though some vineyards are 80 years old, they still produce. And there has never been a total crop failure.

Some men have become millionaires since the civil war, each with his own proud label, John Graffigna, according to legend, came to town barefoot.

Noticing an unpicked patch near his own vast acreage one day, he snorted: "Who is so foolish as not to pick his grapes?"

"You are, John!" his friends said. Graffigna had leased the patch, but had so many grapes he had forgotten to pick it. Today, he owns business property in town, including the hotel building, and over 900 acres of tokays, but the thing that pleases him most is his "Lodi Queen" label, named for a favorite cousin who became Queen of the Festival.



Eighty-year-old Bill Micke, who arrived in California a Missouri farm boy in 1898, has the "Race Track" label. He was only a hired hand when he located in town. Subsequently he bought the old racetrack. "Lodi"—the horse for which the town named itself—captured the imagination of local citizens by its great racing courage.

Recently, when townspeople were building the million-dollar Lodi Memorial Hospital, Micke contributed a large sum. Childless himself, he gave a 40-acre park and swimming pool "for the kiddies."

Micke's Grove is the gathering place for the annual "Bonus Party" which raises funds for the festival. Jackson, now graying but still soft-voiced, invites everyone to the barbecue-dance with big-name entertainment and offers $5 memberships in the annual festival association. Last year's three-day festival drew 80,000 to a colorful parade and 45,000 into the Grape Bowl. The show cleared $20,000 after buying additional land for the newest swimming pool.

Flame Tokays today are a big

business. Five thousand carloads, worth $6,500,000 to growers, were shipped by Thanksgiving last year. Picking Flame Tokays is clean, profitable work, if exacting. Each ripe bunch must be snipped just as it reaches maturity. The vines are picked four times a season, in good years yielding 900,000,000 bunches.

All come under the eye of Elmer Pahl, government inspector and former fighter pilot who twice was shot down by Japs. Grapes are tested for acid, sugar and color. Only the best are shipped on the specially-cooled trains. Pahl's word is rarely questioned, even by Al Preszler, at 37 the association's youngest president and himself an ex-bomber pilot who was shot down in Yugoslavia—where Flame Tokays were once just dull red grapes. Tito's Partisans, learning he was from Lodi, guided him 450 roundabout miles through German lines.

Every year, Lodi's frenetic round-the-clock harvest comes to a full, reverent halt on Sundays. Everyone goes to the church of his choice to give thanks for the blessings into which his town has grown.

When I visited Lodi recently, I found it truly enjoying what Jackson called "a 12-month community project of great intangibles." The association was electing annual directors in the local pavilion, where seats were set up for 3,000 spectators for a highschool basketball game. A grade school class was having a skating party in another building, and 125 youngsters were square-dancing in an adjoining hall.

In still another festival room, art classes of adults and high-school students were molding plaster figures for next year's floats. Elsewhere in town that night were six crowded civic gatherings. "That's about normal now," Jackson said.

There still are local disagreements, of course. But now, invariably, there seems to be a peaceful solution. Anti-wine groups recently converted a winery into a grape-juice plant to take their crop. Big growers, split over a tokay marketing agreement, balloted to determine majority feeling. But no one is up in arms: they feel it will work out somehow. And there has never been another strike.

Sometimes Clarence Jackson smiles quietly when he sees the red flaming patch of grapes that Lodi policemen wear as their shoulder emblem. They are a smart and sparkling force. But it has been a long hard pull since first they symbolized the grapes of wrath.

Autumnal Observations

THIS IS THE TIME of the year when a man looks out at the beautifully colored leaves on the branches of the trees in his yard and wishes to heaven they would stay there. —Little Blaze Column (*Richmond Daily Register*)

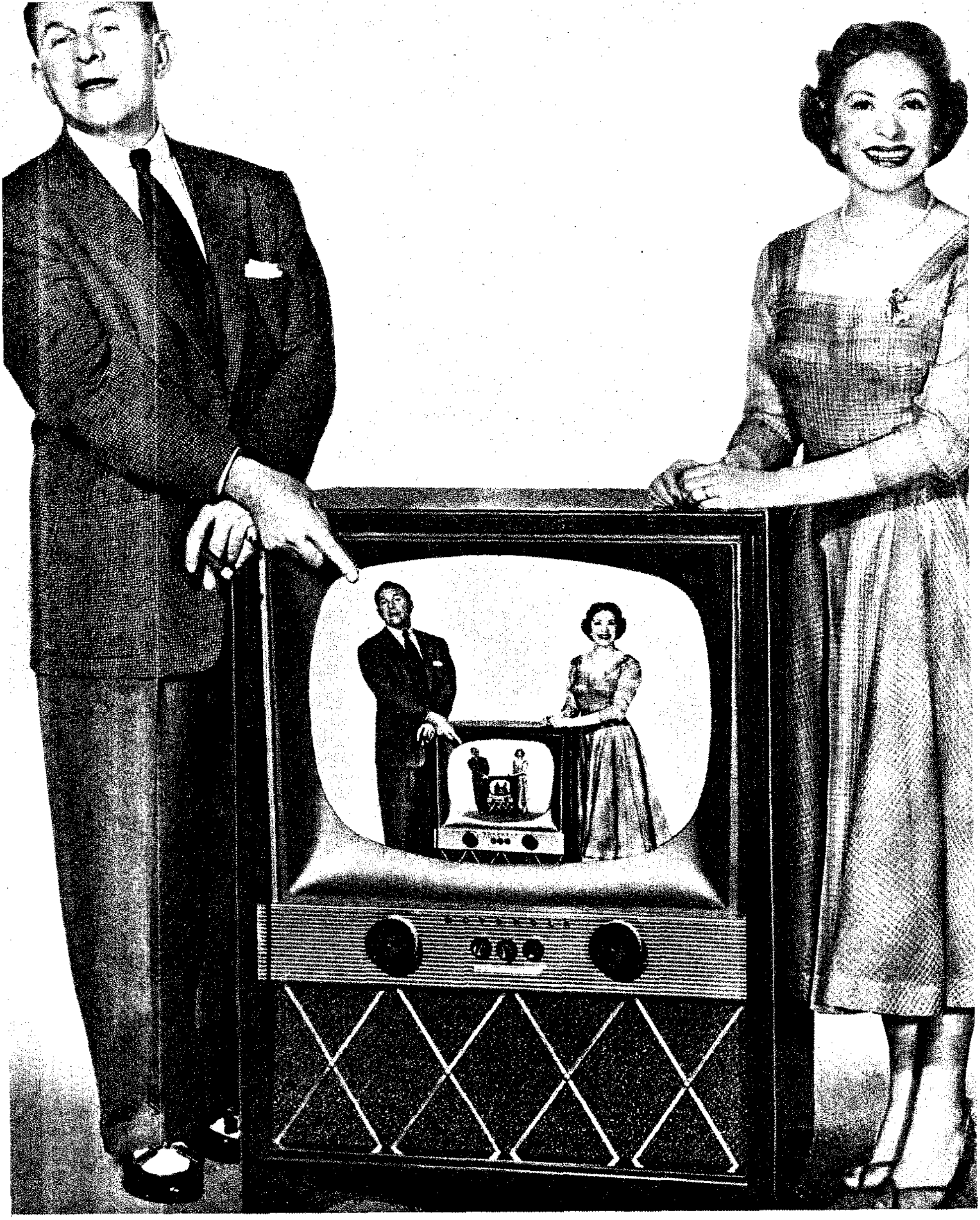
THERE'S NOTHING like a half-dozen reels of your old vacation film to put your guests in a traveling mood. —AL SPONG

FALL IS THE SEASON when the farmers let the Summer Theater actors out of the barn and the cows back in. —PRISCILLA KENNETH

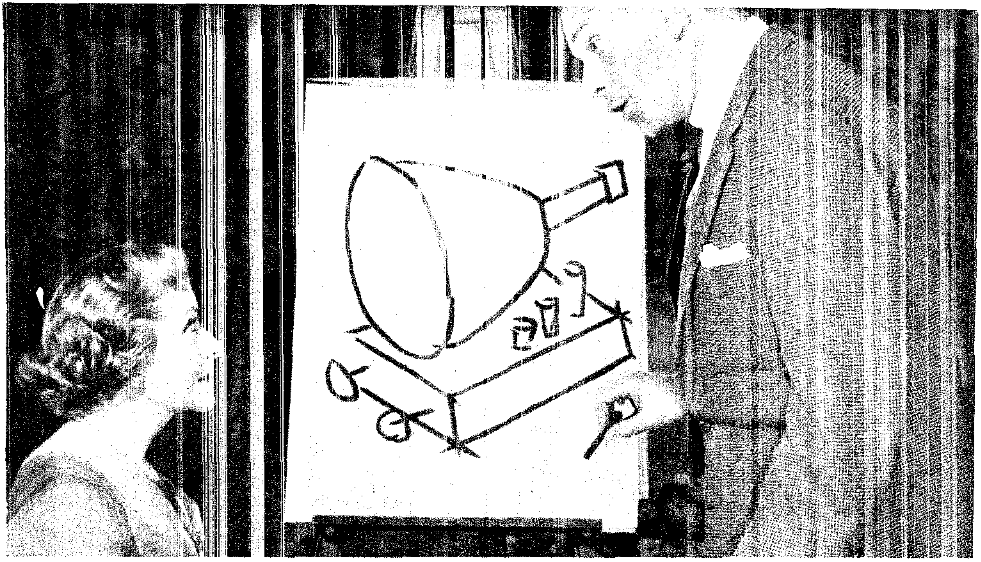
Advertisement

A big look at life with George and Gracie

George Burns and Gracie Allen are two of America's most beloved comics. George's bemused and patient forbearance, combined with Gracie's zany and be-muddled philosophy, have endeared them to the hearts of millions. Our photographer found them at home one day recently, hard at work on ideas for the Motorola TV commercials they will deliver this month on the Burns & Allen TV Show.



GEORGE: "This is a trick picture, called a *Doppelganger*. We'll use it to show the larger, brighter, BIG LOOK picture on Motorola's Extended Area screen!" GRACIE: "Why that's *wonderful!* We can just watch television and we'll always know what we're doing!" (That wasn't what George meant, but he let it go.)



GEORGE: "Now I'll explain why Motorola's BIG LOOK screen gives such a brilliant, powerful picture. It's the famous Power-Drive Chassis." **GRACIE:** "You said that about golf, too . . . remember? You said: Put enough *Power* in your *Drive*, and you'll get a BIG LOOK when they put your *Picture* in the newspaper!"

GEORGE: "You see, Gracie, Motorola TV gives you BIG LOOK *Picture*, and BIG LOOK *Performance;* also, the most smartly styled *cabinets* in television!"

GRACIE: "Naturally! They're styled like fine furniture! Motorola cabinets are not only *beautiful*, they're also *attractive!* Incidently, George . . . I think you're pretty, too!"

GRACIE: "Now Harry Von Zell and I will show you the Motorola TV commercial the two of us thought up all by myself. Harry, my Hollywood Premiere searchlight, please!"

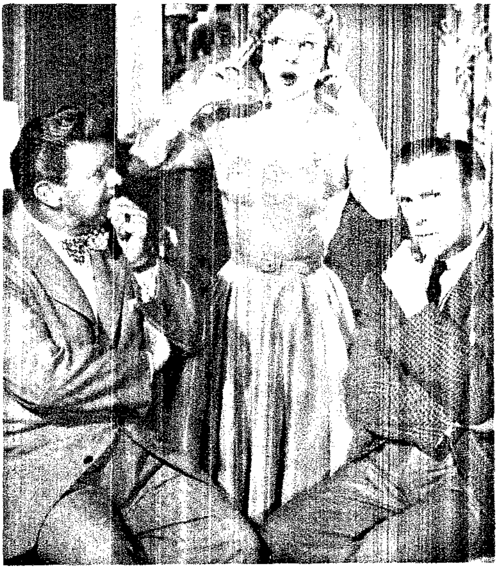
VON ZELL: "This shows Motorola's famous Glare Down/Sound Up design! See how the glare of any light in the room is deflected *downward* by Motorola's

GRACIE: "Now in *this* commercial, I want Harry Von Zell to pose with me to show how *much* you can *see* on Motorola's big, beautiful Extended Area screen! I'll admit George is much prettier than Harry . . . but on the other hand, Harry has much more of that BIG LOOK we want here!"

Glare Guard screen!" GEORGE: "Gracie, you're a genuis! Now we can show how Motorola's special slanted speaker grill sends the sound *upward* the same way!"

GEORGE: "Gracie bought this owl at a pet shop. Said she didn't want our Motorola TV to be the *only* thing around here with the BIG LOOK!"

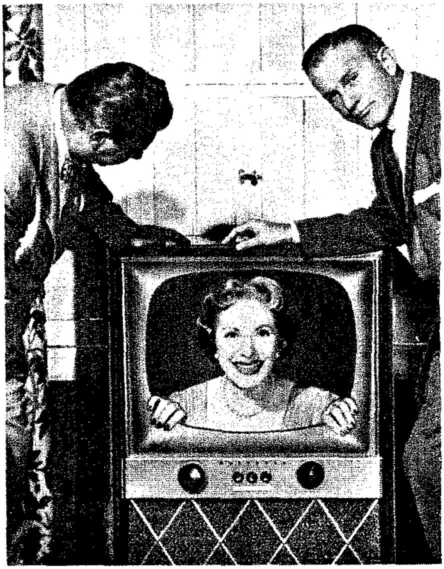
GEORGE: "Gracie is very proud of our BIG LOOK Motorola TV. She also likes our neighbors. So this is what she worked out. She put our Motorola in our picture window. Now our neighbors can enjoy our bigger, brighter BIG LOOK television at the same time *we* do!"



GEORGE: "Gracie thinks we ought to play charades, like all the other television stars do. What's she trying to act out with those big goggles now?"

GRACIE: "All right, I'll try again. Take a real big look now, and guess what famous television set I'm thinking about! Da da-DAH da, DAH DAH!"

GEORGE: "Help! Police! Gracie Allen has disappeared! She was right here just a minute ago, working on our Motorola TV commercial! (I'm only kidding, folks!)"

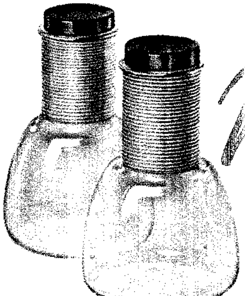


GRACIE: "Here I am, George—still playing charades! I'm a new 1955 Motorola TV set, with the BIG LOOK! See—BIG LOOK *picture* and BIG LOOK *performance!*"

GEORGE: "Now let's demonstrate our new Motorola Car Radio with Volumatic Control! That means it won't fade out under bridges!" GRACIE: "That's good. I like it the color it is now! I'm bringing my Motorola Portable, too! It's called the "Runabout" because it will Runabout a year without changing batteries!"

GRACIE: "Now let's show the people our new Motorola MASTERPIECE phonograph. It's the *only* high-fidelity table phonograph that distributes the sound *evenly* in all directions! Really, there's only one way for people to know what that means. That's to *hear* this beautiful phonograph themselves!"

New for '55! Better See Motorola TV
BIG LOOK
Motorola TV



YOUR MOTOROLA DEALER SAYS

Welcome Neighbor!

with these "GEORGE & GRACIE" COFFEE SERVERS

$3.00 VALUE ONLY *99¢*

Genuine Pyrex, 2-cup capacity. Colorful cork-lined wrappings, separate plastic coaster and cork stoppers. The pair, only 99¢, just for stopping at your dealer to see the new BIG LOOK Motorola TV for '55!

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

A 17-YEAR-OLD applied for a job with a road construction gang. He was rather slightly built and the boss eyed him critically, "Afraid you won't do, son," he said. "This is heavy work and you can't keep up with bigger, older men."

The youngster glanced at the crew leaning on their shovels.

"Perhaps I can't do as much as these men *can* do," he replied, "but I certainly can do as much as they *will* do."

He got the job.

—*Executives' Digest* (Cambridge Assoc., Inc.)

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, the noted English throat specialist, received an urgent call from the home of James Whistler one blustery evening. He hurried the five miles to the artist's residence, puffed his way out of his heavy clothing and prepared to treat the patient—to his surprise, Whistler's French poodle.

The good doctor suppressed his indignation and treated the animal; but his slightly higher than exorbitant fee graphically illustrated his feelings in the case.

Three days later, Whistler was notified that Dr. Mackenzie wanted to see him immediately concerning an urgent matter. Whistler virtually flew to the doctor's home. As he rushed up the steps, Dr. Mackenzie opened the door, pointed to it and said, "How long do you think it will take you to paint my front door, Mr. Whistler?"

—LEWIS C. HENRY
Humorous Anecdotes About Famous People
(Garden City Books)

THE ARMY PSYCHIATRIST wanted to be sure that the newly enlisted rookie was perfectly normal. Suspiciously he said:

"What do you do for your social life?"

"Oh," the man blushed, "I just sit around mostly."

"Hmmm—never go out with girls?"

"Nope."

"Don't you even want to?"

The man was uneasy. "Well, yes, sort of."

"Then, why don't you?"

"My wife won't let me, sir."

—*Conveyor*

A COUNTRYMAN ORDERED STEAK in a high-class Washington cafe. When the waitress placed his order before him, he picked up the small portion of steak, examined it critically and said: "Yep, that's exactly what I want. Bring me some of it."

LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND (Garden City Books)

WHEN A CONTESTANT told Fred Allen that she was allergic to dogs and trees, he retorted: "That's not too bad. But if a dog was allergic to trees, that would be real tragedy."

—CBS

After almost five years and a world-wide manhunt, the Army still seeks to solve . . .

THE MYSTERY OF THE WEST POINT CADET

by **JEROME EDELBERG**

On Saturday, January 14, 1950, Third Classman Richard C. Cox signed out in the register of the Military Academy at West Point. The penciled entry read simply: "R. C. Cox—3rd Class—Out at 1745."

He never returned. And where he went, and why, is one of the country's most baffling mysteries.

His strange disappearance is still under investigation by the Criminal Investigations Division at Governor's Island in New York. For four years, leads in the form of tips, anonymous phone calls and letters have been received at the rate of one every three days. Each has been patiently and fully checked, and disposed of as "unfounded."

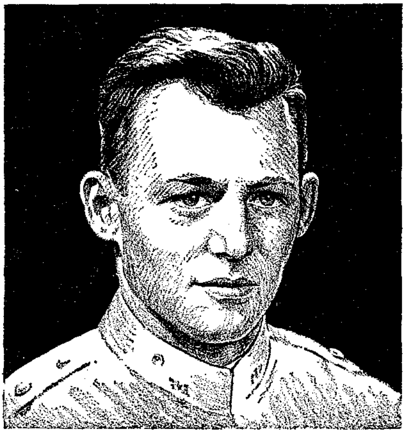
One thing is certain: the Army is determined to solve this case. The file is still "Open" and to the best knowledge and belief of the CID, Cadet Cox is alive . . . .

The cadet's life, that of it which is known, is simple and full. He was born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1928, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Cox. There were four sisters and a brother. His father, an insurance executive, died many years ago.

At 13, Richard entered Mansfield High School, his one ambition to win an appointment to West Point. He was an excellent student, a better-than-average athlete, and his family was devoted.

Romance entered his life in the form of Betty Timmons, who agreed to wait for that magic day when they would emerge from the chapel, down the long steps, under the crossed swords of fellow officers, as Second Lieutenant and Mrs. Richard C. Cox.

In 1946, though his aspirations for the Academy were unaltered, Cox enlisted in the Army and was assigned to the 27th Constabulary Squadron on occupation duty in Germany. There he rose to Sergeant and won the coveted opportunity to take the competitive Army examinations for West Point. He passed with flying colors and happily wrote his mother the good news, only to have her letter cross his in the mail and learn that she had been working equally hard in



Ohio and had secured a Congressional appointment for him.

Dick entered the Academy in June, 1948, on the appointment so hard-earned by his mother. He stood high in the upper third of his class with a high rating in military aptitude. He went out for track and became an excellent cross-country runner.

Simple routine was the order of the day in early January, 1950, when began the strange series of events that preceded Cadet Cox's disappearance. The first significant date is January 7th. Cadet Peter Hains, Charge of Quarters, B Company, on that date took a phone call.

"Do you have a Dick Cox in your company?" a man's voice asked. "Tell him that George, who served with him in Germany, is here." At least Cadet Hains *thinks* he said his name was "George."

Later that day, according to Cadet Mauro Maresca, Officer of the Guard at Grant Hall, a visitor arrived for Cox. He called Dick on the barracks phone and the young cadet soon appeared. He greeted the man and expressed pleasure at seeing him. The man joshed Cox about his uniform.

Maresca described the hatless visitor as being just under six feet tall, weighing about 185 pounds and wearing a belted trench coat.

Cadets Joseph J. Urschel and Deane E. Welch, Cox's roommates, recall that Cox had been studying for an examination when the call from the visitor came. They didn't see him again until about 7:15 P.M., when Cox returned to the room. Obviously he had been drinking and soon fell asleep over his books. When tattoo sounded, Urschel took a picture of Dick as he woke up.

"Startled and still half-asleep, Dick ran into the hallway and yelled, what sounded like, 'Is Alice down there?' Maybe he said, '*Alles kaput*' (All is ended)," Welch remembers.

"He came back into the room and told us that a Ranger in his outfit in Germany had visited him. He said they weren't very close friends. This fellow wouldn't let Cox get out of his car until he had some drinks with him. Cox described him as a guy who boasted about fighting as a Ranger. He told Dick of getting a German girl pregnant and then hanging her. Dick said he was a morbid guy."

The CID men subsequently learned that Cox was not a habitual drinker. He enjoyed a few drinks, but about three tended to put him to sleep.

Next day, Sunday, according to Welch, Dick again went out, hoping to be back at 2:30 P.M. He came in at 5 P.M. and seemed irritated because the visitor was wasting his valuable study time. Cox said the fellow was eccentric, that he would not see him again.

Another cadet told investigators he had seen Cox a few days later talking with a civilian in the East sally port. He described the man as dark-haired and neatly dressed. The only basis for agreement with the previous description of "George," if this were George, was the fact that the man wore a trench coat.

On the 14th of January, Cadet Cox went to classes as usual and secured a pass for supper at Thayer Hall, a hotel on the grounds for the convenience of the Corps and guests. He told his roommates he would be back at 9:30. He wore his full dress uniform and gray coat.

His roommates said, "So long, Dick. Have a good time."

Cox went out the door. At 6:18 he was seen walking to the Thayer. At that point he vanished, apparently, into thin air.

The dining hall at the Hotel Thayer has two dining rooms, each with some 30 tables, yet investigators could find nobody who could say Cox had been there. The Military Police on the gates said that as far as they knew, he had not left, unless, perhaps, he had been hidden or forcibly secreted in the trunk of a car.

On Monday, the Provost Marshal had Cox marked AWOL, notified the FBI, New York State and City police, the New York Hotel Association and military police units. To all these agencies, pictures of the cadet, with name, rank and full description, were forwarded.

His mother and sweetheart were heartbroken at the news of young Cox's disappearance. Betty Timmons told the CID that Dick had talked of eloping with her when he was home for the Christmas holidays, but later thought better of it and decided to go along with their original plan and wait for his graduation. His mother said he had been reluctant to return to the Academy.

In Cox's room at West Point the investigators found $80 in cash, civilian clothes and letters from his mother and Betty. He had no romantic or financial difficulties, as far as they could determine.

On his bureau, so obvious that it was almost missed, sat a calendar that was to offer what the CID hoped was the first real clue. Inside a pencil-drawn circle around the date, January 15, was the notation, "See Kelly." Who was Kelly? Was Kelly actually George?

The CID questioned every individual that Cox had ever bunked with in his soldiering days, his squad, company, battalion, even soldiers that might have spent the night in his area in Germany. Along with the rest, several named Kelly were questioned and checked out. The Kelly lead proved to be simply the first of many that dead-ended with questions unanswered.

Nancy and Carolyn Cox, twin sisters of the missing cadet, waited for hours on his birthday, July 25th, for his customary phone call. Even when he was in Germany, he had called them on his birthday. When the day passed without it, Nancy remarked: "Something terrible must have happened. He never would have forgotten his birthday call."

Soon, a new figure entered the case—a German fraulein. The CID told this story:

"We have discovered that Cox was very friendly with a German girl in Lichtenfels when he was stationed in that area with the Occupation Forces in late 1947 and early 1948.

This lead developed when the CID came into possession of a letter that Cox wrote the girl just one month before he disappeared. The letter was returned to West Point on February 23, 1950, with a notation by German postal authorities that the whereabouts of the addressee was unknown.

The letter spoke of "hoping you remember me," and "would you like to correspond?" Investigators learned that Cox had written this letter when a friend of his mentioned that he was corresponding with her. Oddly enough, several snapshots which Cox said he was enclosing in his letter were missing. The CID does not know whether he forgot to enclose the photos or whether they were removed.

The letter, written in pen and ink, was read, re-read, photographed and x-rayed. It was checked for coded material. The envelope was examined minutely to determine, if possible, if the flap had been steamed open.

The CID left no stone unturned until the girl was located. But after questioning her, the CID is of the opinion that she has no bearing on Cox's disappearance.

THE MILITARY RESERVATION at West Point covers 15,000 rugged, hilly acres, with countless streams running through fields and forests. The area was thoroughly gone over by the Army and some cadets in squads of 50 to 80 men. New York police sent a helicopter to make an aerial search of the grounds. In March, the Lusk Reservoir and surrounding waters were dragged. Delafield Pond was drained and a foot-by-foot examination made. Nothing was brought to light.

Later the same month, a gas-station attendant in Mt. Gilead, Ohio, reported that he had seen a man he believed to be Cox with a young woman, supposedly his wife. The couple visited the station twice during the "latter part of January." The youth identified himself as Richard C. Cox during the second visit, according to the attendant, and left a light topcoat in payment for gas and oil.

FBI agents were rushed to the scene, but after a check, notified headquarters that they "placed little credence in the story."

Someone saw a newspaper picture of a soldier holding aloft a suit of frozen underwear. He looked like Cox. The scene was Korea, just south of the Yalu River.

An agent was immediately dispatched. He found the soldier in the photo. Strangely enough, the GI's name was Cox, and fingerprints were immediately checked. He was not the right Cox.

The CID talked with a patient in a veteran's hospital who said he knew George. From the facts, he might have been correct; but a check revealed that the George the veteran knew was not the unknown and still mysterious George.

Cadet Richard Cox was reported seen swimming in a hotel pool in Brooklyn, in the lobbies of hotels from Maine to California, at a Georgia bus terminal. Every one of these leads was checked and re-checked, but came to nothing.

Betty Timmons waited for almost three years, and then on Christmas Day, 1952, married another man. Mrs. Cox agreed that, after all, Betty had her own life to lead.

The CID has made the most searching investigation into Cox's background. His environment was of the best. He did not carouse or over-indulge in drink. His habits overseas were normal: he entered military track and field events.

Despite these things, could there be something sinister behind the disappearance of Cox? There was talk of his being mixed up with German black markets. Some thought he might have seen something he shouldn't have seen while serving in the Occupation Forces.

Some believe he was smuggled out of West Point and perhaps out of the country—that he may now be held captive behind the Iron Curtain. Although at no time was he stationed near the border of Iron Curtain countries, he could easily have made junkets there on military passes.

Was there friction at home? What prompted his desire not to return to the Academy from Christmas vacation?

There is a true story somewhere. The Army is determined that this story will come out, and that the strange disappearance of Cadet Richard C. Cox, 3rd Class, U. S. Military Academy, will be carried "Investigation Open" until it is solved.

"In view of the fact that the man hasn't turned up and that we have no evidence to prove he is deceased," the CID says, "we must hold to the belief that he is alive. Therefore, we will search for him until we arrive at a solution of his disappearance."

Small Talk

A SIX-YEAR-OLD Memphis girl who saw the movie "Titanic" described the sinking of the great liner to a small friend in eight succinct words: "The ship hit an ice cube and sank."

—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

DORIS DAY'S SON, TERRY, after being taught the proper way to ask a girl for a dance, wanted to know, "Yeah, but how do you get rid of her?"

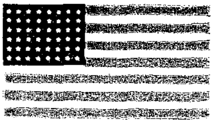
—Warner Bros.

SCHOOL CHILDREN were recently asked to write essays on why they like TV. One 11-year-old said:

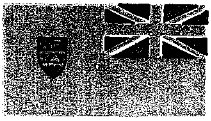
"I like TV because I haven't got one. When you have one, you get fed up with it."

—*Tit-Bits*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ



NEIGHBORLY KNOWLEDGE



LOVELY KATHLEEN MAGUIRE, who portrays a glamorous model in "Three Steps To Heaven" (NBC-TV, Mondays through Fridays, 10:45 A.M., EDT), recently spent her vacation in Canada. A native New Yorker, Kathleen discovered that she knew little about her neighbor to the north. How's *your* Canadian I.Q.? Find out by filling in the Canadian counterparts to U.S. items below. (Answers on p. 70.)

1. Washington, D.C., is to the U.S. as__________ is to Canada.
2. President Eisenhower is to U.S. citizens as __________ is to Canadians.
3. The Stars and Stripes are to the U.S. as the __________ is to Canada.
4. The Old Faithful geyser is to Yellowstone National Park as Lake Louise is to the __________ National Park.
5. John Foster Dulles is to the U.S. Department of State as __________ is to the Canadian Foreign Office.
6. The U.S. Niagara Falls is to New York State as the Horseshoe Falls of Canada is to the Province of__________.
7. San Francisco is to America's Pacific Coast trade as __________ is to Canada's West Coast commerce.
8. Independence Day, the highest national holiday, is to the people of the U.S. as __________ is to Canadians.
9. The Mississippi River is to U.S. midland shipping as the __________ is to Canada's inland transportation.
10. Detroit is to Canadian tourists as __________ across the Detroit river is to Canada's U.S. guests.
11. Tenley Albright is to U.S. figure skating as __________ is to Canada's skating accomplishments.
12. New York is to Chicago in population as Montreal is to __________.
13. The United States is to the forty-eight States as Canada is to its __________ Provinces.
14. The U.S. House of Representatives is to the U.S. Congress as Canada's House of Commons is to the Canadian __________.
15. The White House, the best-known government residence, is to Washington, D.C. as __________ is to the capital of Canada.
16. Mt. Whitney of the Sierras is to U.S. mountains as __________ of the Rockies is to the mountain ranges of Canada.
17. The population of the U.S. is to the number of inhabitants of Canada as __________ is to 1.
18. The cowboys of the middle West are to the Laramie, Wyoming, rodeo as Canada's bronco-busters are to the __________ Stampede.
19. The oil fields of Texas are to the U.S. oil industry as the __________ oil wells are to Canadian oil.
20. The State of Minnesota is to its 10,000 fresh water lakes as the province of __________ is to its 750,000 named inland lakes.
21. The State of Rhode Island is to the U.S. as the Province of __________ Island is to Canada.
22. The Yankees are to the American League as the Montreal __________ are to the International League.
23. The development of the atomic bomb is to the U.S. as the development of the __________ bomb for fighting cancer is to Canada.
24. The English language is to U.S. courts as the __________ languages are to the Federal courts of Canada.

The tough organizer and strike leader of the Thirties has become a top union statesman

Labor's WALTER REUTHER

by SAM STAVISKY

A GROUP OF BIG, heavyset men—all labor-union leaders—stood awkwardly around President Eisenhower at the White House while he described his brief career as a working man.

"When I was a boy," the President said with a grin, "I used to work 12 hours a day. So I know what it's like to get pushed around."

His audience nodded and beamed sympathetically. That is, all except one slim redhead in the back row. His eyes glinted impishly as he said, "You ought to have joined the union."

This was Walter Reuther, the brilliant *enfant terrible* of American labor and president of the 6,000,000-member CIO. Reuther, at 47, looks more like a dapper Broadway song-and-dance man than the typical "labor skate," the big, beefy gentleman with the booming voice and commanding manner. Reuther is slender, red-haired, dashing, with the kind of wit associated with elves.

At the White House or a Senate hearing, the unquenchable Walter is at his best jousting with the great. He is constantly at odds with anyone who takes himself too seriously, and this includes many rival labor leaders who growl like wounded bears at mention of his name.

Referred to contemptuously as an "egghead" at a union conference, Walter professed to be deeply pained. Then he brightened and said, grinning: "Still, I'd rather be an egghead than an emptyhead."

However, it is not wit and charm that put him at the top of the rough and tumble CIO, but an unmatched energy and a philosophy. In the eyes of millions, from CIO clothing workers hunched over sewing machines in New York to brawny lumberjacks in the Northwest, he is "Mr. Full Employment."

Reuther looks on the unions as an instrument of social reform and world improvement, all buttoned up in the phrase "economy of abundance." These views were molded by his father, Valentine Reuther, at the family table in Wheeling, West Virginia.

Valentine was one of the strong Lutherans and middle-class Socialists who came to America around the turn of the century to escape the persecutions of Central Europe, and gave direction to U.S. social reform. He was a brewery worker, president of the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly, and a friend of Eugene V. Debs, the railroad reformer who ran for President from jail. He was also a father who preached his gospel to his four boys.

Walter quit school during his junior year at Wheeling High, to earn money. This was much against the will of his father who wanted his son to have an education and progress beyond the laborer stage. But even at 15, Walter had a streak of iron in his disposition and stuck with his decision.

He worked three years as an apprentice toolmaker at a steel corrugating plant in Wheeling at 40 cents an hour. Then he decided that Sunday was a day of prayer and meditation, not work, and tried to organize the shop against Sunday labor. He was fired, and drifted north to Detroit.

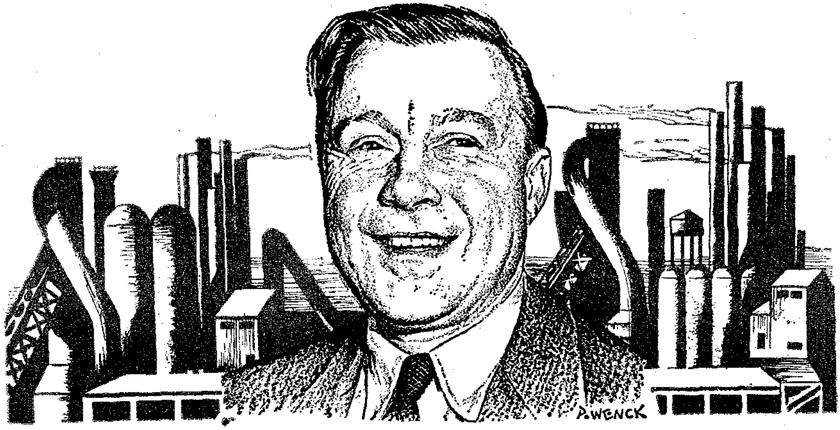
This was a restless, boom town in the late '20s. He worked on the night shift at the Briggs Manufacturing Company, then, with that peculiar combination of charm and bluff that is Walter Reuther, talked his way into Ford as a skilled tool and die man at an esteemed $1.10 an hour.

Nights he went to Wayne University, the "poor man's college" of Detroit, organized a Social Problems Club there, and stuck his oar into the current of politics by street-corner campaigning for Norman Thomas, perennial Socialist presidential nominee.

Actually it was not until 1933, some years after he came to Detroit, that Walter took up his father's devoted cause, trade unionism. The New Deal with its appeal to "the common man" gave union organizing a major boost, and many who had hung about the fringes threw themselves into this effort. Walter was fired by Ford for trying to organize the tool shop.

These were the sullen days of Depression and breadlines. Jobs were few. Walter and his brother Victor, who had come to Detroit to join him, decided to use their savings to see the world. They bicycled across England and the Continent, then moved eastward. Ford was hiring skilled production workers to man a plant it had built for the Soviet Government near Gorki, and the Reuthers signed up.

It is quite a trick to get Walter to talk about this brief chapter in his life. But he will say, "It was a



strange introduction to 'paradise,' a queer and backward land with a caste system as rigid as the social lines in Boston. While the foreign workers got good food in a special dining room, the blessed children of the Soviet had to eat weak cabbage soup in a run-down cafeteria."

When the Reuthers' contract ended they shoved off again, this time for India, Japan and China. This tour, through seven countries with every kind of social order from communism to Oriental militarism, fitted into Walter Reuther's logical mind like facts in a file. When the brothers returned to Detroit in 1935, John L. Lewis' "Committee for Industrial Organization" was begging for anyone who wanted to get in on the ground floor to join up and organize the steel and auto workers. Walter went back to tool and die work, joined the union and showed a gift of persuasion.

A volunteer organizer in 1937, he was blacklisted in most of the auto plants. He took over the job of building the West Side auto workers' locals into a strong bloc (membership rose from 78 to 30,000); he helped run the Detroit and Flint sit-down strikes; and was one of the leaders in the drive to organize Ford. He was beaten up twice and became a hero in the union wars.

Associates of those years remember him as a redhead with a magic gift of gab, an idea a minute and an ability to invent stratagems to fit any situation.

In 1939, rather than trying to get all workers out on strike, Walter devised the "strategy strike." This was pulling out the key tool and die makers just as new car models were being prepared. This made it possible for non-striking workers to collect unemployment insurance and it brought General Motors to the conference table, and a contract.

It was during this era that Walter Reuther forged a new pattern for the American labor leader. The old-time labor slate was concerned with the wages and working conditions of the members of his union, and the rest of the world could go hang.

Reuther broadened his political outlook by breaking with the Socialists to urge all-out support of Governor Frank Murphy, the Democrat. "Let's be realistic," Reuther said. "Governor Murphy is a friend of labor at a time when we need friends. A Socialist candidate would cut down his strength."

Reuther caught the national headlines in 1940 when he proposed a "Reuther Plan" for converting idle auto production lines to planes. He claimed that 500 planes a day could be turned out, and William S. Knudsen, then co-director of the Office of Production Management, replied sarcastically, "If you are interested in production, I'll give you a job with us." Later, the industry adopted his idea in modified form.

Right after the war, the quick-thinking redhead decided a big and dramatic strike was needed to set a pace for wage increases. The cost of living was climbing. Workers were restless and drifting away from the union. So he called out 200,000 G.M. workers for 113 days of strike. This won a wage raise and pushed Reuther into the presidency of the strife-ridden United Auto Workers.

Communists and radical splinter groups battled for control, with plots and counter-plots inside the UAW.

This was the beginning of a war that was not won until after his re-election in 1947. By then, Walter had unclenched the hold of the Communists throughout the UAW and nailed his own throne solidly to the floor.

Soon after this, Reuther, something of a Puritan from his early days, started a crusade against gambling rings operating in auto plants and robbing his members of their wages. He also wanted to keep gangsters away from union operations. An assassin fired a shotgun at Walter through the kitchen window of his home, nearly tearing his right arm from his body. But he bounced back with undiminished energy. Although more than $200,000 in rewards was offered, the assailant has never been found.

Reuther became president of the CIO in a stormy battle in 1952, following the death of able Phil Murray who had succeeded in keeping the "world reformers" under Reuther and the stick-to-business "bread and butter" unionists under David McDonald of the steelworkers from clashing head-on. The fight broke out over the presidency at the CIO convention in December, with Reuther winning —for the time being.

Since then, McDonald, a protégé of John L. Lewis, has been wooed into a political-action alliance with the cagey, beetle-browed mine chief. McDonald, too, has threatened to pull his steel workers out of the CIO.

Today, Walter would rather be known as the statesman than as the slick young union organizer and infighter of the '40s. His keynote was sounded at a recent union conference: "We of the UAW . . . are not a narrow economic pressure group trying to get something for ourselves at the expense of the rest of the community. We . . . can't be free except as we struggle to defend the freedom of our neighbors, those at home and our neighbors in the world . . . we want to build a world in which unemployment and poverty and fear and insecurity and war can be abolished forever."

Most statesmen would turn to generalities if asked just how they intended to bring this staggering goal about. But not Reuther. He sat down calmly before a joint Congressional committee last spring and outlined a detailed ten-point program constructed to end unemployment in the U. S.

It varied from tax reforms to farm price support, and he was not the least abashed when such elder economists as Senator Ralph Flanders suggested ironically that he was not the best expert on rural aid. With the smile of a chess player, Reuther engaged the Senator on complex farm economy, citing facts and figures.

One of his most ambitious plans is to weld organized labor into a great political force, perhaps through a Labor Party. He cut his teeth in national politics at the

Democratic National Convention in 1948, when he dashed from one smoke-filled hotel room to another with a scheme to nominate one Dwight D. Eisenhower as a Fair Deal candidate. This collapsed when the General refused.

Four years later, Reuther and Governor "Soapy" Williams of Michigan were back-of-scenes leaders of the liberal faction at the Democratic convention. Since the Eisenhower Administration came to power, he has lost no chance to taunt it for alleged mistakes and accuses it of following the "trickle down" economic theory.

This bold, often tantalizing leadership has attracted to Reuther a hard core of similarly-oriented men. Those closest to him are his brothers, Vic and Roy; Emil Mazey, UAW secretary-treasurer and, like Reuther, an ex-Socialist who battled the Communists within the union; Jack Conway, his college-trained personal aide; Nat Weinberg and Don Montgomery, union economists; Bob Oliver and Paul Sifton, UAW and CIO Washington lobbyists; and Frank Winn, UAW public relations director.

These men know the Reuther of the bargaining table—the tough guy who can swear like a trooper and pound the table with the best of them, and whose long-time goal is the guaranteed annual wage.

Along his high-speed career, Walter Reuther stopped long enough in 1936 to meet and marry May Wolf, a schoolteacher and volunteer union organizer. They have two little girls. Walter has hermetically sealed off his family from the spotlight of his own daily headline activities. He spends what precious hours he can with them, at their suburban Detroit home.

Walter gets little relaxation and apparently needs none. He catches planes by split seconds (trains are too slow for him) and rushes in and out of conferences with a GM executive, a Senate leader, economists, diplomats, union heads. Occasionally, he dashes down into the basement of his home to fiddle with his wood-working tools, wistfully hoping to someday turn out a finished piece.

What is ahead for Walter Reuther? Some say he wants to be president of a merger of the AFL and CIO, which would tie some 16,000,000 unionists together. Others suggest he has some neat plan to be President of the U. S. Whatever he wants, he will be way out in front fighting for it.

"Aren't you running too far ahead of the parade?" a follower anxiously asked not long ago.

"Sure," replied Reuther jauntily, "that's the only way you can be a leader!"

About Traveling

A PROMINENT TRAVEL CONSULTANT advising girls who have occasion to do any traveling by themselves: "Take an empty cigarette lighter with you and you'll have no trouble making friends with attractive, unattached males." —*Tempo*

NO MAN is as important as he sounds in a Pullman smoker. —*Loyal Tribune*

The American Way —in Italy

by **ROBERT E. STEARNS**

A New Jersey town has brought fresh hope and life to a village in Sardinia

THE REMARKABLE story of how a small town in New Jersey came to reach a helping hand across the sea and effect a 20th-century renaissance in a small town in Sardinia begins 31 years ago, when Octavius Pitzalis landed in the U. S. with 15 cents in his pocket.

He fell in love with America—its freedoms, its opportunities, its rewards for work and enterprise—took out his papers and became an American. He met and married pretty, dark-eyed Adelaide—a fellow immigrant from Italy. He worked and saved, and eventually launched his own barbering and hair-dressing business in the little town of Ridgewood, New Jersey.

Octavius—or "Arthur," as his American friends called him—worked hard at his business, and prospered. Then, one day, like many others who make a new home in America, he decided to visit his home town in the "old country."

In the fall of 1951, Arthur and Adelaide shipped their car to Sardinia, Italy's sun-drenched isle in the blue Mediterranean, and motored over the dusty highway toward Nurri, Arthur's birthplace.

His heart leaped as he drove past vistas dimly remembered from the past. Then suddenly, over a rise of land, was Nurri—its tiled roofs glittering like gold in the sunshine.

But beneath the glitter the Pitzalises found things that made their hearts sink—sewage flowed down the middle of the cobbled street; barefooted children scurried about, all bones and ribs and hollow eyes; sad-faced women in tattered dresses huddled in the doorways of huts; men in patched pants and faded caps loitered in the square.

Nevertheless, the home of Arthur's brother, Onorio, rang with toasts, laughter and shouts of "Welcome Americans!" But that night the Pitzalises could not sleep.

"My home town is badly off—much worse than when I left," Arthur told his wife. "My old house—still no electric lights. My schoolboy friends—as poor as they can be. Why, even spaghetti is a luxury in Nurri today. And the Communists—my brother says they're the largest political party in town."

"Isn't there something we can do to help these people?" Adelaide asked.

Next day, in Onorio's parlor, the Pitzalises showed colored slides of scenes in Ridgewood—using a projector and screen they had brought from home.

The schoolmaster, a friend of Onorio's, sat spellbound through the showing. "*Per bacco!*" he exclaimed. "This is a documentary! The people in Nurri would like to see your slides of life in America. You should put on a public show."

Use of the church hall—the only public meeting-place in Nurri—was arranged for, and word of the "See America" show spread through town. When the time came, the hall was overflowing, so the Pitzalises moved their projector and screen outside to the village square.

Arthur stood by the screen, explaining each shot at the top of his lungs, for there was no public address system in Nurri.

"This is our house in Ridgewood . . . our backyard garden . . . our cooperative grocery store which we helped found . . . our new hospital for cerebral palsy sufferers, built almost entirely with donated materials and volunteered labor from citizens in Ridgewood . . . this is our Fourth of July parade, celebrating the day when we Americans cut loose from British rule and set out on our own . . ." And so on, slide after slide, until at last the screen went dark.

"Take us and our families to America!" someone from the crowd yelled.

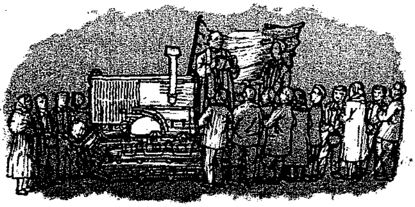
"Do not expect the U. S. or some other nation to solve your problems," Arthur replied. "Work together, help yourselves, and you can build your own 'little America' right here in Nurri."

"You talk big!" another shouted. "You Americans have the money, the gold. We are poor here. We can never have what you have."

"No," said Arthur, "gold is not America's secret. The secret is hard work, enterprise, the efforts of people to help themselves. You, too, can solve your own problems, like Americans do, if you're willing to use the tools of democracy.

"Singly you are failing. Banded together, you have a chance to win through. Form a farming co-operative. Pool your savings in a common fund, rent land and buy farm machinery to till it . . ."

He explained, persuaded, exhorted, until he had no more to say. When he finished, an excited murmuring swept over the crowd. And far into the cool Sardinian night, men stood on street corners talking over what their "American cousin"



had said about the things he had learned in the U.S.A.

Next day, half a dozen men appeared at Onorio's door. "We are here to see Arthur about forming a co-operative," they said.

This was the first of the meetings that slowly led to the forming of a co-operative. It wasn't easy. But gradually good will ironed out the differences.

At last the great day came when 25 citizens of Nurri gathered in Onorio's tiny parlor to sign the constitution of the *Co-operativa di Nurri*.

"We need a name for our co-op," said one.

"It's a rebirth of hope," another suggested, a "*rinascente*."

"That's it—that's our name!" they agreed. "Renaissance!"

The *Rinascente* members each contributed 1,000 lire (about $1.50 in U. S. money), scrawled their names on the constitution, and it was done.

The Pitzalises gazed at the pitifully small pile of notes. "We'll pledge a loan of $3,500," they said. "But you won't pay it back to us, you'll pay it to yourselves—to your co-operative fund." And it was agreed.

The Pitzalises sailed back to the U. S. in October and the following month sent their loan to *Rinascente*. The co-op used the money to make a down payment on a 50-horsepower tractor equipped with plows, harrows and other modern farming implements.

It was the first piece of farm machinery the village of Nurri had ever seen, and its arrival was a *festa*. The whole town turned out, decked in its threadbare best. Msgr. Cossu, the village priest, blessed the tractor and said a prayer. Wine was passed around. Jollity prevailed. *Rinascente* was in business!

The tractor was put to work that very day. The co-op rented the equipment to local farmers (members paid a lower rental rate) and with the fees made payments on its loans.

Back in Ridgewood, the Pitzalises told of their trip to Nurri and the organization of *Rinascente*.

"We'll help too!" said a group of Ridgewood citizens, and they formed "The Friends of Nurri." The "Friends" asked Arthur to write and find out what further help *Rinascente* needed.

Back came the answer: "We could use another tractor very much; and, if possible, a threshing machine to harvest our wheat."

IN 1952 "The Friends of Nurri" borrowed $5,000 and sent it to *Rinascente*, so the needed machinery could be bought. They set out to gather donations to pay off their loan. Patrons of Arthur's "House of Beauty" contributed coins to a special piggy bank on the counter. Local newspapers mentioned the project, and letters with contributions from strangers began drifting in.

The Sunday School of St. Elizabeth's Church collected packets of vegetable seeds for Nurri, and dispatched a scrapbook of letters and photos of Ridgewood and its activities. (The school children of Nurri are preparing a "return gift" scrapbook of their own.)

Fred T. Eckes, a "Friends" member, contacted the U. S. Department of Agriculture for advice on a fodder crop for Nurri. The Department recommended kudzu, a hardy variety of plant which yields a bountiful crop of livestock feed. The "Friends" shipped a box of kudzu plants packed in wet sawdust to *Rinascente*. The co-op planted them on rented land to feed sheep owned by its shepherd members—they proved a great success.

NOW AND THEN, the co-op faces a crisis. Once it had trouble meeting payments on time. The bank threatened to foreclose, but a co-op spokesman appeared before the bankers and told of the movement's accomplishments. Impressed, the bankers renewed their loans.

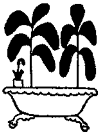
The thresher broke down at the peak of the season and rent money was being lost by the hour. The co-op staked all its meager cash resources to send a man by plane to Milan. He returned with needed parts and again rental income came rolling in.

Membership in *Rinascente* has now quadrupled and there is talk of a winery and a cheese factory as its next step toward a better life. "We all have one hope firm in our hearts," Onorio wrote Arthur, "that finally we will see the disappearance from our village of the misery which has surrounded us so long."

In the Fall of 1952, while other towns in Italy elected Communists, the people of Nurri chose co-op leaders as mayor and councilmen of their town. Not a single Communist won a post in the municipal government, and the total Communist vote suffered a big decline from that of previous elections.

To Arthur Pitzalis there is nothing remarkable about all this. "When you see a problem, look for a solution, and then go into action to solve it—that's what my wife and I have learned in America," he says. "This inspiration we've tried to transfer to the land of my birth, with the help and the backing of our good neighbors in Ridgewood. To us, it has been a great joy to help plant a 'little America' in the soil of Italy."

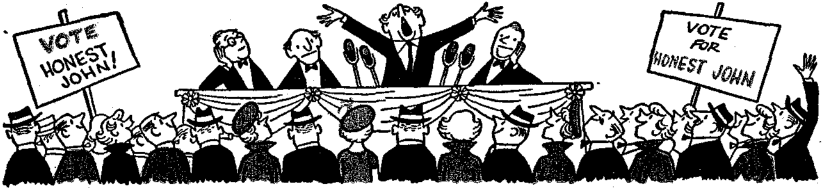
Antique Anticipated



AT THE RATE we are going, one day the bathtub will have disappeared from the domestic scene. The manufacturers are forcing the populace out of the tub and into the shower. That being the case, I aim to purchase one of those old-time models, rampant on iron claws, and install it in the cellar. Not only will it afford me luxury for years to come, but some day it will sell as an antique and end up in somebody's parlor. There, holding two rubber plants and an umbrella rack, guests will "Oh" and "Ah" at the beauty of its lines and marvel at the design of the claws clutching the glass balls. It will be a perfect model of the so-called luxury which was so immeasurably enjoyed by those people who lived during the Era of Wonderful Nonsense.

—NICK MAHONEY, "*Nick's Knacks*"
Argus-Champion, Newport, N. H

POLITICAL PATTER



ELECTION TIME: When the air is filled with speeches and vice versa.

—ABE BURROWS

I DON'T KNOW WHY they call them whistlestop campaigns, because after they're elected they don't give a hoot.

—HERB SHRINER

A CERTAIN CONGRESSMAN had a most horrible nightmare: he dreamed all the money he was spending was his own.

—*Pipe Dreams*

AN "UNHOLY ALLIANCE" is something in politics which, if it were on our side, would be forward-looking elements marching shoulder to shoulder.

SENATOR SOAPER—*Chicago Daily News*

A POLITICIAN WILL FIND an excuse to get out of anything except office.

—EVAN ESAR

OH, FOR THE DAYS of William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan, when the speeches reached you a week later.

—Changing Times,
The Kiplinger Magazine

A MEMBER of the Georgia legislature once observed: "The best way to tell if a politician is alive is to look at his mouth. If it's closed, he's dead."

—*Tempo*

THE CANDIDATES have overlooked a wonderful chance to make votes. In a close race, victory might well go to the man who promised every voter a place to park.

—Little Blaze Column
(*Richmond Daily Register*)

NOTHING MADDENS a politician so much as the discovery that the other side is playing politics.

—*Automotive Dealers News*

IT'S A SMART POLITICIAN who can keep the note of envy out of his voice while accusing his opponent of fooling the public.

A POLITICIAN HAS to be able to see both sides of an issue so he can get around it.

—*Wall Street Journal*

POLITICAL TROUBLES are the only thing that can be multiplied by division.

—Outdoor Indiana (*Quote*)

SOME POLITICAL CANDIDATES seem to believe that the path of glory leads but to the gravy.

—*Tales of Hoffman*

POLITICS MAKES strange postmasters.

—KIN HUBBARD

A WISE MAN knows everything; a shrewd man everybody.

—NEAL O'HARA—(*McNaught Syndicate Inc.*)

Only a young woman of strong faith and character can dedicate her life to the love and service of God

BEHIND CONVENT WALLS

by **MAXWELL HAMILTON**

WHEN A YOUNG girl from a Manhattan suburb entered a convent last fall, a New York commuter was heard remarking to his seat-mate: "She's pretty young to be disappointed in love, isn't she?" His companion agreed, since neither man could imagine any other reason for a girl becoming a nun.

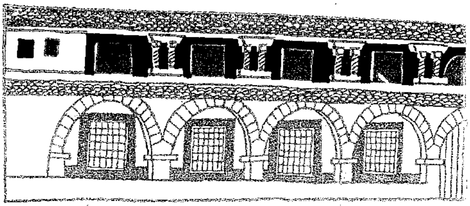
Neither commuter is to be blamed for his obvious lack of knowledge of nuns and convents. To those outside the Roman Catholic—and possibly the High Episcopal and Eastern Orthodox—faiths, nuns are regarded for the most part as being mysterious, unworldly eccentrics who probably entered a convent to get over a broken love affair. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

A girl who attempted to enter a Catholic convent for no other reason than that she was suffering a broken heart would be denied admission, according to a Catholic spokesman. The Church's reasoning behind this is simple: a girl who chooses convent life today must have as her primary motive a deep and abiding desire to serve God above all mortal things, and to devote her life exclusively to Him without ephemeral distractions of any kind. The latter include home, family and friends.

The result is some 154,000 Catholic nuns in the U.S. today living active, useful lives in approximately 540 convents spread across the country. They range from orders such as the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who dedicate themselves to the reformation and protection of wayward girls, to the Missionary Sisters of the Society of Mary, who work exclusively in the South Seas caring for lepers.

The Medical Mission Sisters, the majority of whose members are doctors, nurses and pharmacists, devote their lives to the care of the sick in foreign lands. The famed Maryknoll Sisters, an American community of nuns engaged in teaching, operating clinics, hospitals and social-service centers, and nursing, are to be found in virtually every corner of the world spreading the word of God.

In short, a girl entering a convent today is caught up in a swirl of practical activity. After she has completed her probationary period



—normally 18 months—the new nun finds herself plunged into a life of teaching, writing, nursing, lecturing, sewing, cooking, studying and doing the hundreds of other things demanded of any member of an active, busy community.

In spite of this, no nun is permitted to forget that she has given herself completely to God, and her hours of devotion and prayer remain the most important in her long and busy day.

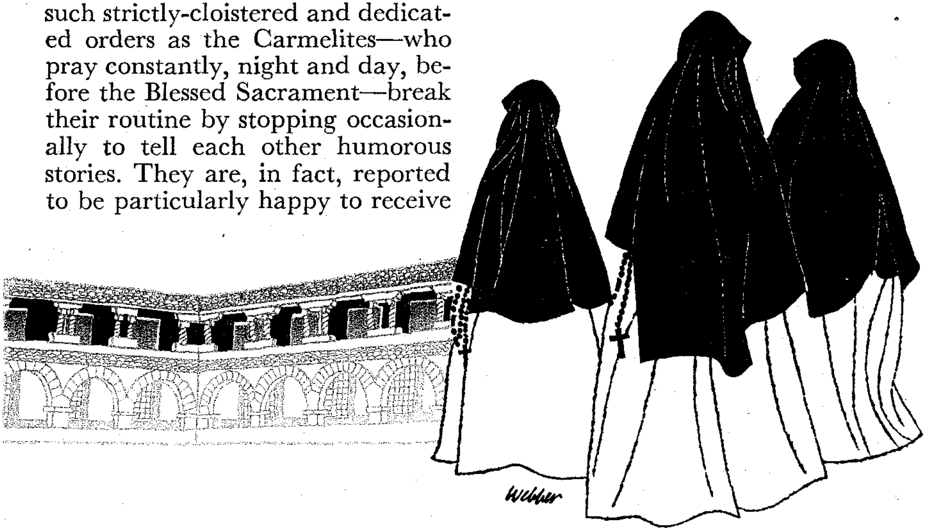
As must be obvious, such a life is not one for a dreamer or a weakling. When it is recalled that the more than 230 different orders of Catholic nuns in America have started with little more than their enthusiasm and faith, and have erected thousands of schools, colleges, orphanages, hospitals, foundling homes and sanitariums, it becomes clear that they cannot afford to accept too many members who lack a core of rigid practicality.

At the same time, the different orders are well aware of the fact that all work and no play makes for dullness and lack of spirit, and even such strictly-cloistered and dedicated orders as the Carmelites—who pray constantly, night and day, before the Blessed Sacrament—break their routine by stopping occasionally to tell each other humorous stories. They are, in fact, reported to be particularly happy to receive a new member into their midst because it is hoped she will come equipped with a fresh stock of lively stories.

Play can be active, too. Sister Mary Roberta, a young nun who does social work at the Madonna House settlement in the heart of Manhattan's Lower East Side, has taken over as manager of the boys' baseball team. Her peppy shouts from the dugout helped carry the Madonna House nine to the 1954 championship finals of the Catholic Youth Organization Midget League.

It is little wonder then that, with such widely-divergent interests and pursuits, nuns are bound to find themselves involved in work which never would have occurred to them prior to their taking the veil.

A good example is Sister Marie Marquette, an attractive Maryknoll nun, who went from a normal American home to years of privation in the Philippines where she worked as a medical doctor and nurse. Eventually her calling took



her to the fever-ridden swamps of the Amazon valley where, traveling by native canoe and braving the ever present danger of poisonous snakes, jaguars and other perils of the jungle, she and her fellow nuns ministered to the natives for nine years.

Or Sister Mary Richarda, of the Dominicans, who found herself running a school for blind children in New York City, and who has had to learn everything from how to teach the alphabet in Braille to the methods of teaching tap-dancing and carpentry to youngsters who never would see whatever progress they happened to make.

Or the two nuns who were catapulted into teaching careers in China, and who eventually found themselves stripped of their habits and sentenced to five years at hard labor in Red prisons, merely for having the audacity to spread the word of God.

Or Sister Mary St. Clara of Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa, whose way of serving is to conduct a cooking class over Station WDBQ. This class, incidentally, in competition with women commentators all over the country, won for Sister Mary St. Clara top honors for having put on the best daily program designed to promote the spirit of neighborliness in her locality through the medium of good, nutritious, low-budget meals.

Sister Maria Jose Cannon, another Maryknoll nun stationed in Hawaii, startled thousands of housewives last winter when she won third prize in the Pillsbury Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest, at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

These varied pursuits do not strike nuns as being the slightest bit unusual. Because they believe that any task regardless of its nature can be a form of devotion to God, so long as it is done sincerely and as an offering to His greater glory, their lives inevitably are ones of happiness and serenity, constantly amazing to those on the outside.

"I'm not particularly anxious to go," a nun remarked concerning her imminent departure for Malaya, a place she knew only as a spot on the map, "but if it's God's will, I know it will be right and I'll be happy."

This ever-present air of happiness and contentment, while surprising to outsiders, nevertheless is a natural offshoot of the ritual under which nuns live and are professed in their calling. For as a bride is happy on her wedding day, so nuns are happy. Because nuns, too, are brides—the brides of Christ.

This is not merely a figure of speech. Most orders of Catholic sisters actually consider themselves married spiritually to God (through His presence in the Second Person of the Trinity), and on the day they are professed, they change from the dark habit they assumed when they entered the convent into white satin wedding gowns, white veils and other bridal raiment.

Afterward, instead of turning to embrace the groom, they lie prostrate before the altar in token of their complete homage to Christ. And when they leave the altar, like brides outside the convent, they wear a wedding ring on their third finger, left hand.

Just as it is not true that all nuns are unhappy, brooding creatures, so is it a misconception that once they enter a convent they are cut off from affairs of the world. On the contrary—especially if they are teachers—they are expected to stay abreast of current events from politics and international law to the New York Yankees' chances of winning another pennant.

In order that the nuns in their area may keep posted on the latest films, the Brooklyn diocese runs all-day showings of selected pictures at a centrally-located auditorium, and nuns travel from all over Brooklyn and Long Island to see them.

Keeping up with the times is, of course, but a small part of a healthy, active nun's life. From the minute she opens her eyes in the morning—and it is long before anyone other than a milkman opens *his* eyes—until she closes them at night, a nun remembers that cardinal purpose in her life: her deepseated love for God and her desire to serve Him.

Consequently, reciting her office, attendance at daily Mass, taking part in other everyday services and periodic visits to the chapel for prayer and meditation remain more important than the particular work to which her order is dedicated.

Then, too, since nuns are believers in the theory that we never stop getting an education, sisters can be found in attendance at the graduate schools of most of the universities in the country. They make excellent students.

A few orders—such as the Carmelites and Dominicans—are founded on the precept of prayer as their all-encompassing duty. In furtherance of this conviction, they shut themselves off from the world, including family and friends, so as to devote their every waking hour to prayer and devotion. Their prayers, however, rarely are for themselves but for the millions of souls who have cut themselves off, entirely, from God and are presumed to be in need of such never-ending supplication.

But lest it be imagined that such endless prayer before the altar is in any sense easy, the life of a Carmelite is considered one of the most rigorous of any of the religious orders; and it is not unusual for a girl to be denied admission to the cloistered groups because of the frailty of her constitution. Indeed, many Carmelite novices have had to leave the order before being professed and to seek some less arduous and demanding community.

In contrast to the Carmelites are such groups as the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who literally have given over their lives to the service of others. One of their projects, the St. Francis Hospital and Sanitarium for Cardiac Children in Roslyn, Long Island, is one of the best in the country.

It is the refusal to worry, the complete reliance on the wisdom of God, which makes convent life one of the most enjoyable of existences to those who choose it. And yet there still are families who do not look with enthusiasm on a daughter's decision to take the veil. It's such a drastic step, they argue, such a complete and final one.

Actually, a majority of the religious orders require that final vows need not be taken for many years. And even after they have been taken, it is still possible for a woman to leave the convent, without loss of her faith, when it becomes obvious that such a step is warranted.

When a girl does enter, she spends a period of six months as a postulant—one who is a candidate for the veil. During this period of adjustment, she is under the strictest of surveillance by her superiors to make sure she is of the proper frame of mind for convent life, and that her purpose in entering is a correct one.

Following that, the aspirant becomes a novice and spends a year getting accustomed to convent life. During this period, she can see her family and friends regularly and is given every opportunity to change her mind and leave the convent, should she suspect she may have made a mistake.

At the end of the novitiate, the novice is professed, the ceremony of her marriage to Christ is performed and she takes her vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. She now is a full-fledged nun in every sense of the word.

When it is pointed out to a nun that these vows, especially as regards poverty, make it impossible for them to own the things they do own, such as hospitals, schools and other expensive real estate, their answer is blandly wide-eyed; nuns don't own anything; everything they have belongs to God. He merely has provided it for them to use expeditiously in carrying out His work on earth.

Do nuns ever leave the convent after they have taken their vows? The answer is yes. For one reason or another, many have gone back to civilian life.

The brother of a 20-year member of the Sisters of Mercy invariably asks her, every time he visits the convent, if she doesn't want to change her mind. The nun, knowing something of her brother's struggle to earn a living, and looking around at her own complete and carefree happiness, looks at him and laughs, "Are you kidding!"

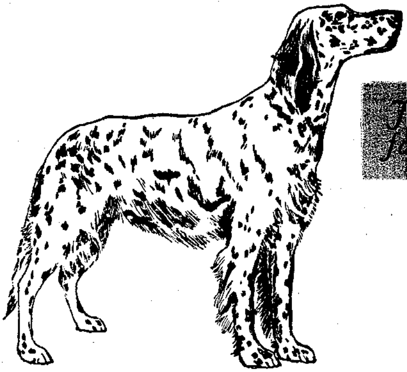
Although she always says it laughingly, there seems to come into her eyes a look of such pure joy and spiritual contentment that he goes away wondering why he bothers to bring up the subject in the first place.

Neighborly Knowledge

(Answers to quiz on page 55)

1. Ottawa; 2. Prime Minister St. Laurent; 3. Red Ensign; 4. Banff; 5. Lester Pearson; 6. Ontario; 7. Vancouver; 8. Dominion Day; 9. St. Lawrence River; 10. Windsor; 11. Barbara Ann Scott; 12. Toronto; 13. Ten provinces; 14. Parliament; 15. Rideau Hall; 16. Mt. Logan; 17. 11; 18. Calgary, Alberta; 19. Alberta; 20. Ontario; 21. Prince Edward; 22. Royals; 23. Cobalt; 24. English and French.

DOG OF MYSTERY



by **R. DEWITT MILLER**

Jim, the Missouri setter, had eerie faculties that haven't been explained

JIM, THE WONDER dog, left behind him a mystery that contradicts all accepted theories of animal behavior and hints at things beyond human ken.

A Llewellyn setter owned by Sam Van Arsdale of Sedalia, Missouri, Jim's incredible faculties came to light by chance. On a fall day when Jim was three and a half years old, Van Arsdale and the dog were wandering idly through the woods. For no particular reason, Van Arsdale asked, "Jim, see that elm tree?"

Jim immediately trotted over to the elm and carefully placed a paw against its trunk. Van Arsdale tried him with a hickory, an oak, a walnut, and a decayed stump. Instantly and infallibly, Jim obeyed each time. In the months that followed, Van Arsdale became ever more astounded by Jim's unbelievable perceptive abilities.

At the University of Missouri, before Dr. A. J. Durant, head of the veterinary department, and Dr. Sherman Dickinson, the dog was asked to pick out a certain license number, find a man wearing a black mustache, and perform a number of other random acts. The orders were given in English, French, German and Italian; and always he quickly and specifically obeyed. His vocabulary seemed endless.

Both houses of the Missouri Legislature were convened for the sole purpose of watching Jim. During the course of his amazing, almost incredible, performance, one of the legislators arose.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I can send Morse code. May I question him in that?"

The speaker nodded. "Go ahead, Bill."

In a legislative hall that was for once as quiet as a soundproofed tomb, a request for Jim to identify a certain Representative was tapped out. Without hesitation, the dog went to the right man and placed his paw on the startled gentleman's leg.

Jim would perform for only two persons: his owner, and Dr. J. C. Flynn, former president of the National Veterinary Association. Dr. Flynn, who had Jim as a patient in his hospital in Kansas City, talked to the dog just as he would to a person.

When it came time for the daily treatment, the veterinarian would say, "Jim, it's time for your treatment," and the dog would get up on the table. Then he would say, "You're turned the wrong way," and Jim would immediately turn around.

When Dr. Flynn took Jim to his home for the first time, he told the dog: "My little daughter is in the northwest room upstairs; will you please go up and see if she is all right?" Dr. Flynn reached the room to find Jim with his foot resting protectively on the cradle.

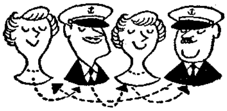
On seven consecutive years the names of horses entered in the Kentucky Derby were written on separate slips of paper and spread before the incredible dog. Each year he placed his paw on the winner—before the race was run. These amazing prognostications are recorded in sworn affidavits.

Van Arsdale was offered up to $325,000 for the motion-picture rights to Jim, but refused. Gamblers wrote suggesting they would happily split the winnings if Jim would do a bit of horse-race predicting. Van Arsdale ignored them. His wonder dog was not to be exploited.

Jim died peacefully in 1937, at the age of 12, and took his mystery with him.

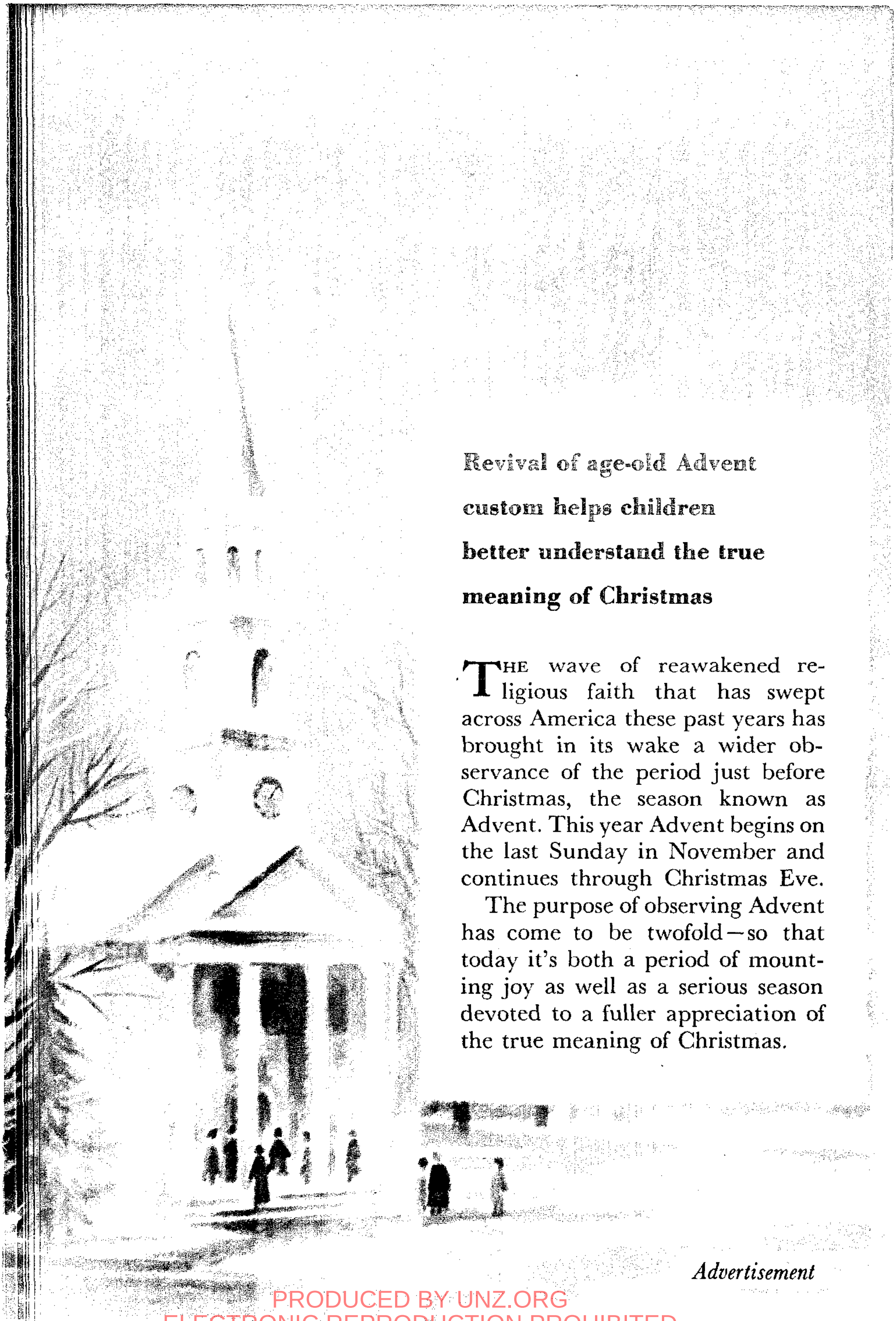
BRAIN TWISTER

Cruise Passengers



THERE WERE EIGHT passengers on a freighter bound for South America. They were Mrs. Daniels, Dr. Lilly, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. McMurray, Mr. Alcorta, and three young girls, Miss Stevens, Miss Quintana and Miss Frost. The passengers and the ship's officers made a congenial group, and several shipboard romances sprouted. The officers, all attractive and unmarried, were Captain Jonas, First Officer Bernard, Second Officer Tuttle, and Engineer McTavish. Who romanced with whom? (Answers, page 114.) Use these clues:

1. Mrs. McMurray decided against rejoining her estranged husband in Brazil after meeting the tall, dark and handsome one.
2. Captain Jonas was recovering from a broken heart, and he found much in common with one who had also loved and lost.
3. The two young Argentinians were disinterested in each other, since he preferred gay young American girls, whereas her interests were mainly on the intellectual side.
4. Mr. Tuttle fell in love at first sight with the beautiful young divorceé.
5. Miss Stevens was the life of the party, but Mr. Alcorta considered her too boisterous.
6. Dr. Lilly had thought that all young girls were frivolous and empty headed, until he met the exception.
7. Mr. McTavish had a temper to match his hair, but he had a winning personality.
8. One of the officers helped to console Mrs. Daniels for the death of her husband. —MARGOT BANDINI

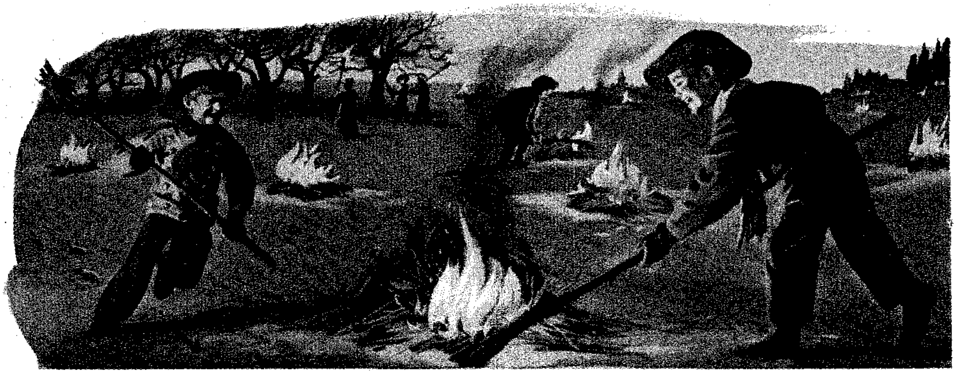


Revival of age-old Advent custom helps children better understand the true meaning of Christmas

THE wave of reawakened religious faith that has swept across America these past years has brought in its wake a wider observance of the period just before Christmas, the season known as Advent. This year Advent begins on the last Sunday in November and continues through Christmas Eve.

The purpose of observing Advent has come to be twofold—so that today it's both a period of mounting joy as well as a serious season devoted to a fuller appreciation of the true meaning of Christmas.

Advertisement



Down through the ages, many colorful customs grew up around the Advent season. In England, the poor used to carry "Advent Dolls" from house to house and receive a halfpence from every family. In Normandy, the farmers in a festive earth-cleansing ceremony sent children under 12 to the fields to set fire to bundles of straw. In Bohemia, there were special Advent plays.

It was Germany, however, that gave us our most beautiful and lasting Advent custom. On the first Sunday in Advent, German families used to hang a wreath with a single red candle inside. A paper star with a Biblical verse was added to the wreath each day and another candle was added each Sunday of Advent.

Gradually, the wreath and stars were replaced by Advent Calendars. These calendars were rather elaborately made cards with little doors that lifted up to reveal verses underneath. And there was a "lift-up" for each day of Advent. These calendar cards soon became an integral part of the German family's pre-Christmas observances. Every day during Advent the parents would use the calendar card, lifting one door each day to teach the children the wondrous story of the First Christmas. And the children's excitement and anticipation grew with each day.

In time, the thrifty German folk limited the number of "lift-ups" to 24 so that the same calendars could be re-used year after year even though the number of days in Advent varied from year to year.

This year, Hallmark Cards brings this enriching old custom to America. The new Hallmark Advent Cards are

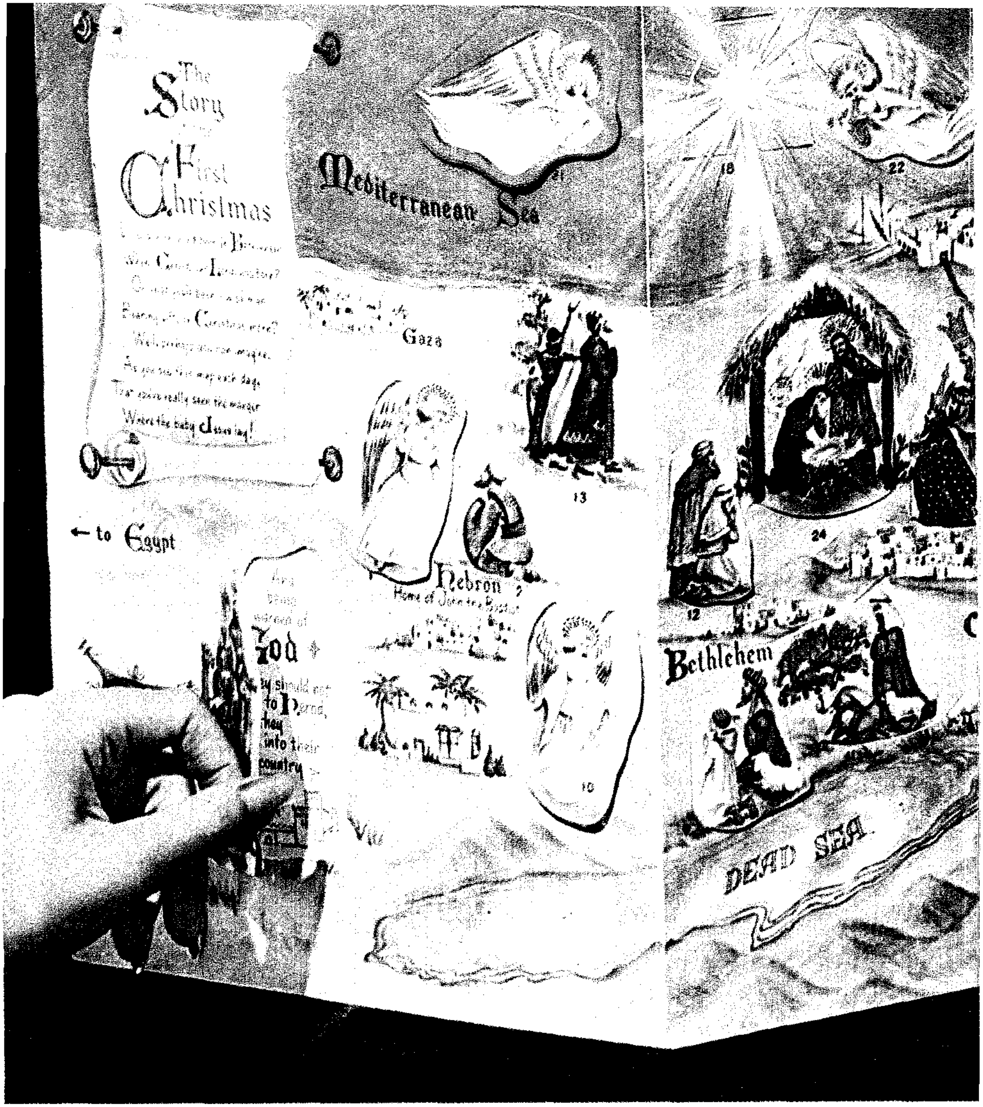
designed to add to our enjoyment and appreciation of Christmas . . . to teach all children the true meaning of Christmas.

These Hallmark Advent Cards should be sent in time so that the first "lift-up" can be opened on December 1. Each card comes with its own envelope all ready for mailing. Each of the 24 doors that open up reveal an appropriate picture or verse for each of the 24 days before Christmas.

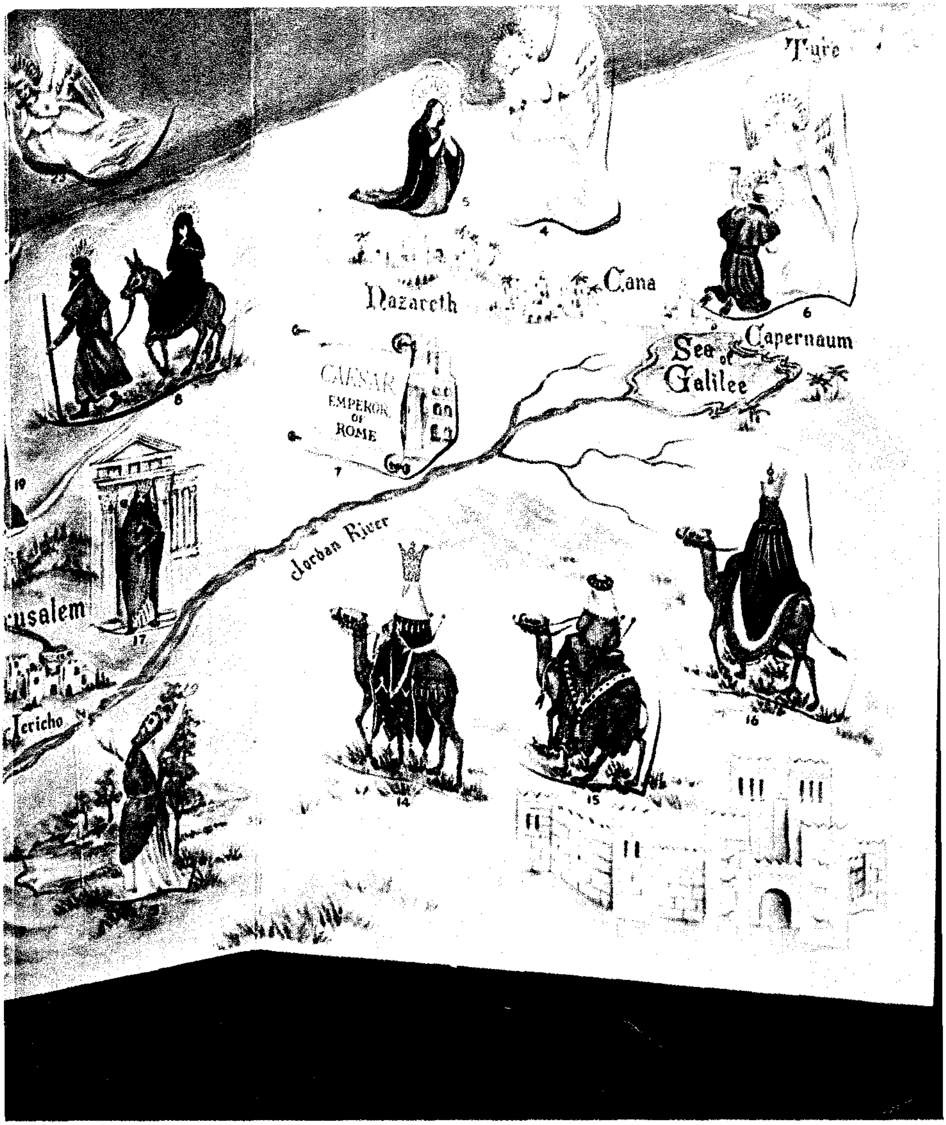
These interesting and impressive new Hallmark Advent Cards are now on display all over America at the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards.

Advent Cards

For a preview of the new Hallmark Advent Cards see the next pages . . .

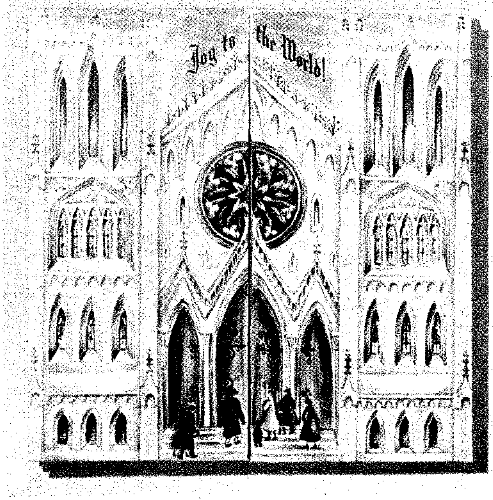

The Story of the First Christmas
Mediterranean Sea
21
18
22
Gaza
13
← to Egypt
Hebron
Home of John the Baptist
God
12
24
Bethlehem
10
DEAD SEA

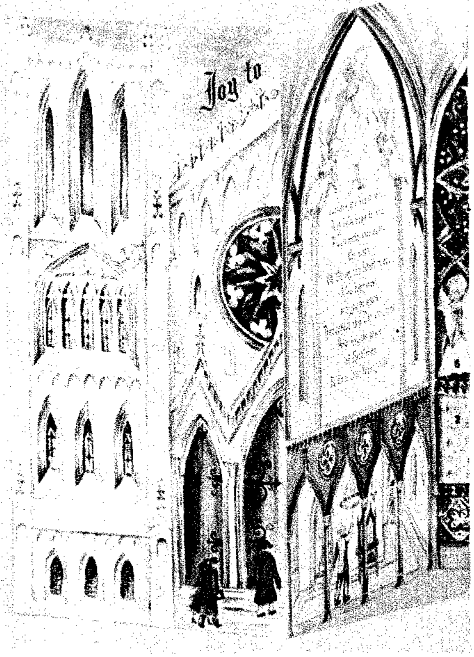
"The Story of the First Christmas" is depicted in all its hallowed beauty in this new Hallmark Advent Card. The story starts on the first day of December with the appearance of the Angel to Zacharias. And then each picture and "lift-up" with its Biblical quotation tells the greatest story ever told. It ends on the 24th day with the birth of the Christ Child in the Manger


Tyre
5
4
Nazareth
Cana
6
Sea of Galilee
Capernaum
CAESAR EMPEROR OF ROME
7
8
19
Jordan River
usalem
17
Jericho
14
15
16

in Bethlehem. All the familiar figures appear to play their immortal roles. You'll find, too, all the familiar landmarks from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee. Against the sandy earth of the Holy Land the vivid robes of the figures give this card the look of a Biblical painting. It helps both children and adults recreate the story of the First Christmas. (With envelope—$1.00)

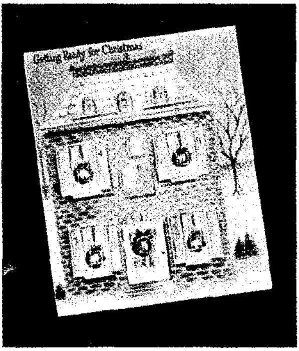
Another new Hallmark Advent Card opens up to take you inside a cathedral



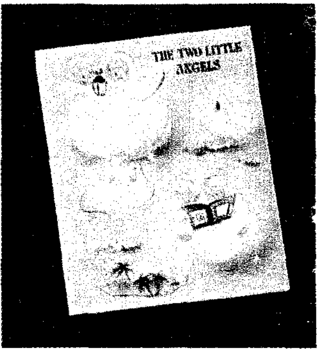


Entitled "Joy to the World"—this Hallmark Advent Card with its uplifting arches and multicolored stained-glass windows creates the illusion of a great cathedral. The 24 "lift-ups" illustrate well-known Christmas carols. Still other Hallmark Advent Cards show Christmas customs 'round the

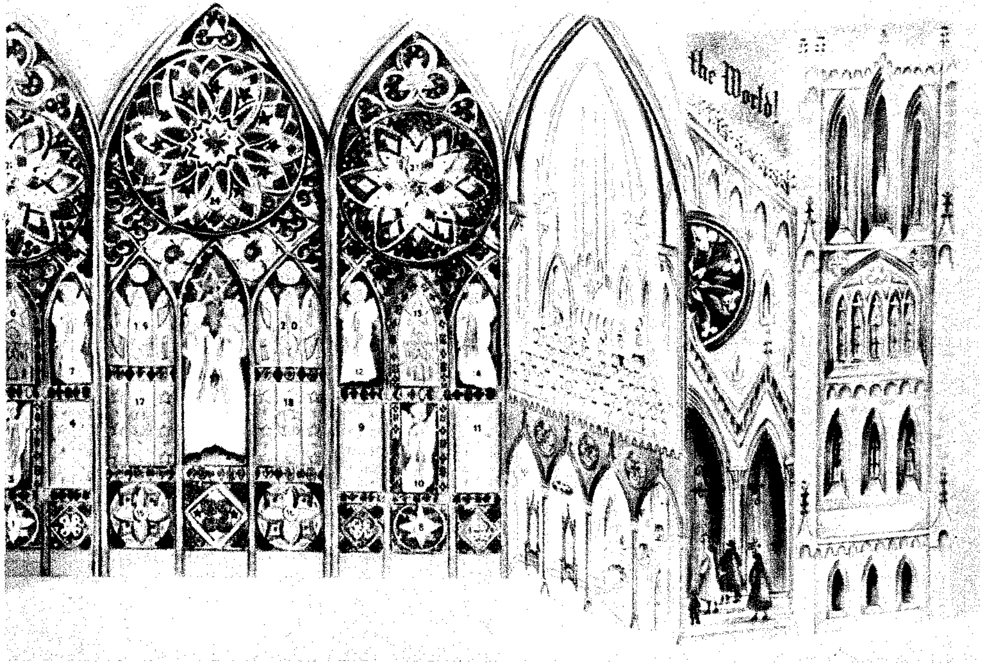
"Christmas Around the World" presents an intriguing map of the world. Under each of the 24 "lift-ups" is the Christmas symbol for that country. (50c)



"Getting Ready For Christmas." Behind each window and door of the 3 houses is a verse and picture depicting Christmas preparations. (50c)



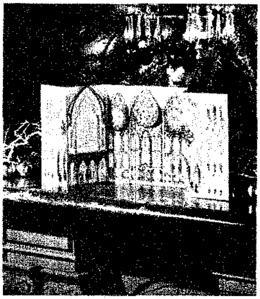
"Two Little Angels" is designed especially for children. It tells the story of two angels who left Heaven to sing for the Infant King. (50c)



world; the ways American families prepare for the Yuletide; scenes of an old-fashioned country Christmas. Others retell in pictures and verses some of your favorite traditional Christmas stories including "'Twas the Night before Christmas". (Cathedral card above—$1.00)

These new Hallmark Advent Cards have many uses . . .

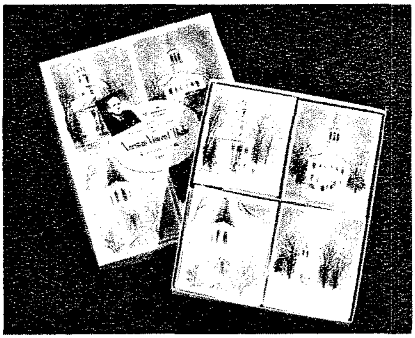
In Sunday Schools, other schoolrooms, too, the Advent Cards serve both as Christmas decorations and as teacher's aids in dramatizing story periods.



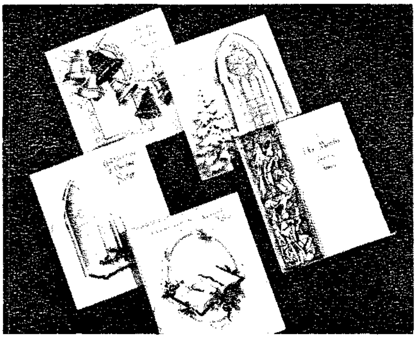
In the home, Hallmark Advent Cards make especially appropriate mantel and table centerpiece decorations. Each card is made to stand by itself.

Ideal gifts for children who will love the daily surprise awaiting behind each "lift-up" and the exciting climax of lifting the last door on Christmas Eve.

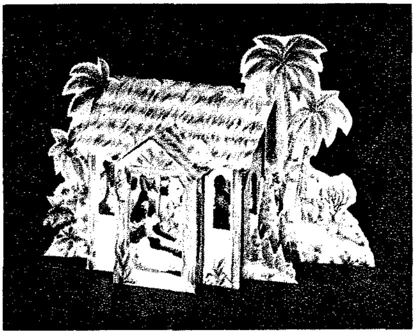
At the stores that feature Hallmark Cards—you'll find a complete array of Religious Christmas Cards, too.



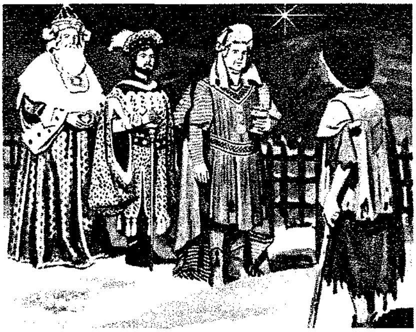
Dr. Norman Vincent Peale Collection. Dr. Peale, renowned minister-author-editor, has written inspirational messages for a series of Hallmark Christmas Cards.



Special Hallmark Cards for the Clergy. Whatever your faith, you'll find a Hallmark Card with a special message to wish the clergy of your church a Blessed Christmas.



The Nativity Scene is both a gift and a Christmas greeting. It makes a fitting and lovely decoration for mantel or table and is sure to be admired by all your friends.



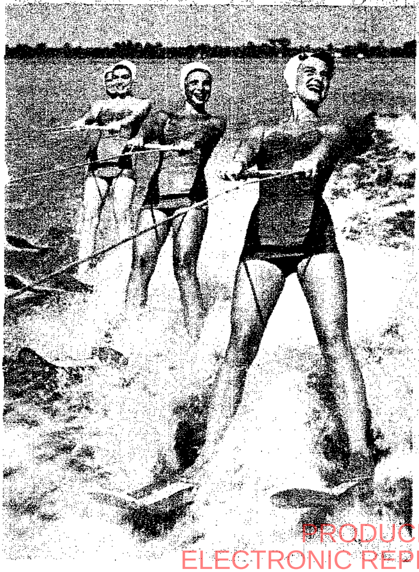
Beautiful "Amahl" Christmas Cards based on Gian Carlo Menotti's moving opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors" depict scenes of first Christmas Eve.

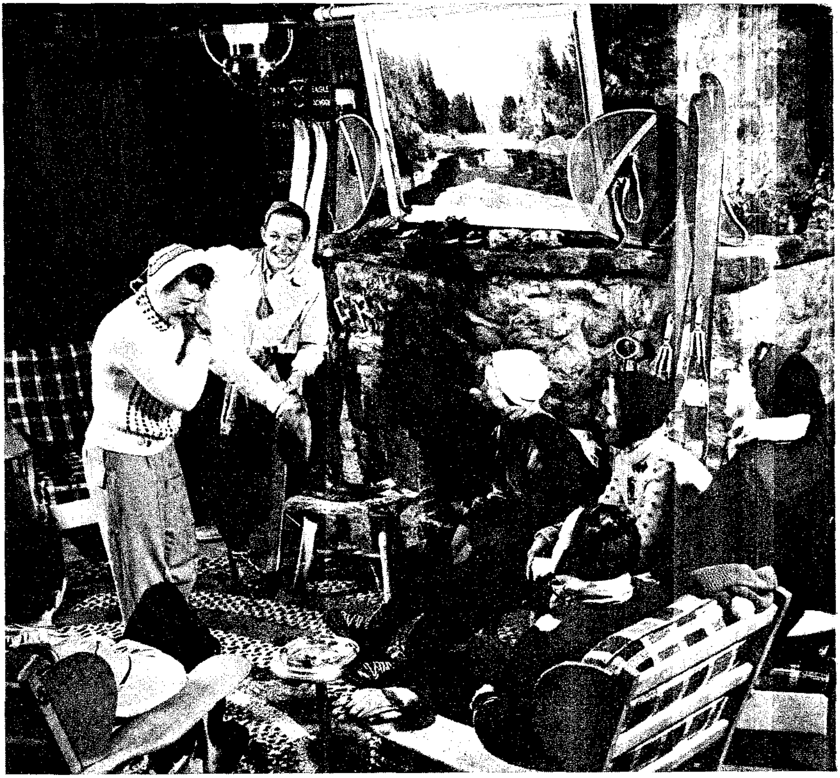
Hallmark Cards

"When you care enough to send the very best"

Picture Story

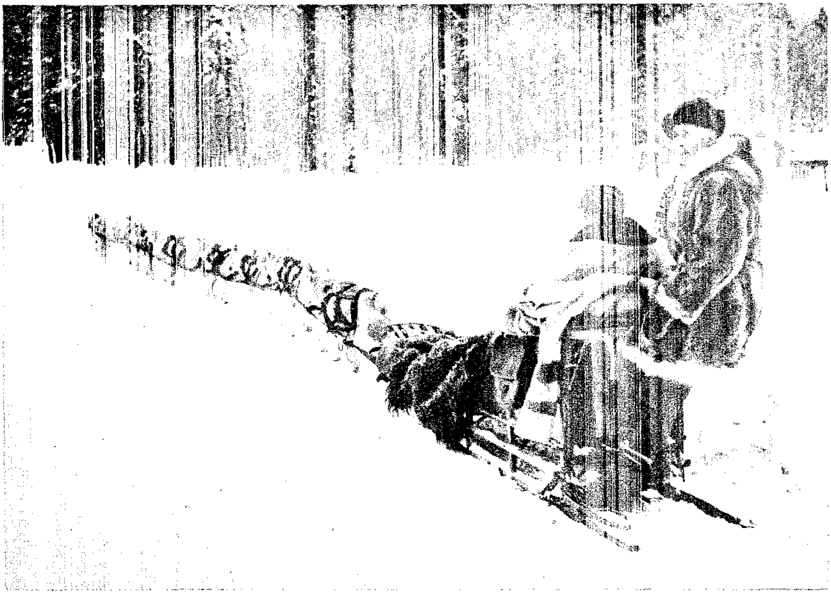
WINTER PLAYLANDS



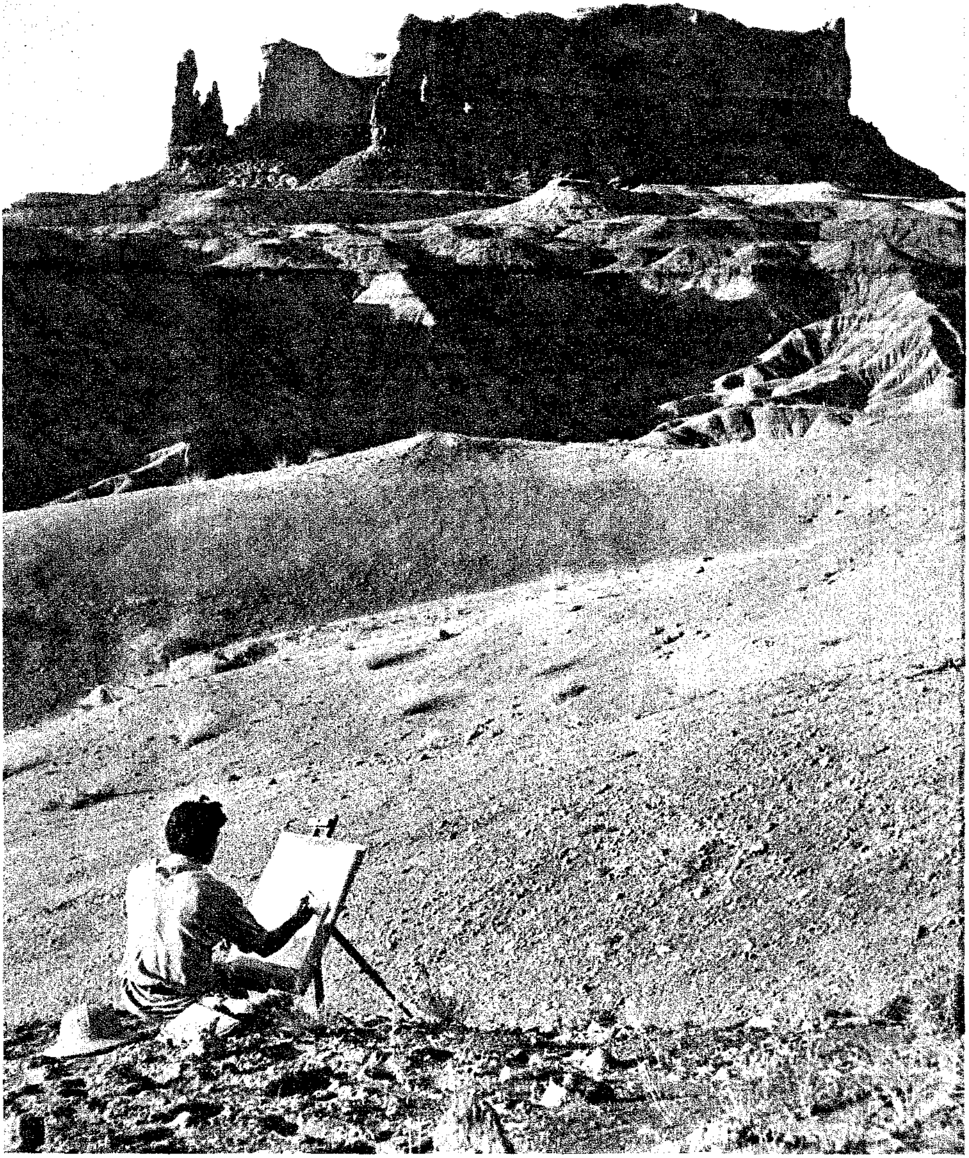


Canada's Laurentian Mountains, near Montreal, with its 1,000 miles of ski trails, attract snow-lovers, and camaraderie flourishes around a log-burning fireplace.

EACH YEAR, millions of Americans on winter vacations discover the pleasures of following the sun, while others seek stimulating recreation in snow resorts. You no longer have to belong to a high-income group to enjoy a holiday of fun in winter. A few hours' travel and you can be sun-bathing or gliding down a snowy slope on skis. Sports enthusiasts will find the golfing great at Southern courses like the ones at Pinehurst, North Carolina (right), or at Augusta, Georgia, where President Eisenhower relaxes.



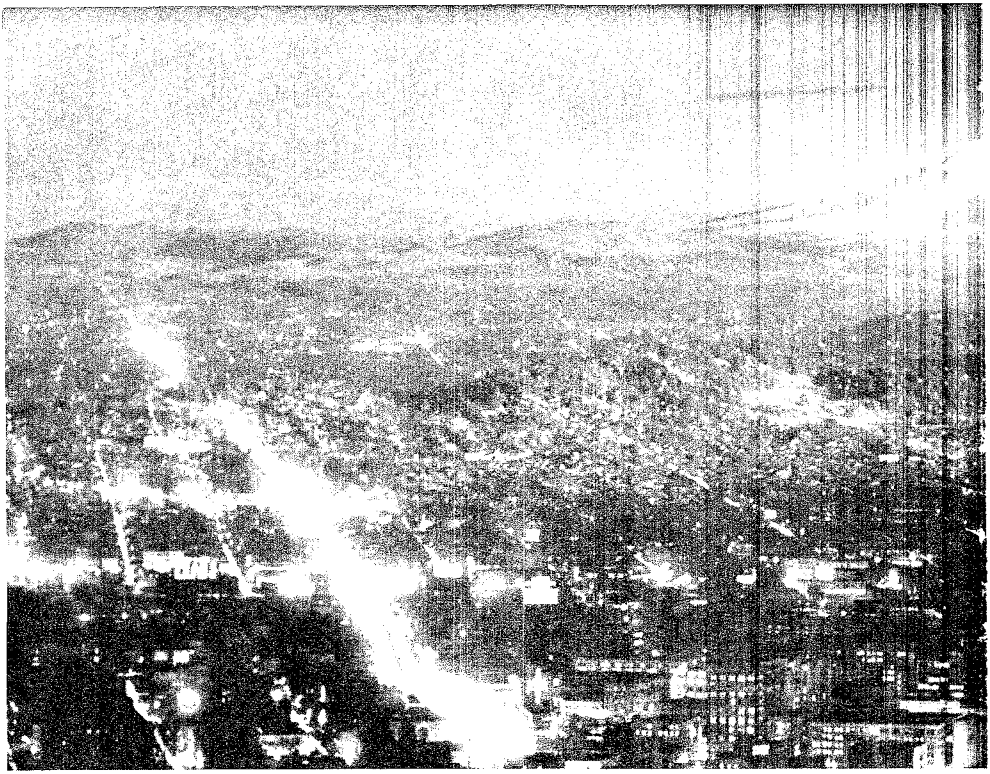
NEW ENGLAND, with over 200 resorts, offers more winter playgrounds than any other part of the country. Vacationers can plunge breathlessly into such exhilarating activities as ice-skating, sleigh rides, bobsledding, tobogganing, ice hockey and dog-sledding at places like Stowe, Vermont; Hanover, New Hampshire and Lake Placid (above) in New York State. Other popular locales in the U. S. include Sun Valley, Idaho; Aspen, Colorado; Reno, Nevada and Mount Baldy, California. Snow fans delight as much in scenic wonders of these regions as in the sports.



Painters, amateurs and pros, try to capture the stark beauty of Arizona deserts.

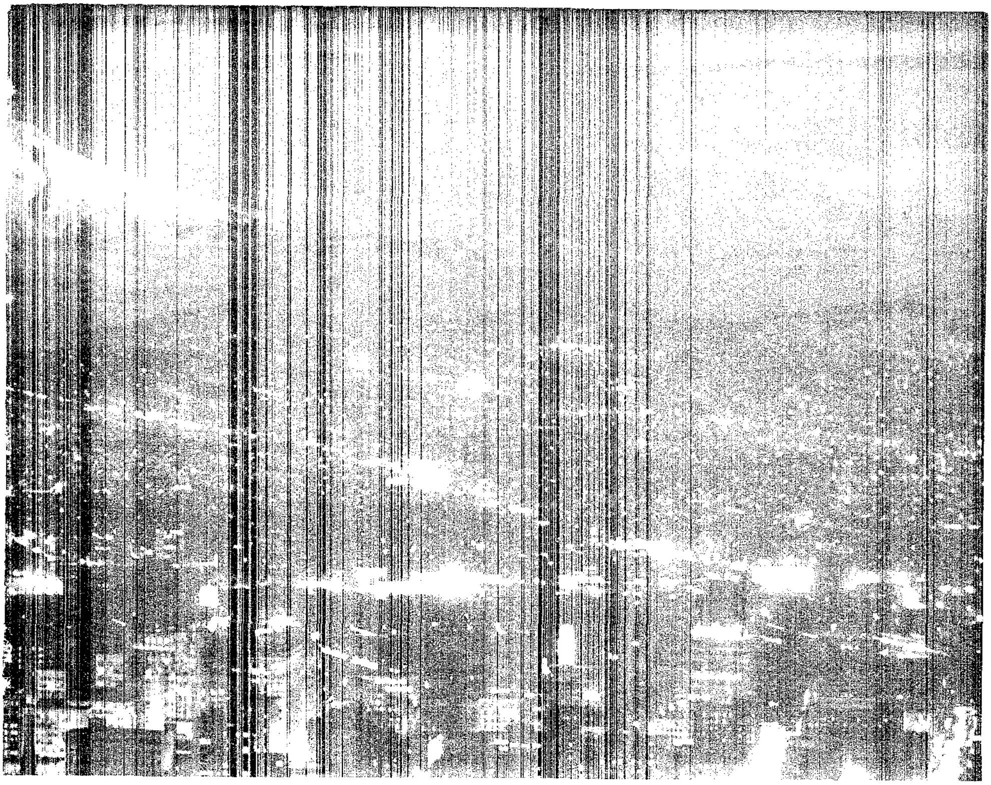
FISHING LURES men and women to the Gulf Coast, California and the Atlantic Coast to try their luck for trout, bass, tuna or tarpon. This kind of vacation provides plenty of sun, the soothing effect of tranquil waters, companionable people, quiet suspense and, if you're as lucky as the people above, fresh seafood dinners . . .

. . . while the Central Northwest—with the snow-capped Rocky Mountains of Colorado and the spectacular scenery of Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks—gives other outdoor enthusiasts the pleasures of horseback riding, hiking, mountain-climbing, hunting or camping—an opportunity to commune anew with Nature.



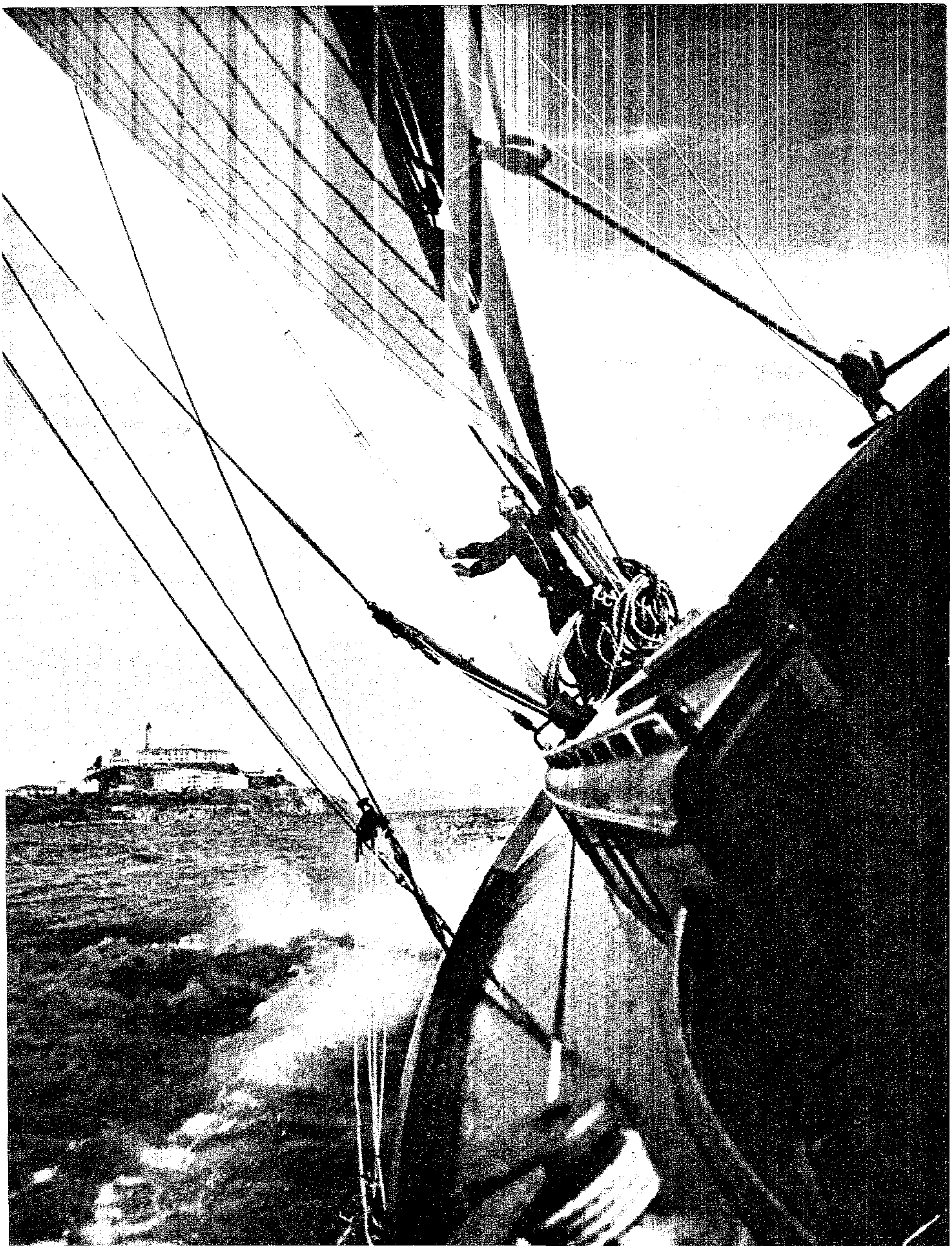
In the Northwest, Portland, Oregon, beckons with glittering lights at twilight . . .

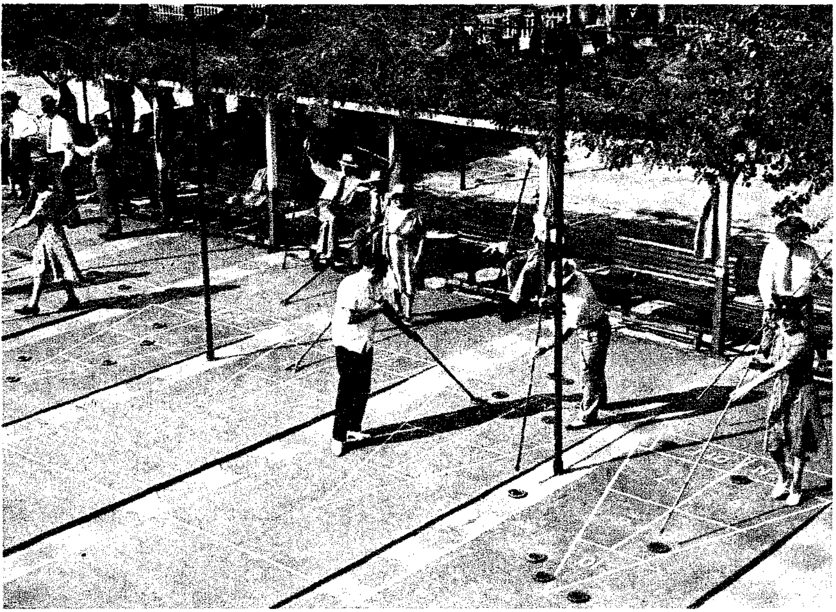
THE SUNNY SOUTHWEST, where three cultures (Spanish, Indian, American) intermingle, abounds in contrasts, and its clear, dry climate answers many needs of winter travelers. In this region, with its lusty history of outlaws and sheriffs, gamblers and homesteaders, you can enjoy dude ranching, hunting and even skiing. Or you can relax by joining in the street dancing which is part of the Lincoln Day celebration at Lincoln, New Mexico (left) or at Tucson's Fiesta de los Vaqueros, also in February. And don't miss Grand Canyon, Carlsbad Caverns and the Painted Desert.



. . . with Mt. Hood, scene of an annual winter carnival, visible from 65 miles away.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—land of brilliant sunshine, Hollywood glamor, palm and Joshua trees and casual, colorful clothes—appeals largely to sun-worshippers who play on its beaches all year round, or frolic in ornate swimming pools in a luxurious desert oasis like Palm Springs (right). With 103 miles of beach coastline, the traveler can pick his own particular paradise—Santa Monica, Laguna Beach, La Jolla, Balboa—and can indulge, if he has a lot of energy, in horseback riding, sailing, marlin fishing and even winter sports, if he wants, in places like Squaw Valley.

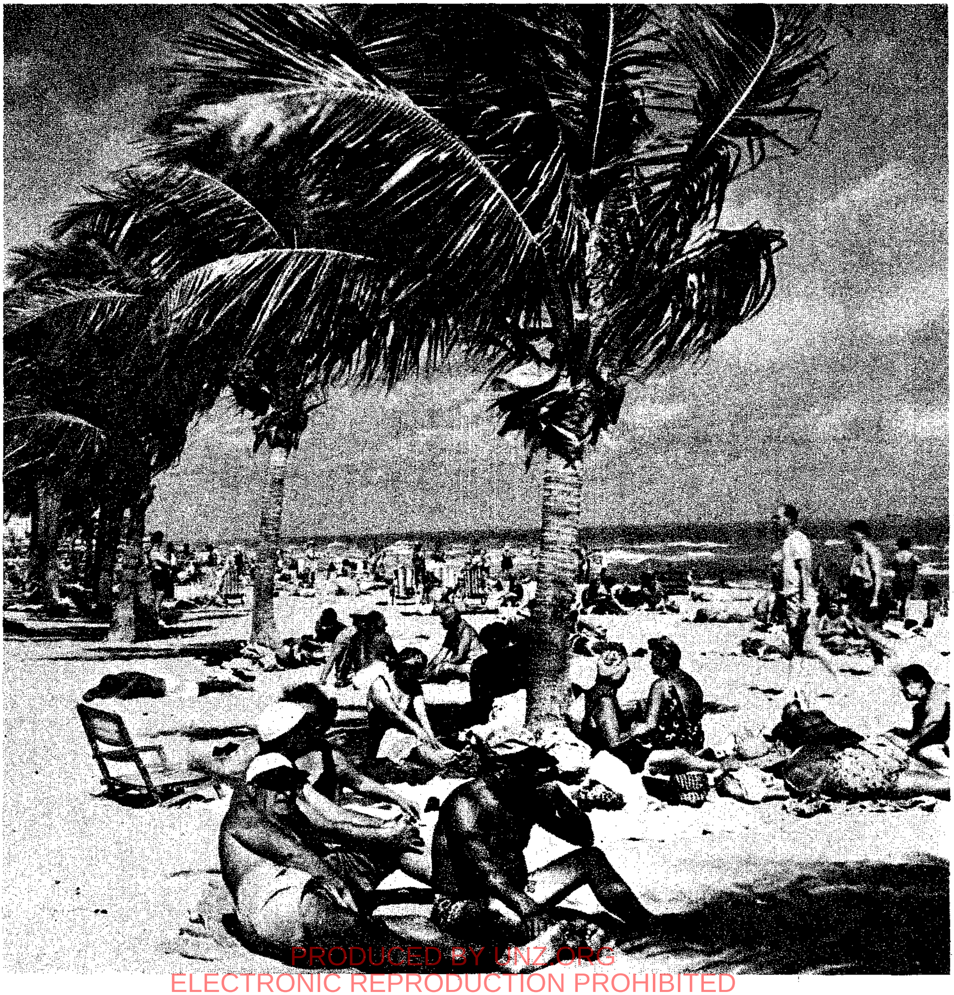


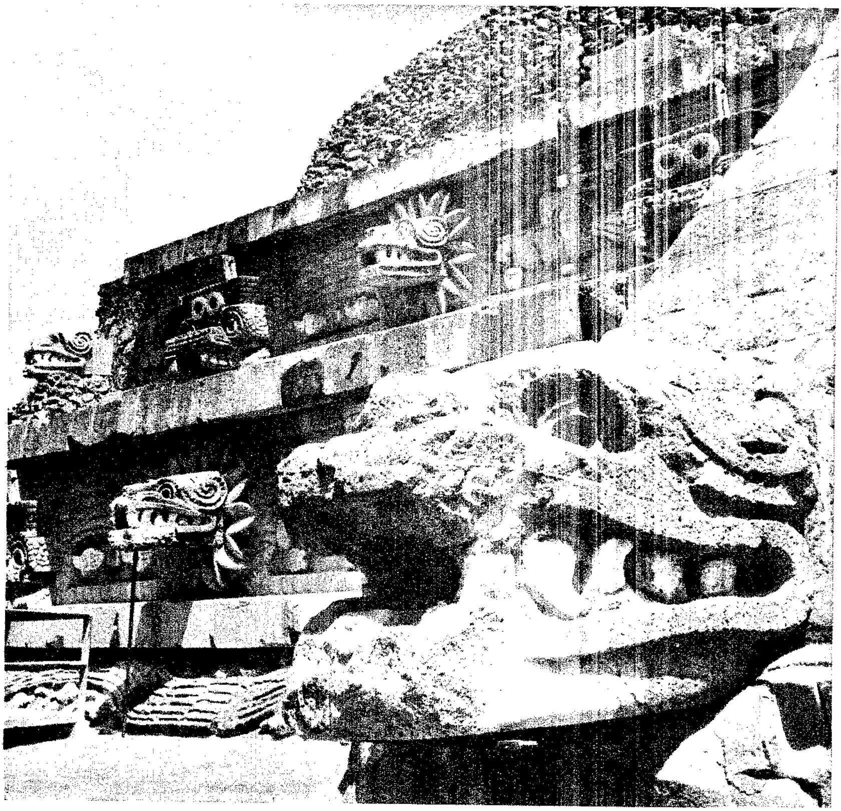


NEXT TO MIAMI, St. Petersburg is Florida's most popular winter resort. Officials of "The Sunshine City" have provided thousands of roomy benches along its streets for soaking up its greatest commodity, as well as facilities for shuffleboard, checkers, dancing, horseshoe pitching, fishing and other recreation. Across the bay on Florida's West Coast is industrious Tampa, mecca of the cigar industry, where each February natives pay colorful tribute to a 19th-century buccaneer. Gasparilla Week features parades, dancing, a fiesta and a harbor "invasion" by pirates.

SAILING is only one of the many fascinations of San Francisco, which is surrounded on three sides by water. "Baghdad-by-the-Bay" is one writer's description, and any vacationer will quickly see why. It is many cities rolled into one, topped by magnificent vistas, superb restaurants, cable cars, Fisherman's Wharf, Telegraph Hill, Top o' the Mark and Golden Gate Bridge.

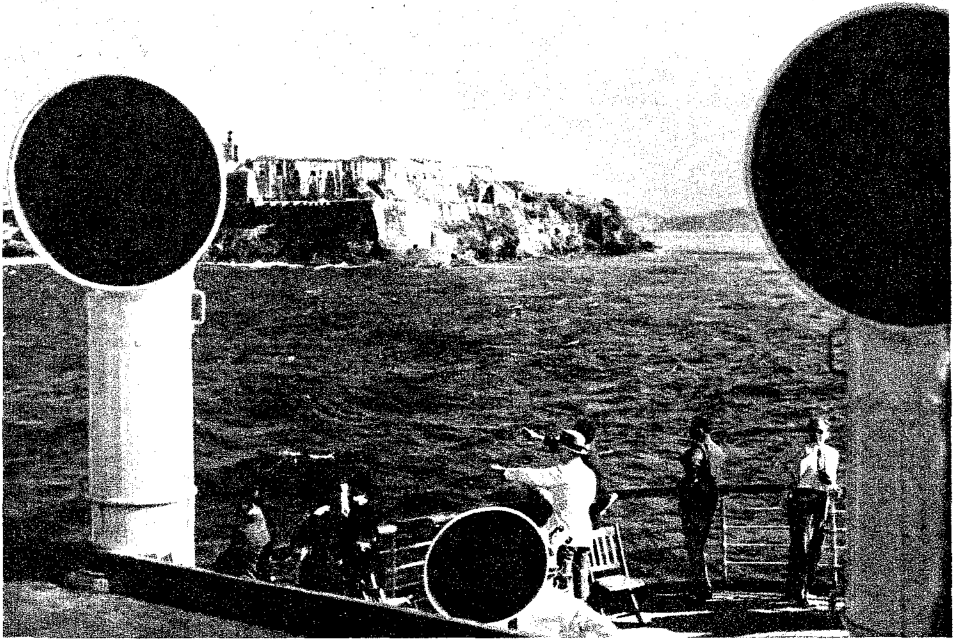
FLORIDA's 2,000 inviting miles of shore line are as much fun in January as in June. In resorts like fabulous Miami Beach, elegant Palm Beach, sun-drenched Hollywood (below) and the islets of the Florida Keys, vacationers swim in elaborate pools, relax by dancing or playing Scrabble and card games on sundecks, exercise with tennis or golf, try their luck at deep-sea or spear fishing, or shout themselves hoarse at horse and dog races and jai alai games. Sightseeing attractions include Cypress Gardens, Silver Springs and tropical Everglades National Park.





IN MEXICO, magnificent reminders of ancient civilizations contrast strikingly with modern skyscrapers. Golden sunshine, cool breezes and Latin rhythms follow tourists everywhere as they discover tropical lagoons, white beaches, pottery, silver jewelry and bullfights in Acapulco, Mazatlán, Guaymas, Taxco or Manzanillo.

WHERE BUCCANEERS once trod, the Virgin Islands smile sunnily in the blue Caribbean. Six different cultures combine here to give visitors an Old-World flavor and a leisurely vacation. You can wander through gardens of wild orchids and mangoes, take mountain drives in donkey carts on the isles of St. Thomas and St. John, or dance to the calypso rhythms on St. Croix (right).



THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS take Caribbean cruises in winter, enjoying the advantages of restful travel, new acquaintances and a breathing-spell before strenuous fun begins. Here the liner enters the San Juan harbor in Puerto Rico, and soon travelers will be making excursions to historic El Morro fort (in background).

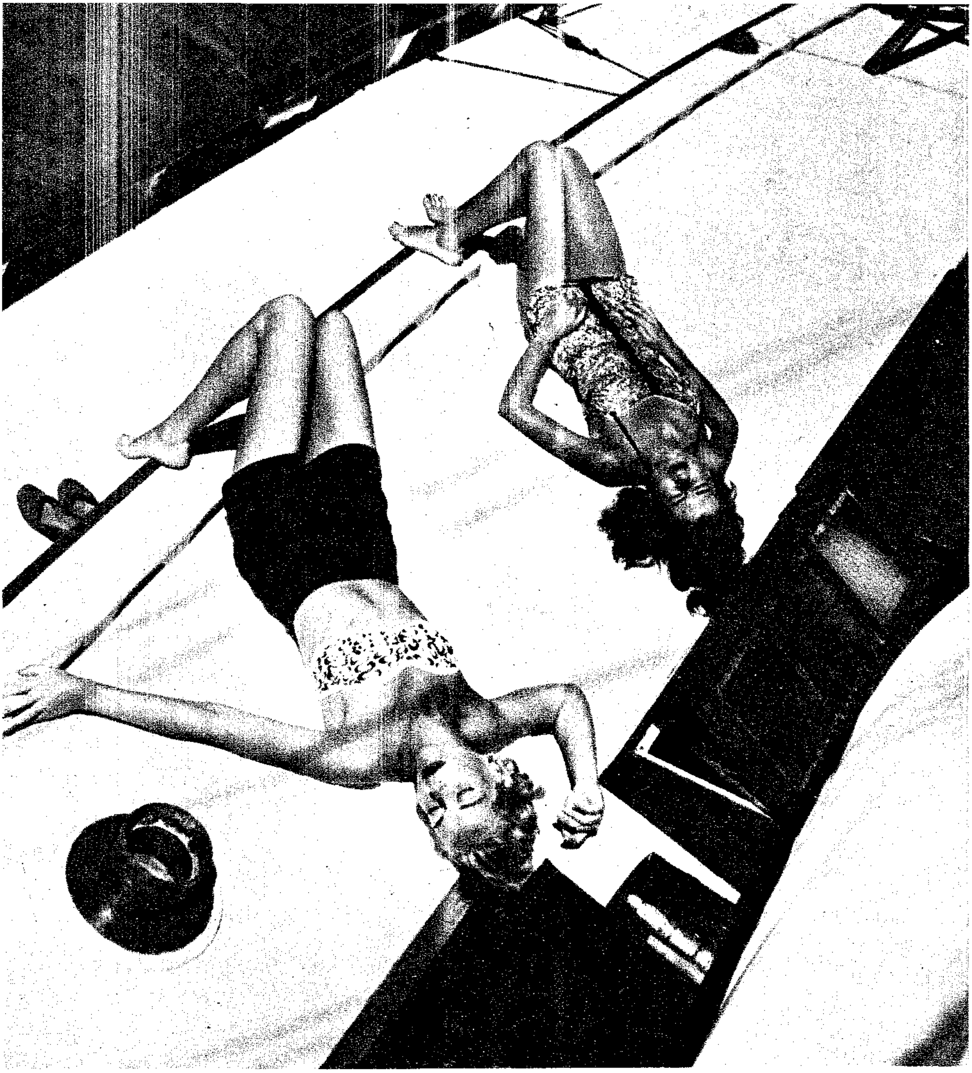
NASSAU, capital of some 700 islands of the Bahamas, is an idyllic spot for winter play. Here you will find a sports and social whirl which offers bicycling, water skiing, duck shooting, polo, tennis, golfing, sailing, masquerade balls and moonlight beach picnics. Open-air native markets hold tempting bargains in bags and baskets, hats and sandals, handicrafted of palm strips or sisal hemp.

TIME YOUR VISIT to Haiti to be there in time for Mardi Gras—this country's biggest spree. Celebrating its 150th year of independence, Haiti is an intriguing blend of French and African worlds, a potpourri of throbbing voodoo drums and mystery, uninhibited gaiety, creole cooking, white beaches and exotic primitiveness. Colorfully-dressed musicians greet visitors to launch a festive mood.

UNDERWATER SPORTS, tremendously popular in the Bahamas, find men and women donning mask, flippers and snorkel breathing tube to investigate marine gardens of purple coral trees, sea flora and multi-colored aquariums. Spear-fishing offers a challenge to those with keen eyes and quick-as-lightning reflexes.

A NATIVE ST. CROIX FISHERMAN shows two pretty Virgin Island visitors his catch of langousta. The clear Caribbean waters are a fisherman's paradise, with an abundance of shellfish, mackerel, tuna, barracuda and tarpon. Sports fans will also enjoy sailing, surf-bathing and riding horseback over the rolling green hills of the islands. No visas or passports are needed to travel to the Virgin Islands, a United States possession. In this unhurried atmosphere of bright pastels and lush tropical growth, your days seem to stretch languidly across the calendar.

THE OFF-THE-BEATEN-PATH vacation is assured in such islands of the West Indies as Jamaica, Haiti, Puerto Rico, St. Vincent, Martinique, Trinidad and Grenada. Each with its own quaint customs and charm, these islands greet tourists with an open welcome. Trinidad celebrates with a carnival in February, when hilarity, dancing and calypso join hands for two laughter-filled days.



One glowing reward—and reminder—of a worthwhile winter vacation is a suntan.

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The revolution in science that split the atom, smashed the sound barrier in flight and opened the door to outer space now gives you an amazing flashlight battery. Compared with the earliest batteries, this modern Olin "portable power plant" offers twenty to forty times more power. And compared with the traditional batteries you have been accustomed to using in recent years, it gives you up to twice the life at no increase in cost. More powerful, longer lasting, leakproof . . . it's a battery suited to the modern atomic-electric era you live in. See famous Ice Capades Celestial Ballet dramatically lighted by dependable Olin batteries. Olin is the official battery of Ice Capades.

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OLIN the modern battery

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THANKSGIVING

"a mother's love, a father's strength and a brother's hand"

a new hope for the little people

"I shall never forget you long as I live. In class I recited standing on my two legs you bought me. If I was a little bird I could fly my love and thanks to you." Dimitrakis, age 10, Greece.

"Today is the most beautiful in my life. I have my first letter from you. Inside I am filled with thanks for your love and kindness." Maria, age 8, Western Germany.

"Thank you a thousand times for the clothing, food and money. I was so excited I could not sleep. I cried for my mother's warm arms. The words mother and father were not on my lips three years since they died. I prayed thanks for my Foster Parents." Shin Kil Ja, age 11, Korea.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

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43 W. 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

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43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N. Y. In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex.......... I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $...................

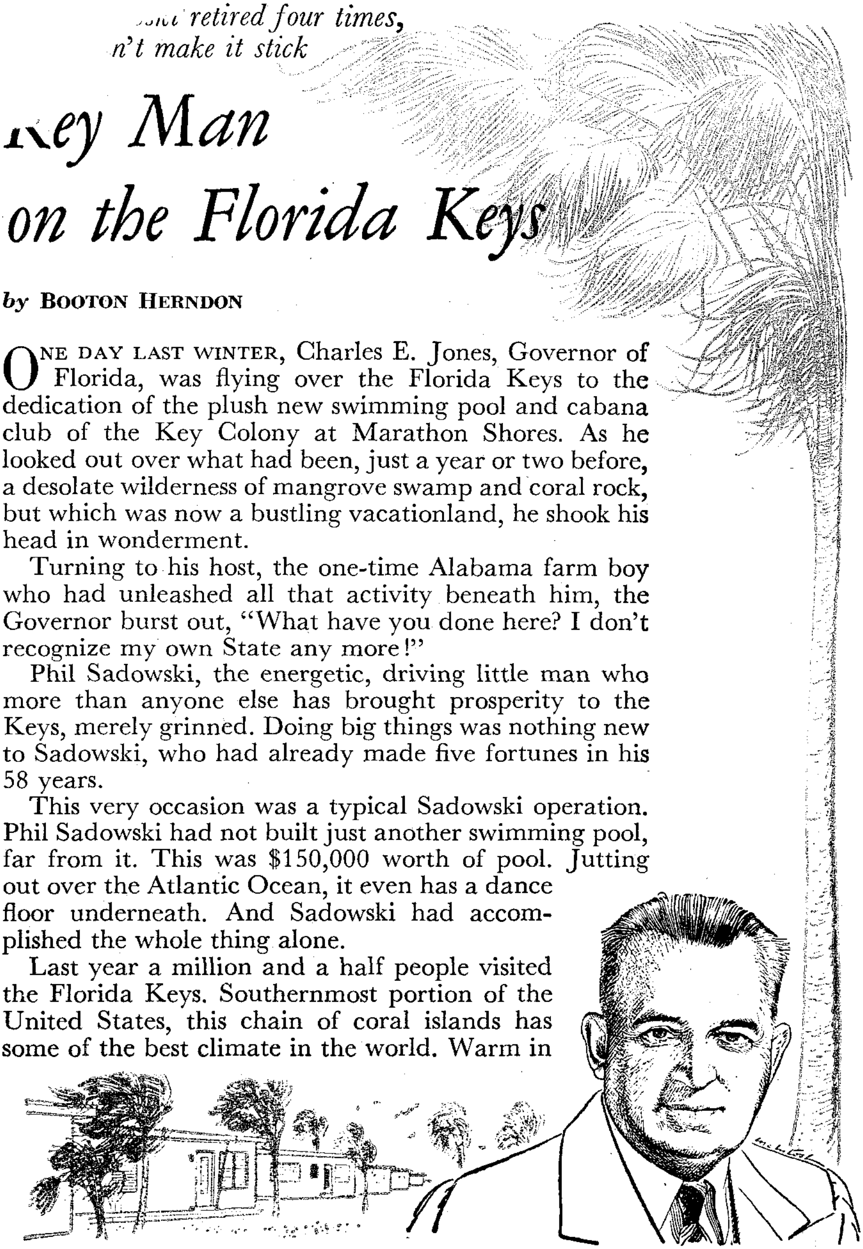
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $..................

Name..
Address..
City..Zone......State.....................
Date..*Contributions are deductible from Income Tax*

retired four times,
n't make it stick

Key Man on the Florida Keys

by BOOTON HERNDON



ONE DAY LAST WINTER, Charles E. Jones, Governor of Florida, was flying over the Florida Keys to the dedication of the plush new swimming pool and cabana club of the Key Colony at Marathon Shores. As he looked out over what had been, just a year or two before, a desolate wilderness of mangrove swamp and coral rock, but which was now a bustling vacationland, he shook his head in wonderment.

Turning to his host, the one-time Alabama farm boy who had unleashed all that activity beneath him, the Governor burst out, "What have you done here? I don't recognize my own State any more!"

Phil Sadowski, the energetic, driving little man who more than anyone else has brought prosperity to the Keys, merely grinned. Doing big things was nothing new to Sadowski, who had already made five fortunes in his 58 years.

This very occasion was a typical Sadowski operation. Phil Sadowski had not built just another swimming pool, far from it. This was $150,000 worth of pool. Jutting out over the Atlantic Ocean, it even has a dance floor underneath. And Sadowski had accomplished the whole thing alone.

Last year a million and a half people visited the Florida Keys. Southernmost portion of the United States, this chain of coral islands has some of the best climate in the world. Warm in winter, not too hot in summer, constantly bathed in sea air and with a minimum of humidity, the Keys attract both those who need a steady climate for reasons of health, and those who just don't like to be cold. Further, the Keys offer some of the world's best salt-water fishing.

This was the spot to which Sadowski chose to retire three years ago. He had already retired four times before, beginning at 33, when he had made his first million. Before long, however, he found himself up to his neck in work again, and out of retirement.

Sadowski's Key Colony, combined with a handsome motel and a quality restaurant, is a fantastic operation even for fantastic Florida. Where else will a man sell you a house, then beg you to go to work for him so you can pay him for it with his own money? Sadowski not only does this, but prospers at it.

"DO YOU NEED A PSYCHIATRIST?"
A series of self-tests reveals the answer to this important question, enabling those who need treatment to seek it.
In December Coronet.

Take Warren E. Robinson, forced into retirement in Florida by a heart attack. After over 40 years as a locomotive engineer, Robbie couldn't stand idleness, and went to Sadowski.

His request for a job had two unusual qualifications. One, he had to lie down most of the time; two, he couldn't earn too much money, as under railroad retirement laws he would lose his monthly pension if his outside earnings were too high.

Sadowski didn't bat an eye. "You're hired," he said. "See the model house over there? It's already furnished. You go lie down on the sofa, and when peo
'em how much the hous
the way, what's your wi
We sure could use a waitress.

Robbie is probably the only
estate salesman in history who made his first sale lying flat on his back. Since then he and his wife have made enough to buy their own house, a new car, and put a little away besides.

Opportunity is by no means restricted to the retired. The first occupant of a Sadowski home, an ex-GI named Walter Trandel, started out working for Sadowski as a terrazzo layer. As the colony grew, he started a garbage collection service. A year later he sold the business and made a down payment on a lot in the nearby village of Marathon. The lot is now the popular South Seas Restaurant.

THE CURRENT BOOM in housing development on the Florida Keys began, in a sense, on the day that Felix Philip Sadowski, then a teen-age boy working on his family's farm in Alabama, read that Henry Ford was offering men $5 a day to build the fabulous new Model T.

As soon as he had saved enough money for a one-way ticket to Detroit, he was off. At the Ford plant, however, the brand-new company doctor detected a heart-murmur, and young Philip went to work for Packard instead.

He was 19 years old when he worked out a time-card short cut that saved the company $3,000,000. He got a raise to $28 a week, saved up $300 and bought a candy shop.

He kept his job with Packard and hired a pretty brown-haired girl to run the candy shop. When she demanded her back salary, young Sadowski was quick with an alternate suggestion, and Mr. and Mrs. Sadowski have now been happily married for 37 years.

One of those newfangled things, the phonograph, had come with the candy shop. When a customer offered to trade Sadowski an automobile for the phonograph, Sadowski quit his job, lined up manufacturers to make parts, and went into the phonograph business.

When the phonograph fad died, Sadowski had 12 stores in Detroit. He simply converted his phonograph stores to furniture stores. He left Detroit, 15 years after he arrived, a millionaire.

Sadowski settled in Pensacola, Florida, but it wasn't long before the million dollars began burning a hole in his pocket. He built the Paradise Beach Hotel, an edifice so big that within less than a year it had eaten up almost all his million dollars. He closed it down, and went back to Detroit.

When World War II came, the white elephant in Pensacola turned into a gold mine, and Sadowski went back to get his third fortune. After the war he suffered the first of a series of heart attacks and had to sell out at a loss.

On doctor's orders, he retired again, this time in Miami. There, lying in a hotel bed with nothing else to do, he designed a house. It was a shame to waste the plans, so he got a contractor to build it.

The house cost $27,000; the day it was completed he was offered $37,000 for it. Sadowski was in business again.

Building lots were available in North Miami for as little as $100. Sadowski bought them up by the hundreds, assembled competent foremen, mechanics and sub-contractors—and another fortune.

His youngest son, Dick, graduated from Notre Dame about this time, as president of the senior class, and Sadowski brought him into the firm. As far as work was concerned, Dick was not a chip off the old block. He frequently preferred deep-sea fishing off the Keys to selling Sadowski houses. Occasionally, Sadowski would have to go out to his son's favorite fishing lodge to find him and drag him back to work.

Thus did Phil Sadowski discover the wild loveliness and wonderful climate of the Florida Keys. When he retired for good, he resolved it would be on the Keys.

This chain of islands is actually a coral reef extending 120-odd miles from the mainland. The Overseas Highway, southernmost leg of U. S. 1, connects it with the mainland.

Sadowski went into operation on the Keys largely through accident. He bought 16 acres of coral rock and mangrove swamp on Vaca Key, near the fishing village of Marathon, to build his retirement house on, and 40 more acres to guarantee right-of-way from the Highway to his property.

Forty worthless acres doing nothing rubbed Sadowski the wrong way, so he set about putting those acres to work. To elevate the tidal flats to the level of the Highway, six feet above sea level, required fill. But the only fill was the rock itself.

So Sadowski blasted out canals

60 feet wide and 12 feet below sea level in the coral, and spread the resulting fill between the canals. When he was through, he found that he had created a Venice-like development. The lots facing the canals became, through sheer coincidence, waterfront lots, and, consequently, more expensive.

This pattern, stumbled on through accident by Sadowski only three years ago, has now become the accepted method of real-estate development along the Keys.

Since Sadowski proved it could be done, the Keys have entered upon a business boom.

Sadowski, himself, has built and sold a hundred-odd homes at Marathon Shores, but he has tried to keep their cost at a reasonable level. His lots range in price from $1,000 to $5,000, his homes from $5,000 up. They are mass-produced and, because there is no heat problem, do not need basement or attic. The resulting saving is put into spaciousness and good taste.

A popular design—two bedrooms, two baths, living area, dining area and kitchen—comes to $9,000. He will also furnish the house, again in good taste, at a substantial reduction in retail prices.

So many people from all over the country ordered homes that Sadowski had to build a motel for them to live in while he completed their houses. Tourists, driving by and seeing the motel units, began stopping and demanding accommodations, so he had to expand that operation. The motel now has over 100 units, for which Sadowski gets $14 a day in the winter season, $8 a day the rest of the year.

Still he was turning away people each night, so he got another idea. He designed a two-room house, perfectly adequate as a retirement home for a couple whose children have grown, to sell for $4,950, plus lot. At the same time, the house is so designed and furnished that two couples can share it for vacations.

Sadowski sells these houses to couples planning, but not quite ready, for retirement. They spend a few weeks each year in their own houses, and the rest of the time rent them to tourists and seasonal residents, for $100 a week in season, $50 in the summer. Sadowski will arrange the rentals, at ten per cent.

This is the kind of thing that Phil loves to do. His eyes light up when he points out how many people benefit by this plan: the owners are buying a home for their future, with someone else's money; the renters, even at $50 a week a couple, are saving over that $14-a-day rate, and have cooking privileges besides; and he, Phil Sadowski, has the purchase price with which he can build another retirement home to start the process all over again.

Incidentally, what about Sadowski's own plans? Is he ready for retirement? "Good Lord, no," says the man who retired four times before and couldn't make it stick. "I'm through with that foolishness. I'm having the time of my life!"

* * *

A CERTAIN playwright, when wheeled into the operating room for some surgery, remarked: "I sure hate to be the only one in this room without a knife."

—LEONARD LYONS

They Need Your Toys

Coronet endorses a nationwide drive to help needy children at Christmas

EACH YEAR, as Christmas approaches, civic and philanthropic groups all over the country devote special attention to providing Christmas gifts for underprivileged children.

This year, Coronet is glad to endorse a nationwide drive to "Give A Toy-Full Christmas to Every Child," in cooperation with the Loyal Order of Moose and Dave Garroway, NBC radio and TV star. The drive will collect used and unused toys between now and Christmas, to be given to needy children on or before December 25th.

The Loyal Order of Moose, a non-political, non-sectarian organization operating principally in the U. S. and Canada, has more than 1,700 lodges for men and 1,300 chapters for women. Its 1,200,000 members will establish toy-collection depots in cities and towns from coast to coast. These depots, easy to recognize by large posters featuring Coronet and Garroway, will have barrels and bins into which you may deposit toys. Watch for these collection points at stores, gasoline stations, schools, community centers and other locations.

Local members of the Moose will collect toys from the depots and make sure they are in good condition (please do not contribute toys which are unusable or broken beyond repair). Then they will be distributed to needy children in your community.

In the event a toy drive is already under way in your town or city, the Moose will lend it full support. In no case will a competing campaign be inaugurated.

Dave Garroway, long a supporter of child-welfare programs and one of the nation's outstanding entertainment personalities, will address a personal appeal to the readers of Coronet in the December issue. To bring this campaign to the attention of his regular audience, he will devote time to continued announcements on his TV and radio shows, giving periodic "box scores" on the number of toys collected.

Listen for these announcements regarding the "Give a Toy-Full Christmas to Every Child" drive on Garroway's TV show "Today" (NBC-TV, 7-9 A.M., *EST, Monday-Friday) and "Sunday with Garroway" every Sunday evening on the NBC Radio Network.*

Jack Creed's standards of craftsmanship are equally high on a coat for the Queen or a sailor's winter vest

CANADA'S
Master of Mink

by **ANNE FROMER**

ONE COLD DAY last winter, a fur broker was being driven along a street in Toronto by a square-jawed, stocky man named Jack Creed. Suddenly Creed broke off in mid-sentence to stare at a woman wearing an expensive fur coat.

The broker was amazed when Creed pulled up at the curb, leaped out and with imperative gestures urged the woman into his car. They drove in silence, broken only by angry mutterings from the man at the wheel. The car stopped before a plush-and-platinum fur *salon* near the corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets, and Creed escorted the woman through the vast-mirrored showroom, the Louis XIV pastel sitting room and into a fitting room at the rear.

"Look!" he bawled at a startled designer, "look at what has gone out of this shop as a Creed coat. Look at the cut of this sleeve . . ." He cut the offending part from the coat, threw it to the floor and stamped on it while the wearer uttered a startled little scream.

"Look at the drape of this collar!" The collar joined the sleeve.

"And the match of this panel . . ." Bit by bit the coat was taken apart as Creed analyzed its shortcomings.

When he paused briefly for breath, the unhappy designer finally regained her voice: "But the customer was satisfied."

"Never mind the customer," thundered Creed, "It is *I* who must be satisfied."

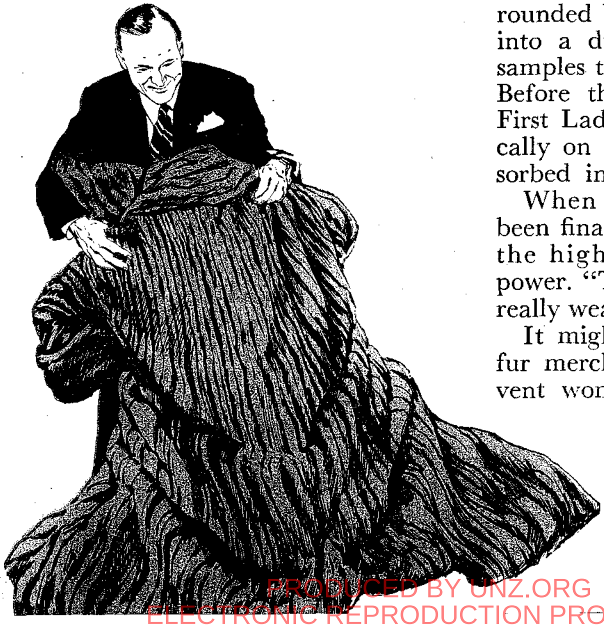
As quickly as it had arisen, the storm subsided. With a courtly bow Creed thanked the woman for her cooperation, looked disdainfully at the wreckage of a $6,000 mink coat on the fitting-room floor and added: "We will make a new coat for you—one that's made properly this time." Then, as if in afterthought, "And of course lend you one to wear home . . ."

The broker, recalling the scene, concludes with some justice: "Jack Creed is a perfectionist."

Creed, Canada's best-known furrier, can afford to indulge his whim for perfection because, as he himself modestly puts it, "The business can stand it." The business is, in fact, one of the world's largest purveyors of expensive furs. Creed Furs Limited of Toronto grosses several millions a year, and a remarkable thing about that enormous gross (to which, admittedly, a fur storage plant and non-fur specialty departments contribute) is that it is attained without aid of mass production.

Creed can recall offhand only a handful of women who wear Creed coats not designed, cut and fitted in his store exclusively for the customer. One is Queen Elizabeth, for whom Creed made a white ermine coat, a wedding gift to her from the Imperial Order Daughters of the British Empire.

Not even this demanding and temperamental fur merchant could summon the Princess to his store, so Creed did the next best thing. Through devious diplomatic channels he obtained her exact measurements, then he selected a model who matched the Princess as closely as possible, not only in dimensions but in posture and even in coloring. Around this "stand in" he fashioned one of his masterpieces, a $20,000 coat (he billed the IODBE for considerably less, the difference being his personal contribution to the wedding present).



Elizabeth's fur coat, now seven years old, is the oldest—and to judge by the frequency with which she is photographed wearing it—the most treasured garment she owns. Recently she was painted with the Creed coat draped luxuriously and becomingly over her shoulders. On special occasions she even lends it to her sister Margaret.

Creed has sold coats to women in just about every country where the climate is cold enough to justify wearing furs—and where there are women whose husbands can afford his admittedly steep prices. A random list would include Barbara Ann Scott, the skating star, Lillian Gish, Mrs. Jascha Heifetz and a large section of Canada's social set.

On her first visit to Toronto, Lady Bessborough, wife of the former Governor General, swept imperiously into his store—and found Creed expecting her. He was seated on the floor, tailor-fashion, surrounded by fur pelts. He launched into a discourse on furs, passing samples to her one after the other. Before the session was over, the First Lady of Canada was practically on the floor beside him, absorbed in his fascinating fur-lore.

When Lady Bessborough had been finally fitted, Creed paid her the highest compliment in his power. "That lady," he said, "can really wear a fur coat."

It might be thought that, in a fur merchant's lexicon, every solvent woman within reach of his *salon* would be deemed eligible to wear a coat. But Creed has been known to turn down the sale of not merely one, but two expensive coats to a single customer.

This happened when a wealthy matron wanted him to make coats for her young daughters, so that they could present an appearance suitable to their station at their fashionable boarding school.

"No," said Creed bluntly, "no coats for the girls."

To the indignant mother he explained that up to a certain age, girls simply did not look right in fur. She bowed to his verdict.

JACK CREED REACHED his present eminence in the world of furs and fashion via a long, hard road. Born 68 years ago in Zolotonosha, West Russia, at the age of eight he was apprenticed to the village furrier. He received no pay, and his bed was a pallet in the shop's cellar. Later he worked for the village tailor.

At 16, Creed put an extra pair of shoes and a spare shirt in a haversack, said goodby to his parents, four sisters and three brothers, and set out on foot for Paris. It was the last time he was to see any of his family, with the exception of one elder brother. In the wave of killings which accompanied the Bolshevik revolution after World War I, only this brother, Norman, escaped massacre. He came to Canada and worked in Jack's store.

When his funds ran out on the way to the French capital, Creed would stop and work himself back to solvency. In Lemberg, Austria, he took a job as a bricklayer's assistant—at half a cent an hour. Later he became a pancake salesman, receiving one pancake for every three he sold. The journey took just two years.

In Paris, Creed got a job with the big fashion house, *Galeries Lafayette*, then received his first taste of the world of *haute couture* when he went to work for the fashionable House of Creed. That was the turning point in his life.

"I had decided, when I left my home village, to put all my miserable memories behind me," Creed recalls. "That included getting a new name, as soon as I found one I liked. Now I found it—Creed. Without the boss' consent or knowledge, I re-christened myself with an apéritif in a Paris café one night."

So it was as Jack Creed that the young Russian arrived in New York in 1909—with $3 in his pocket. New York was in the depth of a depression, but he splurged on a newspaper advertisement which proclaimed that "a tailor, designer, fitter and furrier *par excellence*, just arrived from Paris" was available. He received one answer: from a furrier who wrote skeptically, "If you're not bluffing, come in for a trial." The trial won him a job and within a year he was making the then fabulous salary of $75 a week.

In New York, Creed saw and worked with fine Canadian furs for the first time. He wanted to get closer to the source of supply, so he quit his job and headed north. In Winnipeg he opened a store on capital so small that he could afford to deal in furs only as a sideline.

But the business grew and soon prospered to the point where he could propose marriage to Dorothy

Mascovitz, a salesgirl who sometimes patronized his shop.

The clothes-wise Dorothy took over the dress, accessories and millinery part of the establishment, enabling Creed to concentrate on his beloved furs, a pattern which has continued to this day.

LIBERACE ANSWERS THE QUESTION

The man whose female fans consider him the nation's most attractive personality reveals what kind [illegible]

The Winnipeg business seemed headed for even greater prosperity when an acquaintance, impressed by Creed's ambition and drive, persuaded him to enter a partnership to which the acquaintance contributed $10,000. When the pair could not obtain credit for needed expansion, Creed broke the partnership and took his family, by now including a daughter, Donna, to Toronto where they started afresh. In that city Creed opened a "shop." Because he had practically no money, it had to be elsewhere than the downtown shopping district. The first premises Creed saw that he could afford happened to be near the corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets, at that time practically in uptown Toronto.

Creed did not know it, but the accident of location was to have far-reaching effects on the area. More and more as the years went by, "Creeds-at-Bloor-and-Yonge" was to attract other merchants eager for a share of the high-spending business Creed attracted. From a rather run-down residential section it has grown into the smartest shopping district in Canada, "the Northern Fifth Avenue."

But there was nothing fashionable about that first Creed shop. What money remained he had spent, not on stock, but on expensive cards announcing that Jack Creed, late of Paris and New York, was ready to serve clients in his new fur *salon.* These cards were mailed to Toronto's social families.

A few days later, peering from his *salon* window, Creed saw a sleek limousine drive up. An obviously wealthy woman got out and climbed the ramshackle stairs. Creed was waiting at the top and bowed her into his empty "salon."

"I want a fur coat," she said, looking in bewilderment at the bare walls around her. "But what have you?"

"Nothing," admitted Creed blandly, "but if you will lend me $500, I can start your order."

Creed was about to lose his first customer when another woman entered and heard the last part of the conversation. "I'll lend whatever you need, Jack," she said.

She was Mrs. Alfred Rogers, wife of a wealthy Winnipeg creamery owner who had dealt with Creed in that city. It was all the help Creed needed, financially and socially, and the graph of his success has climbed steadily in the 35 years since.

In 1930, an Alaska trapper wrote Creed that he had happened to trap a few mink alive, and would Creed like to buy them and use them as a show-window display; or should the trapper simply kill the mink and send the skins?

The fur-wise Creed pondered, then wired the trapper: "Don't kill mink, breed them."

Creed kept in close touch with

the experiment, and two years later received one of the first shipments of ranch-bred mink ever sold in Canada.

"The quality of those first skins was not exactly superb," Creed recalls. "But the weight! When I held a bundle of those skins, they were so light that I knew the fur business had been revolutionized."

Creed's sponsorship of ranch mink came at a fortunate time—in the depth of the Depression when fur, as one of the costliest luxuries, was beginning to feel the pinch of business failures among customers. It enabled him to cut his prices drastically and go on to even greater success.

"Good fur, properly looked after, never dries," Creed maintains.

Recently he fashioned a cape from the huge Kolinsky collar of a seal coat; converted the seal pelts into a coat with modern lines. The cape was for a woman to wear at her daughter's wedding, the coat was for her present to the bride. Both had originally been a coat Creed had made for the bride's grandmother 32 years before.

In World War II, Canadian Merchant Marine crews were the best—and snuggest-dressed on the high seas. This was the result of a personal campaign waged by Creed and the Daughters of the Empire. He sent out a call to the public to turn in their old fur coats, from which he made fur-lined vests. So great did the demand become for these vests that the Canadian Government, the fur trade and furriers unions joined to expand the project.

Creed customers sometimes value the label in their coats as much as they do the beauty of the fur and the workmanship of the garment, Creed admits ruefully. An extreme case of this is an elderly invalid who developed a burning ambition to own a Creed coat.

Ten years ago she bought one, then told Creed: "Now put it in your vault and take care of it."

She has never worn it, but has been known to let slip into her conversation the casual information that she owns a mink coat by Creed. Occasionally she calls Creed on the telephone to make sure her coat is safe.

On her last call she told him: "You know, Mr. Creed, that coat of mine is out of style now. Please refashion the sleeves and the collar. Then put it back in the vault."

Word for the Brave

RUFUS CHOATE, famous senator from Massachusetts, in a powerful oration on the Pilgrim fathers, amazed his New England hearers with a sudden burst of words glorifying the Pilgrim mothers. Rising to a tremendous height of eloquence, he cried:

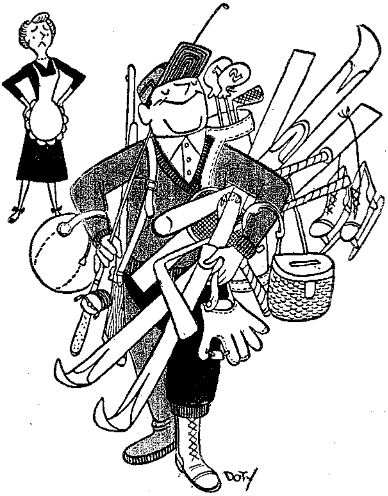
"For enduring hardships, our Pilgrim mothers were far superior to our celebrated Pilgrim fathers, because, in addition to enduring the same hardships which the Pilgrim fathers endured, they were forced to endure the Pilgrim fathers themselves!"

—THE REV. PHILLIP JEROME CLEVELAND

A woman starts out with two strikes against her when her husband goes sports crazy

Week-End Wives and "ATHLETES"

by **Parke Cummings**



When a woman marries she must be prepared for the possibility of her husband taking up one or more of the activities optimistically listed under the general heading of "sports"—golf, tennis, handball, badminton or squash; or pastimes like bowling, skiing, skating, boating, fishing, hunting.

Casual participants in these activities may be grouped under the general title of week-end athletes, bearing in mind that the word "athlete" is, in most cases, very loosely construed.

What problems can the wife of the week-end athlete anticipate, and how can she cope with them? Generally, a philosophical and fatalistic attitude helps; specifically, she will do well to understand some of the common behavior patterns her activity-minded mate is apt to exhibit. We may as well begin with conditionitis, which may be defined as highly inconsistent theorizing and behavior in regard to the proposition that exercise is good for the health.

An overweight man, for instance, maintains that handball (or tennis or whatever) helps keep his weight down. He puts in a strenuous afternoon at his sport, losing two pounds. For the next two or three days he eats like a wolf, gaining five or six pounds.

An underweight man claims that regular exercise is what he needs to build him up. He, too, gives his sport everything he has—and winds up too exhausted to eat, worn to a frazzle and an easy prey for the first cold or flu bug to come along.

Determined to do well in his club championship—or to collect a $2 bet from one of his rivals—a man announces that he is going into strict training. He observes it for a few days and then kicks over the traces with a really impressive exhibition of training-breaking. This is apt to take place the night *before* his scheduled contest instead of the night after.

There are some things a wife can do, although, regrettably, not too many. In the case of the over-eater she can try to sneak as many low-calorie items into his diet as possible. In the case of the exhausted mate, she can feed him dinner at a later hour and then see that he gets to bed. As for the man who illogically breaks training before, instead of after, he competes, she'll do well to let that pass without comment.

Conditionitis being what it is, the wife of the sports-minded husband will do well not to worry if her mate appears to be in no better physical condition than the man who goes in for nothing more strenuous than chess or crossword puzzles. It's only when he seems in actually *worse* shape that a consultation with the doctor seems indicated.

Before leaving the subject, we should mention the case of the man who exercises so hard that he is not only too tired to eat but claims he's too tired to go to the Saturday-night dance.

This can be annoying, but the buttering up technique may help. No matter how exhausted a man is, he becomes less so if he can be lured into discussing his positive accomplishments—the long putt he holed out, the strike he made in the seventh frame, or the amazing get he pulled off on the court. If enough interest is displayed in these recitals, he may even forget that he is tired at all, and consent to go.

On a par with conditionitis is equipment psychosis. Virtually all sports-minded men, from the expert to the hopeless dub, have pronounced theories about equipment, amounting in a majority of cases to a form of psychosis. The only exception that occurs offhand is the fellow whose favorite recreation is swimming raw in the "Y" tank.

The most commonly-held theory, of course, is that the better one's equipment, the better one will do. It is 100 per cent logical, and explains why men are constantly switching golf clubs, tennis or squash rackets, ski or bowling paraphernalia.

What it fails to take into account, however, is that the man with slightly inferior equipment but slightly superior skill usually beats the man who has these qualities in reverse. But this is, of course, a truth ignored by the majority of males.

If money is no problem, the wife can, of course, ignore her spouse's constant purchases of new equipment. This is seldom the case, however, and she may have to act when she feels the budget will be stretched dangerously.

The most common and successful method is the counter-attack, wherein she makes an expenditure of her own, or at least threatens one: "If you can afford to buy a new fly rod, we can certainly have new slipcovers in the living room." This sometimes results in curtailed sports expenditure.

A refinement on this is for the wife to threaten to take up the sport on which she feels her husband is overspending—to demand a set of golf clubs after he himself has invested in a new one, and to announce that she intends playing with him. This is almost sure-fire.

But prevention is always better than cure, and if a wife can forestall extravagant expenditure instead of merely retaliating for it afterwards, she is that much better off. It is to her advantage to listen attentively when her mate growls: "I couldn't hit a thing today. I've got to get a racket that's larger in the handle and lighter in the head." This is the moment for her to step in with a threat to buy a new dinner dress or take up tennis.

Equipment psychosis takes unpredictable forms. Sometimes a husband will berate a club, a racket or a pair of skis with blistering language, even threaten to wreak physical damage on it.

Under no circumstances should the wife give away, burn or otherwise dispose of it, however, without his express consent. For when he learns of this, his thinking will take a reverse twist in a hurry. He'll be firmly convinced that the disposed-of equipment was ideally suited to his needs, and that he will never be able to acquire its equal at any price. And he'll be difficult to get along with for a while.

A woman will discover that a man who goes in for sports—especially the competitive ones—goes through two major cycles. One is where he is improving, the other where he has passed his prime and is on the decline.

There is no set rule as to which cycle is preferable from the wife's viewpoint. For instance, it is a mistake to assume that a man in the first, or improving, stage will necessarily be easier to live with because of his more frequent success.

What happens all too often—males being what they are—is this: White, once Brown's inferior at a given sport, improves to the point where he starts beating him. Does he continue to do so? Not very likely.

What he does is drop Brown and take on Green who is a class ahead of him in ability. Green promptly pins his ears back, and White is as unhappy as when he was formerly losing to Brown. Should he eventually become Green's superior, he tackles a man in the next higher bracket and the cycle, with its frustrations, continues.

A pretty good case can be made for the argument that the declining week-end athlete actually scores more triumphs than the improving one. He's temporarily shocked when younger men start beating him; but, with the years, he acquires a shrewdness in progressively picking weaker opponents and stronger partners. Though his golf score may be higher or his tennis serve weaker, he ends up more often on the winning side.

The wife of the improving but unhappy player should take consolation in this. As his game gets worse, he may well become a mellower instead of a moodier mate.

It goes without saying that a wife should admire any trophy her husband wins, even if it is only a three-inch-high loving cup, accede if he proposes to drink champagne out of it, and share in his elation. If she does this in a convincing manner, a modest gift from him or a really impressive dining-and-dancing evening is not at all out of the question.

It is best, at the start, to let the husband display any such prize wherever he chooses, regardless of how it clashes with the decor. Later, after his excitement has worn off, it can be relegated to a less prominent

spot or even hidden away entirely.

While it is a recognized fact that a majority of men are not keen about participating in sports with their mates, a question not so easily answered is: should a wife *watch* her husband play?

I was playing some badminton recently and my opponent was displaying a game which varied from mediocre to downright miserable. Presently his wife showed up and instantly he became like a man possessed, springing about the court like a tiger and bringing off one brilliant shot after another.

Later, I was paired with a fellow who was doing fine—until *his* wife appeared. In no time at all, his game went completely to pieces.

From all the evidence I have, the latter player is just as happily married as the former, and the only moral I can draw is that it all depends. The sensible wife will observe how she affects her spouse, and act accordingly, staying away if being there obviously flusters him.

A marriage may not necessarily be heading for the rocks if a man's game deteriorates when his wife watches. It may be that he is so fond of her, so anxious to impress her, that he tightens up and "presses."

Conversely, it need not indicate that all is sweetness and light when his mate's presence seems to act like a booster shot. It may be she has recently told him he's too old for the game and he's determined to show her different, even if it kills him.

Then there's a variation on this situation. When his wife watches him, it doesn't seem to affect the husband's game one way or another. However, when some other woman looks on—particularly a young one of pleasing appearance—his performance improves by anywhere from 50 to 200 per cent.

What his own wife should conclude, and what she should do, is a question I'd just as soon leave for some other time.

Cruise Passengers

(Answers to brain twister on page 72)

Mr. Tuttle is in love with the beautiful divorceé (4). Miss Frost, Miss Stevens and Miss Quintana are spoken of as "young girls" and have presumably never been married. Mrs. McMurray has a husband in Brazil (1) and Mrs. Daniels is a widow (8). Mrs. Thomas is Mr. Tuttle's inamorata.

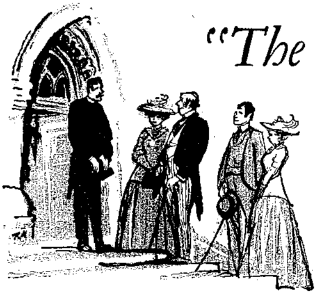
Mr. Alcorta and Miss Quintana, with Latin American names, are presumably the two young Argentinians. Mr. Alcorta is not interested in his compatriot. He prefers American girls, but Miss Stevens is too boisterous for his taste (5). Miss Frost is his choice.

Dr. Lilly has found a young girl who is serious-minded (6). Miss Quintana is the intellectual type (3) and would appeal to him.

Captain Jonas has found much in common with one who has loved and lost (2)—undoubtedly the widowed Mrs. Daniels (8).

Mrs. McMurray's romance is with a tall, dark and handsome man—not the engineer, who presumably has red hair to match his temper (7). Mr. Bernard is Mrs. McMurray's choice.

The lively Miss Stevens is enraptured by Mr. McTavish's winning personality.



"The Million-Dollar Sermon"

by **WENDY WARREN**

GREAT MUSIC and great literature live on, but who ever remembers a great sermon? Like yesterday's newspaper, by next Sunday the words generally are long forgotten. Yet one sermon has lived more than 60 years and is now called "The Million-Dollar Sermon."

Its preacher was Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, a young Congregational minister who later came to be known as the poet-orator of the American pulpit. Dr. Gunsaulus, a husky six-footer with a booming voice and bushy mustache, was barely three years at Plymouth Congregational Church on Chicago's South Side when he delivered his most memorable sermon.

It came on a Sunday in early 1891; its text, "What I'd Do if I Had a Million Dollars." If he had a million, Dr. Gunsaulus said, he would use it to build a school where poor youths could get a technical education; and he proceeded to elaborate eloquently on the theme.

After services he stood as usual at the front door of his church, greeting parishioners. Up stepped a balding man with heavy sideburns. He was Philip D. Armour, the meat packer.

Everybody in Chicago knew Armour's reputation as a man who drove a hard bargain. The famous packer took the young minister by the arm and asked, "Do you really believe in those ideas you just expressed?"

"I certainly do," Dr. Gunsaulus answered.

"You'd carry them out if you had the means?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well, then," said Armour, "if you'll give me five years of your time, I'll give you your million."

And he did. In fact, by the time of his death, Armour had given closer to three times that much money toward the school, appropriately named Armour Institute of Technology.

Dr. Gunsaulus made good on his part of the bargain, too. He became Armour Institute's first president when it opened two years after the sermon. He held the presidency until his death in 1921, shepherding the school through its early growing pains while still keeping up his preaching and writing.

When, 48 years after its founding, Armour Tech was merged with Lewis Tech into what is now called Illinois Institute of Technology, the school that a sermon built had amassed an enviable record. Some of the country's top engineers and architects were among its graduates. And its famous affiliate, the Armour research laboratories, had tested, perfected and developed hundreds of products and processes for industry.

Wendy Warren appears on *Wendy Warren and the News*, CBS-Radio, Monday through Friday.

HOAGY CARMICHAEL: Melancholy Minstrel

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

Intense perfection is the hallmark of the Hoosier who wrote "Stardust"

ONE LATE SUMMER NIGHT in 1927, a horse-faced young man with big ears strolled across the deserted campus of Indiana University at Bloomington. The stars were thick overhead, the breeze heavy with the scent of flowers.

The ex-student paused at the Spooning Wall, then moved off moodily toward the village. He commenced to whistle as he walked: *da da de dum dum dum dum dum da da de dummm . . .*

Suddenly he broke into a run and arrived at a student hangout, the Book Nook, as it was closing. The Greek proprietor, Pete Costas, opened up again to let in one of his favorite customers.

The young man pounced upon the rickety kelly-green player piano in the corner and pounded out the phrase he'd been whistling, first in hot-lick rhythm, then in waltz and fox-trot time. An hour later he went home, the elusive melody still tinkling in his ears. Next morning he finished it up on the golden oak piano in the parlor. *Stardust*—one of America's immortal songs—had been created . . .

Ten years later, a young wife was sleeping peacefully in a plush Hollywood house. At 4 A.M., the same exuberant little fellow raced up the stairs and shook his spouse awake.

"Ruth!" he cried. "I've got another hit!" Brandishing a wad of scribbled music sheets, he dragged her downstairs to the piano and played it, whirled around and demanded, "A smash?"

His wife stifled a yawn before answering. "It's already a smash," she said. "That's Cole Porter's *You're The Tops.*"

It was the same tune, almost note for note, that had been the country's biggest hit for weeks . . .

The songwriting career of Howard Hoagland Carmichael runs a rugged course somewhere between those two incidents. A fierce, intense, persnickety perfectionist who drives himself to create, who loathes anything that is not original, he is outstanding in a craft where most composers could be successfully prosecuted for petty larceny.

Frank Loesser, himself a top tunesmith, calls "Hoagy" one of the "most original musical talents this country ever had." Johnny Mercer, another writer of hits, says: "The word has been kicked around a lot but his music is just American. It's home-stuff. It sounds like the South, like Indiana, like any other place we used to know. Hoagy is self-taught and his chords and melodies are unique. He doesn't borrow except from himself. Rhythm is a part of him, which is more than a lot of us can claim."

Bing Crosby speaks of the "simplicity of style" of Hoagy's music; Jo Stafford of its "sincerity." Whatever the secret is—simplicity, sincerity, originality, "heart" or melody—Hoagy's tunes have had both astonishing success and long life.

Until 1929, the most popular tune in the nation was the Sousa march, *Stars and Stripes Forever.* Thereafter, *Stardust* took over and for nearly a decade was the leading hit in half a dozen countries.

Through the years *Stardust* has brought its composer more than $350,000 for his overnight inspiration. To a whole generation it represented a symbol of lost youth and vanished loves.

Hoagy has become, somewhat against his will, the minstrel of sweet melancholia. He started as a jazz writer with *Riverboat Shuffle* in 1924—and one of the two greats of the hot blues genre, *Washboard Blues* of 1925, is his.

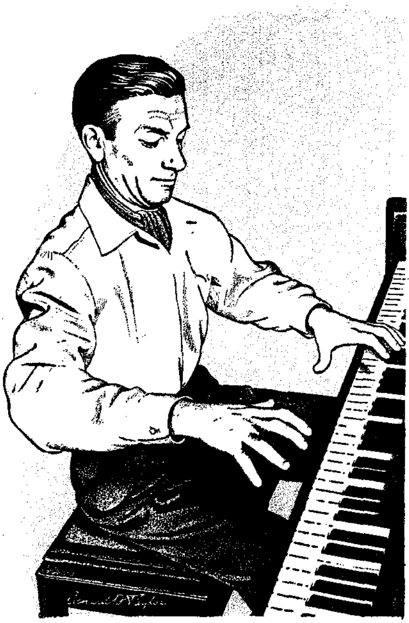
Among his 115 published songs, of which 35 were hits and 20 smashes—an amazingly high average—Hoagy's tunes are distinguished for their nostalgia. His own "nearly favorite" is a lovelorn lyric called *One Morning in May.*

In late years, the 135-pound, five-feet-eight Hoagy has tended toward music on order from the movies—but his fame lies in the fact that he is the pied piper of the American dream. He has written a clutch of tunes that are musical Americana, such as *Small Fry*, *Ole Buttermilk Sky*, *Georgia on My Mind*, *Two Sleepy People*, *Lazy River.*

His harking back to Indiana is evident in such songs as *Can't Get Indiana Off My Mind*, *When the Frost Is on the Punkin* (lyrics by the poet James Whitcomb Riley, who used to ride the infant Hoagy on his shoulder, he says), and *Chimes of Indiana.*

Hoagy has never ceased to be the hometown kid. He likes nothing better than to return to Bloomington and be feted, mobbed by fans and patted on the back. He is proud of the 1946 Indiana Hoagy Carmichael Day, of the keys to Indiana cities, of the documents which gilt-attest his devotion, of the bronze statuettes and plaques from Indiana on his mantel.

Even now, considerably more than comfortable in Beverly Hills on a hilltop two-and-a-half-acre estate nestled around a swimming pool amid a $100,000 landscape,



Hoagy can't seem to help comparing it unfavorably to his past.

"A nice shack," he admits, "but nowhere near as nice as I remember Grandma's place back home in Bloomington."

Eight years ago Hoagy published a carefully decapitalized autobiography, "*the stardust road*," in which he tells of his lifelong feeling of bewilderment: "Hoagland, wanting to be Oliver Wendell Holmes and sit on the Supreme Court . . . or a big corporation attorney with a battery of helpers and a yacht anchored in the East River . . . wanting to play hot music like Louis Armstrong. Or writing the blues like Handy or Clarence Williams . . . part dead-end kid . . . part lawyer . . . part musician . . . Hoagland, what the hell's the matter with you?"

The little lean-shanked man with the long brown hair and sleepy brown eyes still has wrapped up in his off-center personality all the restlessness, fretfulness, star-seeking despairing ambition of his youth, when his friends fondly called him "daffy as a coo-coo" and missed the sadness in him.

In his book, composed like a jazz work with improvised chronology and breaks for anecdotes and soliloquies, he wrote a single recurring phrase: "The years have pants . . ."

Time grew up and Hoagy grew with it.

His father, Howard Clyde Carmichael, was an electrician, drove a livery rig and swapped stories while his mother, Lyda Mary, earned most of the money for the family by playing mood music at the nickelodeons and ragtime at the University dances.

She used to take young Hoagy to the dances, lashing a couple of chairs together for his crib, and he would fall asleep with hot music seeping through his pores. He became an usher in the movie theater for a dollar a week and racked pool balls for an extra quarter a day.

One afternoon when a downpour prevented the 12-year-old youngster from playing baseball, he started pecking petulantly at the piano. Suddenly the University chimes around the corner boomed out the notes of the anthem, *Indiana Frangipani*. Hoagy followed the notes without a mistake and grew excited enough to become interested in the lessons his mother had been trying to give him.

He was coached in ragtime and jazz by a local Negro pianist, Reggie Duval. Duval showed him how to improvise by using the third and sixth of a chord for arpeggios, and added this advice that Hoagy has taken literally ever since: "Never play anything that ain't right. That way you'll never get hostile with yourself."

By 1920, Hoagy had graduated from high school, played with professional orchestras, worked in a slaughterhouse and picked up rhythms from 12-hour shifts with a cement mixer. At the University he took up the five-year study of law and organized a band, Carmichael's Collegians, with such friends as Wad Allen, and Bill Moenkhaus. The Collegians paid Hoagy's tuition and Kappa Sigma fraternity expenses.

The group introduced weird tunes such as *Hole in the Bucket; For God's Sake, Potato;* and *Hell on the Mayflower*. Playing Hoagy's first composition, *Riverboat Shuffle*, they took turns crawling on the floor and bawling: "Old Boat! Old Boat!"

The group's admiration for Dixieland "socktime" and the pioneering trumpets of King Oliver and Louis Armstrong brought the boyish, offhand Leon "Bix" Beiderbecke and his Wolverines to the campus. Hired for a single date, they returned for more than ten week-ends.

"WHEN ARTHUR GODFREY MET HELEN HAYES"
An eyewitness report of the first meeting of two great stars and the theatrical magic born of the encounter. In December Coronet.

Hoagy and Company organized the Society of Bent Eagles, their motto: "There are other things in the world besides hot music. We forget what they are, but they are around—somewhere."

This semantic and musical horseplay set loose a current of energy in Hoagy, Bix and the others which was to help transform the rhythms of America. None stayed pure musicians except Bix. Hoagy kept track of his friend as he went on to his legendary fame and early death.

When Hoagy heard about it he murmured: "I wonder if Gabriel will mind playing second trumpet?" Seven years later he named his first son Hoagy Bix.

Hoagy graduated in 1926, losing a year for playing in Florida. He returned there, to West Palm Beach, and opened a law practice. He was earning $400 a month when one day he happened to hear Red Nichols' recording of his own *Washboard Blues*. Hoagy went back home and, 20 years later, the *Palm Beach Sun* austerely reported: Former Attorney Writes Song Hits.

A revived Hoagy helped organize The Royal Peacocks, and discovered his cool tongue was as indispensable to his career as his hot piano. He invented drawling anecdotes, a talent which made him in 1949 the foremost selection to play Will Rogers on the screen. ("Will, Jr., got the role because he had an inside track," Hoagy says.)

The next year, Hoagy left the Peacocks to form his own band, joined them again under Jean Goldkette, reorganized Carmichael's Collegians, and brashly decided, in 1929, that he was ripe for Hollywood. But there he found that (1) he absolutely had the wrong address, and (2) positively nobody had sent for him.

He went back to New York and became a bank clerk and a $30-a-week stock brokerage employe. He met a New York court reporter, Mitchell Parrish, who polished up Hoagy's original *Stardust* lyrics to a more sedate, singable and, in Mr. Carmichael's opinion, much superior: "When our love was new and each kiss an inspiration But that was long ago and now my consolation . . ."

The tune, first published as a piano solo, started to work for him. Don Redman's band played it, so did Jean Goldkette's. In 1930, Isham Jones' orchestra, the most popular of the day, recorded it with a sweet and sobby violin solo by Victor Young.

Hoagy was on his way. In 1932, he met the prolific Johnny Mercer, a struggling lyric writer. They wrote songs like *Lazybones*, which became an instant hit—a run of notes that Hoagy plucked intact from the first recording of *Washboard Blues:* "When Gennett recorded it, somebody said the tune was 20 seconds short. I got alone for 15 minutes and wrote an eight-bar piano vamp. That was *Lazybones.*"

After Hoagy had written *Moon Country* in 1934 and *Little Old Lady* for a Broadway show, he was ready to make his triumphal return to Hollywood. He wrote songs for "Anything Goes," "Topper," "Sing, You Sinners," with his old friend Bing Crosby; "A Song is Born"; and others—and hankered after another ambition.

In 1924 he had tried out for the romantic lead of the senior play at Indiana, only to be relegated to the part of a monkey. Dressed in brown underwear and a false nose, he had swung from the limb of a tree for two acts and said one line: "Hello, poppa!" Since that skewering of his ego, Hoagy yearned to be an actor.

No one seemed to think of him in that category, however, so Hoagy went back East with his wife, Ruth Mary, an artist's model he had married in 1936. There the urge to act simmered until 1946, when he commenced the first of three radio shows: "Open House at Hoagy's," "Tonight at Hoagy's," and "The Hoagy Carmichael Show."

Hoagy also decided to sing. His voice brought a shower of shocked postcards—as it does to this day. At various times his vocalizing has been characterized as "the braying of a sick jackass" and "a rusty knife across glass" and "a wounded dinosaur." Actually, it resembles a diseased foghorn calling to its mate, although a few enthusiasts have called it "the sexiest voice in the nation" and one newsmagazine solemnly said: "extraordinarily tasteful and idiomatic."

Hoagy himself has no illusions: "I sing like a shaggy dog looks—kind of flatsy through the nose."

Without learning how to read music or remember lyrics, with a match in the side of his mouth and a hat on the back of his head, playing a piano "with that nice chucka-chucka sound," Hoagy became one of the favorite performers not only of America but also of England.

Meanwhile, in 1944, Hoagy had finally gotten his chance to act. A stranger, Mrs. Howard Hawks, wife of the director, spotted him working in his own garden in shorts and boots. She heard him cursing the aphides, and remarked to his wife: "Quite a fellow, your gardener."

"Ah, yes," sighed Ruth.

"With a character face like that, he should be in pictures," continued Mrs. Hawks.

"You can say that again," said Hoagy's wife. "He's my husband."

The introduction resulted in a part in "To Have or Have Not." This in turn got Hoagy other parts, all with a rather reminiscent flavor—that of a puckish philosopher served up with music.

"He has a soft-shoe personality," remarked a critic. "He's very photogenic, really; the semi-detached type, the homefolks on the air or on the screen. People take to him because he represents something they've known all their lives."

In 1949, Hoagy made his entrance into the long-hair field. He presented to Fabien Sevitzsky of the Indianapolis Symphony the score for a nine-minute tone poem called

Brown County in Autumn, a description of a neighboring rural area. It was premiered with mild success and replayed several times. Now he has started a full ballet score based on an American pioneer—the *Johnny Appleseed Suite.*

Hoagy gets his inspiration out of the air. He wrote *I Get Along Without You Very Well* to the words of a poem he read in a newspaper.

The idea for *Rockin' Chair* came while swimming in the forbidden waters of the Bloomington reservoir early one morning after a night of drinking homebrew at the home of Granny Campbell. She had gotten caught trying to rise from her cane-bottomed chair and quavered: "Old rockin' chair's got me, I guess."

Hoagy figures he has earned more than $2,000,000 gross in his lifetime, "and I could have earned $250,000 a year the last few if I hadn't been so lazy." He asks and gets $5,000 a week for TV, $3,500 for each appearance on radio, between $25,000 and $50,000 for a picture—and nets around $35,000 a year from ASCAP dividends.

In his comfortable semi-formal house, Hoagy likes to look around and murmur: "I've been real lucky, come a long way."

One of his little-known secrets is that he has a cache of unpublished songs. They now number more than 50 and, according to a friend, "They're all gems."

Hoagy does not feel that he is called upon to submit them to publishers. "Tunes don't succeed on their own any more," he says. "They get jammed down the ears of the public."

Doing most of his composing—when he feels like it—at night, Hoagy gets up late and spends his waking hours ruckusing with his boys, pruning the landscape, amiably arguing with his wife, playing golf or tennis, or going to the races. "I feel like I need a vacation," he says, "even if I don't deserve it."

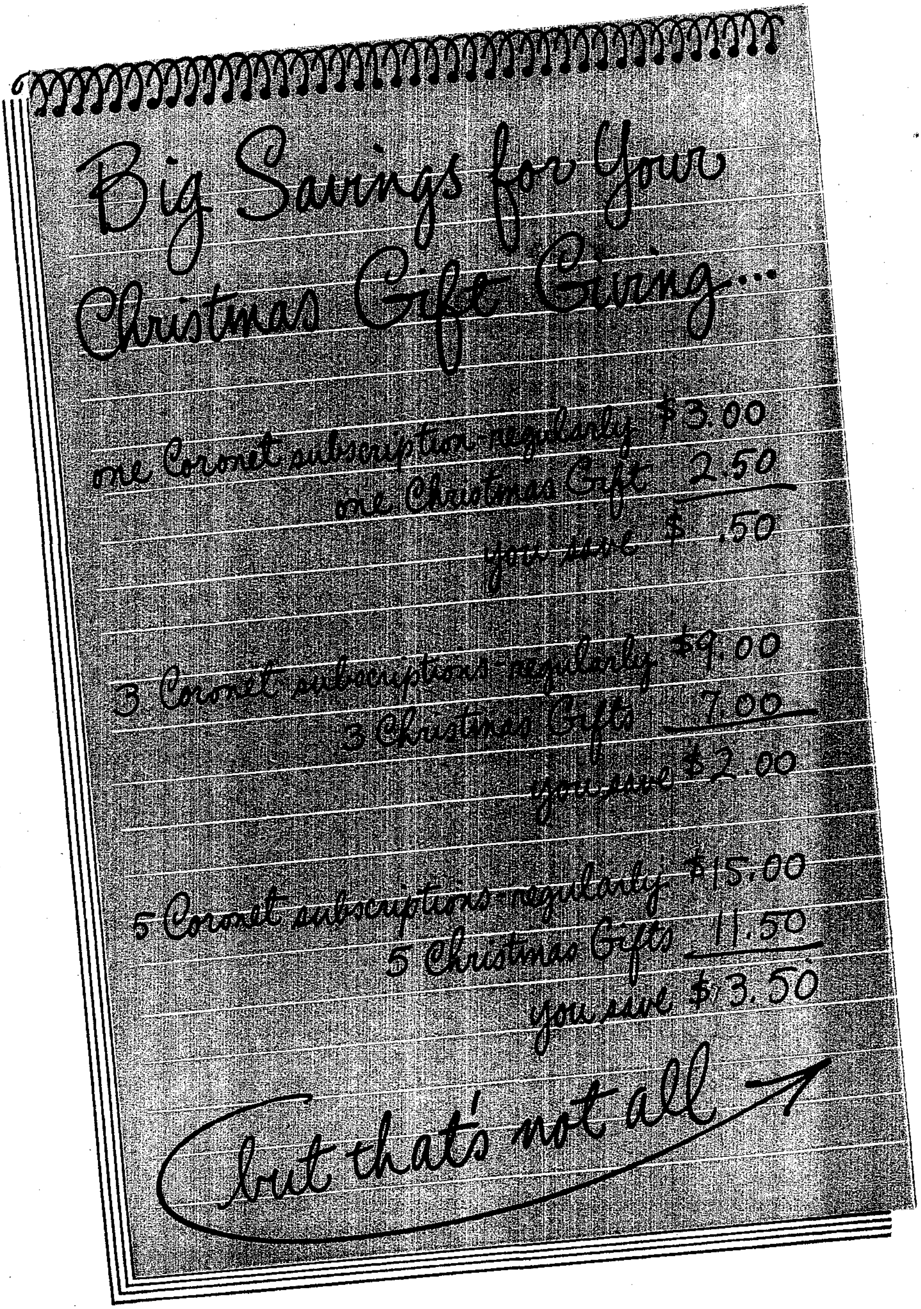
The years have had long pants for Hoagy. Wad Allen no longer plays the trombone, he is a $35,000-a-year presidential assistant of a national manufacturing firm; Bix is dead, with his mouthpiece framed on Hoagy's wall; Moenkhaus died in 1930. The past he loved so sentimentally is now a handful of tunes. "So much to remember," says Hoagy.

He grins the slow twisted grin which gives his solemn face a child-like appeal. "But as us Bent Eagles used to say in the mystic farewell: 'So be it, so bend it, so burn it.' "

Ways to Win

TAKE A LOOK at the sports section of your newspaper and tell me how many teams won football games last Saturday. Very few, according to the headlines. Oh, yes, teams went out and bested, captured, clipped; dipped, dropped, downed, drubbed and drowned; edged, grabbed, nipped and knocked; overpowered, punched, routed, ripped, rolled over, rapped, wrecked; romped, rambled, and rumbled past and over, surprised, tripped, topped, toppled, turned over, turned on and upset opponents—but very few went out and won the old ball game.

—STAN BROTHERTON in the Whittemore (Iowa) *Champion*



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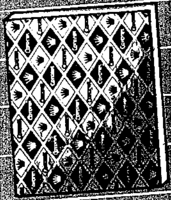

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The Unknown Story of Aly Khan

by **Gordon Young**

WEARING ONLY small, white bathing briefs which spectacularly emphasized his dark, sun-bronzed body, still slim at 43, Prince Aly Solomon Khan came bounding down the steps to the swimming pool. His brown eyes sparkled and his white teeth gleamed as he smiled and said: "Nice here, isn't it? But all my life, you know, I've been a lucky man."

On the far side of the great pool

Copyright, 1954, by Gordon Young

as we talked were Prince Aly's other guests for the day. They sipped cocktails before luncheon at his white villa on the edge of the blue Mediterranean outside Cannes.

The Château de l'Horizon is a summer palace where many famous people have lived life gloriously. The Duke of Windsor occupied it for a while. Sir Winston Churchill has painted on its wide terrace. Prince Aly bought the house in 1948, the year he first met Rita Hayworth, and since then many beautiful women have basked beside him in the sunshine.

On that summer day, some of the "Aly set" were there, headed by the tall and elegant figure of his stepmother, the Begum Aga Khan. Once, as a girl, the Begum had lived over a flower shop in Cannes. Then she won a beauty contest as "Miss France 1930" and later became the fourth wife of the Aga Khan, who built her a new home, the Villa Yakymour, on a hill above the town.

Also at the Château that day, dangling long white legs over the edge of the pool, was film star Gene Tierney. She wore only the briefest of black satin shorts, with a blouse top of frilly white lace, and she flipped through an American magazine containing a summary of Dr. Kinsey's famous report on women.

With Gene was her mother, an elderly but alert American woman, knitting busily. Other guests included tubby party-giver Elsa Maxwell, the woman who introduced Rita to Aly and was now eagerly observing the new friendship with Gene Tierney. We all sipped martinis in the bright Riviera sunshine and gazed with admiration on the lithe host as he dove expertly into the pool. Finally he dabbed himself with a towel, threw a silk shirt over his shorts and led the way up to the terrace, where a white-gloved waiter had laid out luncheon for eight.

Aly Khan at 19.

It was all just another golden moment in the life of the Golden Prince, who, though born on the 13th of June, 1911, has certainly not found that 13 is an unlucky number.

Prince Aly's luck has served him through many walks of life, for he has always lived fully—and dangerously. As I sat at lunch watching Aly talking volubly, making himself agreeable to all the varied people round his table, it seemed that I was seeing not one person but a man whose restless, dashing character had made him into at least four different people, all rolled into one.

There is the Sporting Aly. This is the man who has broken a leg three times skiing, who has nearly broken his neck flying and motor-racing, who won high praise as a soldier during World War II, who as a gentleman jockey has whipped home more than 100 winners, and who still swims, dives, dances and plays tennis like a professional.

There is the Romantic Aly. A vast parade of lovely women have passed his ken. The newspapers have focused naturally on the major lights of his life—on his well-bred, typically "English Society" first wife, Joan Barbara Yarde-Buller, who was divorced by Thomas Loel E. B. Guinness, M. P., citing Aly as corespondent; and on the whirlwind "round-the-world" romances with Rita Hayworth and Gene Tierney, which have led many people to agree with that classic understatement once made by Rita: "Aly is very nice, but he doesn't really understand family life."

But the big romances have been only a part of the Aly story. An attractive actress has always been something to fascinate him. Britain's Merle Oberon was often a guest at his parties. So was America's Joan Fontaine. From Greece, to dance in Aly's arms, came film star Irene Papas; from Italy, Lia Amanda; from France, the actresses Lise Bourdin and Danièle Delorme.

There is the Businessman Aly. In partnership with his father, Aly manages stud farms in France and Ireland, and has shown himself an astonishingly shrewd judge both of horse-flesh and of cash. Once he laughingly said: "After all, father and I are just a couple of horse-traders. Some people are in this business for fun: we're in it for profit."

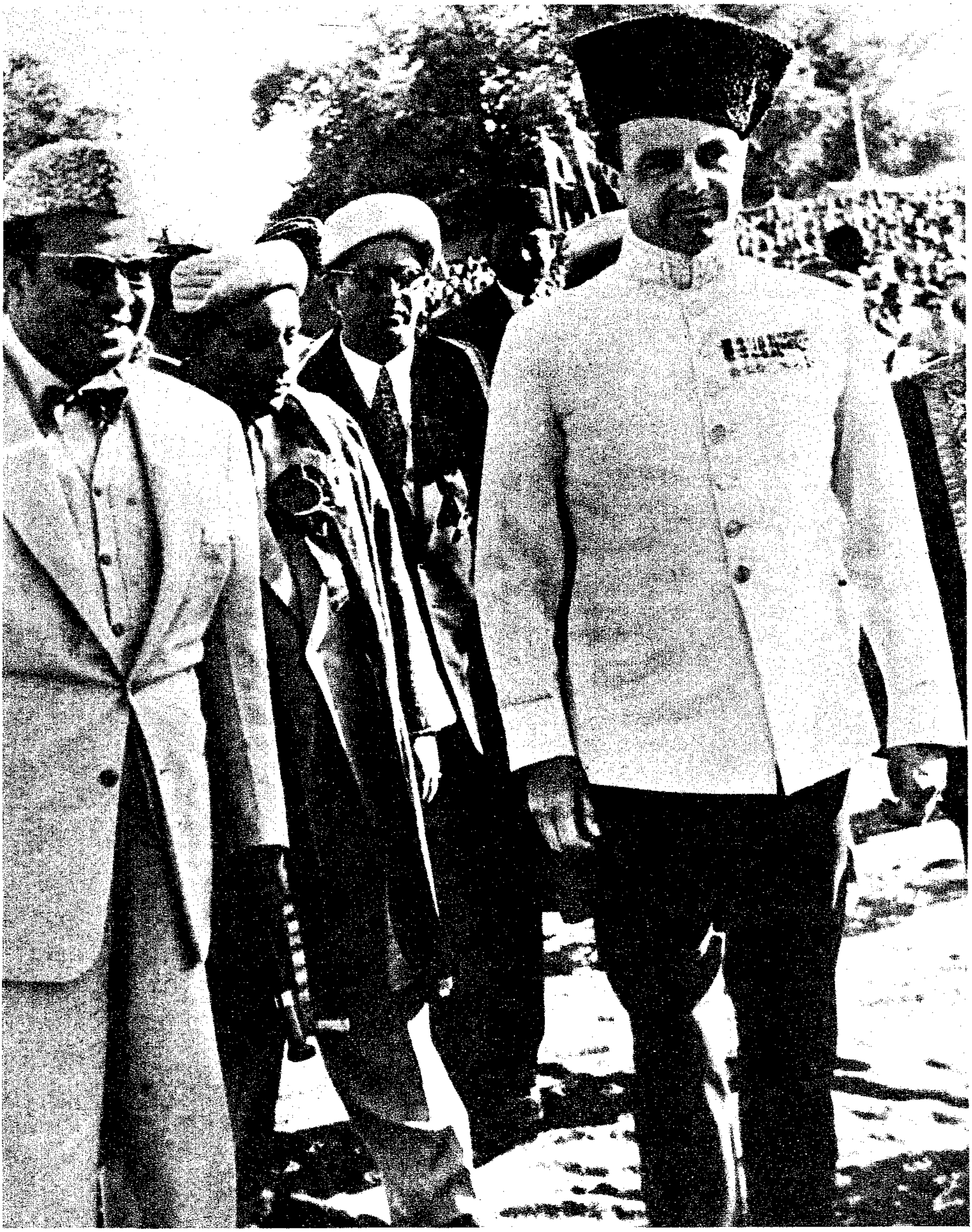
The judgment of father and son on equine matters has seldom let them down. They regularly sell their stud horses for as high as £100,000, and Tulyar, the Derby winner, was sold to the Irish National Stud for the highest price ever paid for a horse—£250,000.

Aly the Religious Leader. As eldest surviving son of the Aga Khan, Aly is natural heir to his father's spiritual leadership of some 10,000,000 Moslems. They regard the Aga as sinless and above the law, and Aly should some day fill that role as well.

The flock of which the dashing Aly should eventually find himself the "Imam," or revered leader, spreads through Pakistan and India, Persia, Burma, Southeast Asia, Africa, Egypt and even Russian Turkestan. On occasion, Aly has dropped his role of European socialite long enough to make preparation for his spiritual role. He has accompanied his father on many trips to his followers in the East, including his latest one this year, when the Aga went to Karachi to be weighed against platinum in commemoration of his 70 years (according to the Muslim Calendar) as Imam of the Ismaili.

Those who have seen Aly in his Eastern robes, earnestly carrying out the rituals of his sect, find it hard to believe that this can be the same suave socialite who in London, Paris and New York jokes

Prince and Prophet picking a winner.



In native dress, Aly watches 76-year-old father receive weight in platinum.

with friends in a faultless Oxford accent and leads Western cafe society in the arts of high living.

Though there is royal Eastern blood in his veins, Aly is actually only part Oriental. Originally he comes from no further East than Turin, Italy, where he was born.

Aly's mother was the second wife of the Aga—a dark and beautiful Italian girl, Signora Theresa Magliano, who married the Aga in 1908 and became a Moslem. Apart from her beauty and rich marriage, the Begum Theresa was a woman distinguished in her own right. She had been an accomplished ballet dancer, then turned her artistic gifts to sculpture.

But soon after Aly's birth, his mother began to show signs of tuberculosis; she died in 1926. The combination of her artistic interests and her increasing illness meant that as Aly grew up, he came to see less and less of his parents—and some people have concluded that here may lie the secret of his present restless, volatile character.

His boyhood years were those of World War I—a period when his father was preoccupied as a Middle East emissary for the British Government. It might have helped had he gone to an English public school and mixed with other boys. Instead, he was educated largely by tutors.

Once, talking of his bringing-up, Aly said with a whimsical smile: "I guess you could say I was educated in the stables." He meant that it was there he first learned to associate with his fellowmen on a basis of easy comradeship.

Gradually, as the war receded and Aly grew older, as his father came to London and gave him backing, the young man found his feet. He was 15 when his mother died, and later he spent some time studying law. London was gay and Aly plunged into its pleasures to the full.

He took a West End house and furnished it in a way that well expressed his character. Tables in the dining-room were illuminated by auto headlights set in the walls, and the long window-ledge was remarkable for a line of colored glass fruit, illuminated from below.

He had a lust for life—and plenty of money. In a single day, Aly spent £23,000 buying racehorses. The younger set of London society flocked to his parties. The elegant Aly was seen everywhere—at first nights, at Ascot and Epsom, at the best nightclubs and restaurants, and at Deauville where he had a villa. The golden days of the Golden Prince were now really beginning.

THE TIME is a late summer evening in the mid-thirties. The scene is a gay dinner party at the villa near the shining white Deauville casino. The theme is the first serious encounter with a woman by the dashing Prince Aly Khan, at that time only 24.

Sitting next to Aly is a tall, slim English girl of about 26. Her pale skin and her slightly haughty manner contrast strongly with his dark Latin liveliness.

The following May, the London society girl and the Prince were quietly married in Paris. After the civil ceremony, the couple drove to the Moslem Mosque for a religious ceremony in the glittering "Hall of Prayers," where, according to cus-

1950: He rode crutches to colt sales.

tom, the party sat on the floor on special carpets. The Aga Khan was present, but there were no friends at either ceremony.

The bride took the Moslem name of Tajudowlah. Two sons, Karim and Amyn, were born to the couple in 1937 and 1938, respectively. But in those golden years when Aly was growing to manhood, it was the double lure of speed and sport which seemed to fascinate the young Prince quite as much as—and perhaps more than—the conquest of beautiful women.

Anything with speed fascinated him then, and has done so ever since. There is a story that during his marriage to Rita Hayworth, Aly once took her to visit a Cairo nightclub. As an Egyptian "tummy-dancer" began her violent gyrations, a malicious woman friend called Rita's attention to the fascinated stare with which Aly was following the movements of the woman's near-naked body.

"You don't understand," said Rita calmly. "What fascinates my husband is revolutions per minute—and it's all the same to him whether it's the r.p.m. of an engine, a racehorse, a roulette wheel—or somebody's stomach."

As a young man, Aly dashed headlong into every sport which came his way. He early took—in Cairo—his plane pilot's license, and before he was 25, he was flying regularly. Once he told me: "One of the things of which I am most proud on the sporting side is that once I made the longest civil flight in history from India in a small private plane. I had one companion pilot, and we did about 10,000 miles—India to Singapore and back."

Prince Aly was schooled in riding by his father's jockey, Michael Beary, and in May, 1930, he had his first mount on an English course. Today, in totalling his record of more than 100 races won, Aly has ridden in France, Ireland, Egypt, Syria and Germany as well as in Britain—and has done so even in postwar years, when he was in his forties.

But nowadays, Aly is better known to the racing world as an owner than rider. The so-called "playboy" has shown both constant determination and an amazing flair for buying a promising horse. How does Aly come by his uncanny gift for spotting a winner? "It's just a knack," he once explained. "Either you've got it or you haven't. I've been brought up among horses and I go to every race meeting I can. Win or lose, I watch the style of a horse and look particularly for hope of improvement.

"People don't realize how seriously my father and I take our horse-breeding business—or what great quantities of dollars we have earned for Britain."

In a lifetime of impulsive actions, the Prince never surprised his friends more completely than he did by the decision he made on the outbreak of World War II in 1939. All his life he had been pleasure-loving, wrapped in luxury, but within a few days of Hitler's invasion of Poland, Aly decided to join one of the toughest, most ruthless bands of fighting men in the world—the French Foreign Legion.

He went to the Legion's desert headquarters at Sidi-bel-Abbès, mixed unassumingly with the strange band of soldiers of fortune who compose the Legion's ranks, learned the art of war the hard way—and apparently found deep satisfaction in doing so.

One of his brother-officers said: "At no time did Aly let it be guessed that he was more wealthy or influential than his companions."

Later in the war, because of his Moslem connections, Aly was sent to the Middle East and served under General Weygand, with headquarters in Beirut, Lebanon. After France collapsed, Aly rushed over the frontier to join the British forces in Palestine. He was quickly put on the air at the Jerusalem radio station and called on Moslems everywhere: "Help Britain with everything in your power!"

After the war, talking of his series of broadcast appeals to the Moslem world, Aly said with a laugh: "I think they must have done good. At any rate, Dr. Goebbels on his radio used to threaten that I would

In uniform, with Sultan of Morocco.

be shot immediately if the Germans ever caught me."

Aly Khan's part in the invasion of Southern France was not spectacular but nonetheless creditable. He came ashore with some of the first troops in the invasion which began on the Riviera coast the night of August 14-15, 1944, and served as British liaison officer to the forces of General Devers, commander of the U. S. 6th Army Group.

For his services during invasion days, Aly received the U.S. Army Bronze Star. From the French, he received both the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre with palms. But the end of the war found Aly with one personal score to settle against the Germans.

When the *Wehrmacht* had occupied France, they had moved some of the Aga Khan's best horses from his French farms to the German National Stud at Altfeld. A few days after VE-Day, Aly borrowed a jeep and horse trailer and went to Altfeld himself. At pistol point he demanded that the Germans return his father's horses. They did, and in four days he managed to bring some of the most valuable ones back to France.

The period of Aly the Soldier was over. Now it was time to become Aly the Playboy again.

When redheaded Margarita Cansino, then 30 and better known as Rita Hayworth, walked into a California travel agency in 1948 and bought a ticket for Europe, she little dreamed of the consequences. She was in the midst of divorce proceedings against her husband, Orson Welles, and she wanted a restful holiday. But soon

Always, it's horses and actresses: he

escorted Rita to the races, then Joan

Fontaine, then pert Danièle Delorme.

Aly is well known for his impeccable taste in dress, but there are times . . .

after Rita's arrival at Cannes, Elsa Maxwell organized one of her "celebrity dinner parties" at the gleaming Palm Beach casino.

Her guests included an admiral, the Marquess of Milford Haven, and the Aly Khan—but she badly needed some feminine "glamor." So she telephoned Rita and persuaded her to attend.

Rita secured a lavish evening dress of white sequins from a shop on the promenade, and went to the party, making a spectacular entrance. Aly was the first to see her at the doorway—and the first words he is recorded as ever having said about Rita were: "Good heavens! What a beautiful woman!"

Rita sat next to Aly at dinner and they danced together most of that evening. When the other guests went into the gambling rooms, Aly took Rita to a nightclub with a terrace overlooking the moonlit Mediterranean.

It was almost a week before she met Aly again. Then, soon after, Rita moved to Cap d'Antibes, and there she was seen by the young Shah of Persia, who was on holiday.

The Shah obtained an introduction and invited Rita to luncheon with him at the Eden Roc Hotel. Rita agreed, and the Shah ordered a special champagne luncheon—and sat at the table waiting. He sat on and on—but Rita never came.

Later he learned that she had changed her mind at the last minute—and had gone instead to lunch with Aly Khan. When Aly heard that Rita had "stood up" the Shah in his favor, he smiled and commented: "Don't worry, darling. I'm sure he'll get over it."

For the next few weeks, Rita spent most of her time with Aly. But he did not sweep her off her feet. Even by the time she returned to the U.S. in the autumn of 1948, she had not made up her mind to marry him. She told a friend: "Aly has asked me if I will marry him when he is free. We talked a great deal about his family, especially about his wife and sons. Aly wants me to meet his wife—but I don't want to do it."

Soon after that came an incident which amazed the world and brought protests from Rita's Hollywood studio that she was earning unfavorable publicity. Aly flew to California to see her. He rented a white bungalow in Beverly Hills, just across the way from Rita's home. To reporters he stoutly declared: "Miss Hayworth and I are just good friends. There exists a wonderful and healthy relationship between us."

NOT LONG AFTER, Rita decided she needed a holiday, and the two good friends set out on a journey which made headlines. They were in Mexico City together in November, when the news came through that Rita's divorce from Welles had become final. They went on for two weeks in Havana. Then they sailed for Cobh, Ireland.

The arrival of Aly and Rita at Cobh on the night before Christmas Eve was itself something like a Hollywood film—a mixture of drama and farce. To curious reporters, Aly replied: "Marriage? I don't know what you mean." And Rita said: "I am spending Christmas with some friends over here: Aly may be there."

In the tender which took them ashore, Aly and Rita sat apart, like strangers. It was long after dawn when the party arrived at Aly's country estate.

After Christmas the strange journey was continued. Elaborate pretenses, which were still maintained, of Rita and Aly being apart always ended in their being together, and everywhere they went, Rita's daughter Rebecca, four, went too. In America, women's clubs protested. In Europe, the press commented on an "undignified spectacle."

In London, Rita and Aly entered the Ritz by different doors—and next morning left again in the same strange way for Mürren, Swiss summer resort.

Aly and Rita spent most of their time at Mürren in discussions about their future. Finally he announced: "I am going to marry Miss Hayworth as soon as I am free to do so." All that was in January, 1949. Aly was divorced in Paris in April. Rita's name was not mentioned. The two boys were confided to the father, with the mother's consent.

After their Swiss holiday, Aly took Rita to Cannes to meet his father, the Aga Khan, and the Begum. Besieged by reporters, the Aga said diplomatically: "I'm charmed with Rita. I know of no one more quiet and ladylike. American women are the most charming in the world."

And Rita cooed admiringly: "The Aga Khan is sweet. I think he's lovely."

So now at last, the stage was set for one of the most fantastic weddings ever seen, even on the Riviera. Aly Khan's Château de l'Horizon is in the district of Vallauris, a little hillside village outside Cannes. The town hall of Vallauris had been specially whitewashed for the wedding ceremony.

Gene Tierney: new princess-to-be?

Crowding around the little building were 100 or more cameramen of all nations, with tough American picture-snatchers cajoling the bride for more and more professional poses. "Aw, come on, Rita, be a gal!" they cried as the newly-created

Violins and champagne corks sounded a duet to celebrate the nuptials.

"Princess" obligingly turned on her best studio smiles.

Rita wore an ice-blue dress by Fath, with a big picture hat. Aly was in a dark jacket with gray-striped trousers. The Aga Khan, immaculate in a white Riviera suit, was there with his spectacular Begum.

Best man was the French General Catroux, in full uniform. There were guests from the East, glittering in Oriental robes and saris; there were guests from Britain, France, America, India, Africa, Syria. There were seven princes, four princesses. All flocked to the wedding reception given at the Château de l'Horizon.

Five trucks had delivered the champagne, caviar, 40 lobsters, 1,500 small cakes. The food was prepared by 18 chefs. There was a guard of 100 men to keep intruders away from the château—and they included a motorboat patrol at sea.

On the roof of the château, as the guests assembled, there were violinists romantically playing "La Vie en Rose," while down by the swimming-pool was a white-suited jazz band answering back with "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Everyone applauded when Rita smilingly cut the wedding cake.

At the end of it all, the guests adjourned for a private projection of Rita's latest film, "The Loves of Carmen," a copy of which had been flown from Paris. Two days later, Rita and Aly were married again, according to Moslem rites. Two Moslem priests flew to Cannes for the ceremony. There were only ten people present, and they included Aly's brother and Rita's daughter Rebecca, with her governess.

To the outside world, it looked as though a wonderful wedding had climaxed a wonderful romance. But a jarring note made itself heard very quickly. From a high spokesman of the Vatican came a brief comment. "The Church will completely ignore this marriage," said he. "As a Catholic, Miss Hayworth should know that her civil marriage has no value in the eyes of the Church."

THE MARRIAGE of Aly and Rita, which began like a romance from the Arabian Nights, ended ignominiously less than two years later in tears, protests and recriminations. What really went wrong?

Basically the trouble was that Rita never realized, until it was too late, that despite his Western ways, Aly has always remained much of an Oriental insofar as his attitude toward women is concerned. And his restless, volatile nature makes any woman's life with him a series of uncertainties and surprises.

Charming, intelligent, generous and lively as Aly may be, nobody ever knows just what he is going to do next. His life has been a search for a change, new experiences, fresh sources of excitement. Once, speaking of a woman whom he had known well for a considerable time, Aly told a friend, "You must agree that if you have been going around with the same woman for months and months, she no longer stimulates you as much as she did when you both first met."

Rita, a shy, tense person off the screen, simply could not support the restless pace of life with Aly and his gay friends. The self-made girl from America felt lonely and strange in Aly's world of racehorses, rich European pleasure-seekers and Eastern followers of the Ismaili cult. To the hard-working actress, it seemed a long way from Hollywood to the extravagant palace at Cannes where she was installed as a showpiece.

Even at her wedding, among all the brilliant guests there had been only a single one who could be listed definitely as "friend of the bride," and that was Lee Elroy, Rita's business manager. All the rest of the guests had been "friends of the bridegroom"—strangers to Rita.

For a girl who was a star in her own right, too, it was hard to be asked to play constantly a secondary role. And Aly, so it seemed to his friends, always regarded his new wife not as the Rita Hayworth the world knew but as "Princess Aly Khan." He spoke of her as "Princess Margarita" because he did not like the name of Rita.

On the material side, of course, Aly made Rita's life everything that most women dream about. He gave her a £4,000-a-year dress allowance. He took her on an unbroken round of pleasure in Paris and London, and everywhere she went she was feted like a queen.

In that gay, bewildering summer

Aly with the infant Princess Yasmin.

of 1949 after her marriage, Rita, always in new hats and dresses and loaded with jewelry, went on a perpetual 'round of parties, fashion shows and race meetings. Aly gave her a two-year-old filly, which won a race at Le Tremblay. With the Aga Khan, the Begum and Aly, she went to England for the racing season. At the Derby, she backed the winner. But trouble was already on its way for Rita and Aly, and the first signs of it came that autumn at the time of the birth of their daughter, Yasmin.

Aly spared no trouble or expense in the preparations which he made for this happy event. He installed Rita and himself in the luxurious Palace Hotel at Lausanne, and booked a room for Rita at the famous Montchoisi maternity home, where she was put in the care of a prominent gynecologist. He hired a 15-room chalet at Gstaad, installed new bathrooms and redecorated one room as a nursery. Then he and Rita settled down in Lausanne to wait for the baby to come.

But to restless Aly, the six weeks of waiting for Rita to enter the clinic seemed long and, however devoted he tried to be as a husband, rather tedious. As the weeks went by—and Rita's appearances became more and more rare—she preferred to remain quietly in her hotel—Aly became visibly restive. No longer content to sit with his wife and keep her company, he began skiing at Gstaad. To his friends on the ski-slopes, he frankly said: "I'm getting tired of this hanging about." Once he admitted: "I'm bored stiff."

For Rita the time of waiting seemed long, too—but there was nothing she could do about it.

Finally the great night arrived Rita was rushed to the clinic from a back door of her hotel, to avoid the reporters who had gathered in Lausanne for the event. Baby Yasmin was born on December 28, 1949.

Aly emerged from the clinic tousled but triumphant, and blandly told reporters: "It's true that the baby is seven weeks premature but that is nothing unusual in our family."

A new city, a new night club, a new

Soon after that, the family moved to the villa at Gstaad. There were some happy days. Rita and Yasmin lay on the verandah in the sun; Aly satisfied his boundless energy by skiing.

Then, early in 1950, the idyll was broken. While skiing, Aly fell and broke a leg. Rita, who had been visiting friends in Lausanne, rushed back to Gstaad. Later, painfully walking with the aid of canes, Aly joked with his friends: "I guess I'm being paid back for all my sins."

Then, in the autumn of 1950, Aly suddenly suggested: "Let's go on a real good trip—let's make it a second honeymoon." As it turned out, it was this "honeymoon" which hastened the final break between them. All through the trip, they did not do what Rita really liked, but what Aly, full of good intent, thought she ought to like.

First they went to Madrid for a round of bullfights and nightclubs. Then on to Casablanca, Marrakech and Cairo, to which Rita had to fly, although she has a dread of planes. In Cairo, Aly was surrounded by his Mohammedan friends and spent much time playing cards at the Mohammed Ali Club. And there was also King Farouk.

The portly royal playboy formed an instantaneous admiration for Rita—and he was accustomed in those days to getting what he wanted. One night, at a New Year's Eve party at the Racing Club, there was a scene when he tried to force his attentions on the glamorous film star.

To escape the King's amorous aims, Rita and Aly went on to Luxor. But Rita's pleasure on the romantic River Nile was marred by the fact that Aly was now taking with him everywhere on the trip, four of his Mohammedan friends, with whom he played bridge.

But the "honeymoon days" which really put an end to the marriage were those of February, 1951, which the couple spent in Kenya and Madagascar. Part of that fatal trip was a camping visit to the jungle. Aly hired 50 porters with 30 tents before he set out to brave the wilderness.

Rita did not care for jungle life. She was frightened of lions. She was piqued by the fact that even in the wilds, Aly went on with his interminable bridge-playing.

beauty—but Aly is still Aly, elegant, debonair, and perhaps lonely.

Worse still was the time Rita spent in Nairobi, for it was there that she learned what Prince Aly Khan's religious position with his followers really entailed. When Aly's plane arrived at Nairobi, it was besieged by a cheering crowd of thousands of his followers, shouting and pleading for his blessing. They heaped gifts upon him, from jewels and coins to large checks.

For the most part, Rita was able to meet nobody but the women at the Ismaili sect, and these she had to entertain as befitted the wife of an Ismaili leader.

"Obviously she had to do this," Aly said to me afterwards. "After all, that was what we were there for."

Rita's first function was to judge

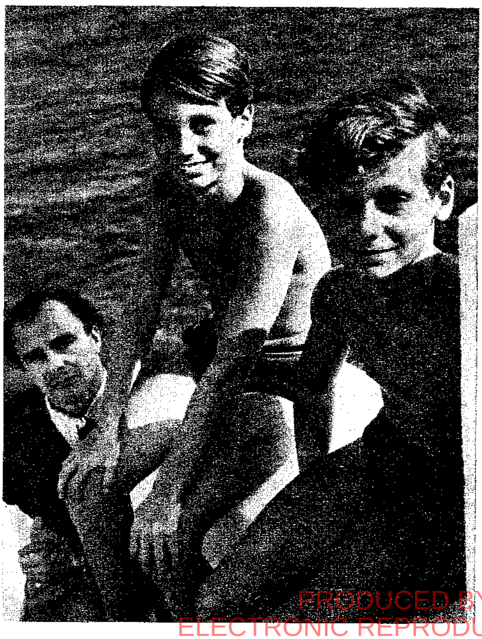
a baby show organized by the Ismaili community. For an hour or more she stood with a forced smile in an overheated room, surrounded by hundreds of yelling children and perspiring Mohammedan mothers, all talking loudly in Gujarati.

While Aly went off on another trip, Rita stayed in his Kenya home. Later she joined him at Mombasa—and ran into more disappointments. She longed to go swimming, but agitated Ismaili leaders begged her not to do so.

"An Ismaili princess must on no account show her form," they told the girl whom the world had known as Hollywood's No. 1 pin-up.

The finish came when Aly flew off on one of his religious visits to Lourenço Marques in Portuguese East Africa. From there he sent word to Rita that he would meet her in Nairobi and that she should fly there without delay.

Aly's sons: what will they be like?



Despite her fear of planes, Rita did so—and found herself flying through a terrifying tropical storm. When she landed, frightened and dishevelled, all she found was a laconic message saying that Aly and some friends had flown off again to the jungle for some hunting and would be back in a week.

White-faced and furious, Rita waited only long enough to write Aly a note and give it to the pilot of his private plane. In essence, the note said: "I have had enough."

Next day Aly flew back to Nairobi, just in time to see his Rita boarding an airliner for Cairo. The liner was held up while Aly and Rita talked. To friends, Aly afterwards recounted:

"Rita told me she needed to go back to the Château de l'Horizon at Cannes to rest quietly for a time. I agreed. At that moment I had no idea that she did not intend to come back to me. What happened afterwards was a complete surprise."

The rest of the story was mostly anti-climax. Rita went to Hollywood and tried to bury her troubles in work, making a new film, "Affair in Trinidad." Aly, back in Paris, tried to forget Rita in a round of parties and race-meetings. He went to parties with the French film actress Lise Bourdin. At the Cannes Film Festival, he danced with the Greek actress Irene Papas. He took Joan Fontaine to an Elsa Maxwell party in Paris.

But Rita and Aly still wrote to each other regularly and neither, it seems, could quite believe that the break was final.

So in August, 1952, Aly went off once more to Hollywood to meet Rita, taking with him five packages of toys and books for daughter Yasmin. Said Rita to the press: "Aly will be more than welcome." Said Aly: "I have definitely come to get my wife back."

The new idyll was brief but dramatic. There were meetings and talks. And there was one night which nearly reconciled the couple. That was when Yasmin swallowed some sleeping-pills, thinking they were candy, and had to be rushed to the hospital.

Momentarily united in distress, the two parents walked up and down the waiting-room together for hours until the doctor said all would be well. Aly flew back to Paris to attend to his racehorses, and it was understood that Rita would follow him. She sailed for Le Havre in September, and was met there by Aly's car, which drove her straight to his Paris house.

Alas, for any hopes that Rita may have had that she was returning to a new and reformed Aly—a steady husband who would appreciate some quiet evenings by the fireside. The moment she arrived at Aly's home she found it full of houseguests.

Just as before, life with Aly proved to be an endless round of people—strangers to Rita—and extravagant parties. Finally, Rita took her last decision. She moved out of his house to a hotel and announced: "I'm bored with Aly's entourage."

Not long after, she flew back to New York and went ahead with her divorce plans. In January, 1953, she was awarded a decree by a Nevada court. The divorce was granted on the grounds of "mental cruelty," and the court awarded $48,000 a year against Aly for the upkeep of Yasmin. That award was the subject of long subsequent legal discussion.

How distressed was Aly by all this? No one will ever know, except Aly himself. But, if he had lost his battle for Rita, life at least was holding out to him some consolation prizes. For he welcomed in that New Year of 1953 at a gay party in a Cannes nightclub. And at midnight that night, he celebrated the passing of the old year—and of his old love—with a kiss planted on the smooth cheek of a new light of his life, film star Gene Tierney.

ALMOST BEFORE Aly had finished playing his part in the drama of Rita, he had launched himself on a new romance which, at least in its opening stages, was extremely like a remake of the Hayworth story. This time the leading role was played by Gene Tierney, brunette beauty from Brooklyn, who at 32 had gone far in films.

It was in the Argentine that Gene and Aly first met. Aly had flown there on racehorse business. Gene was making a film, "The Way of a Gaucho." It was the end of 1951, some six months after Rita had announced in New York her plans for a separation; just over a year before Rita obtained her Reno divorce.

Gene went to talk to Aly at a party because, she later explained, she had a message to give him from one of his female admirers.

They met again during 1952 in London, and they met later on in Paris. In the summer and early autumn of that year, Aly was preoccupied with his efforts at a reconciliation with Rita. But once the reconciliation had failed and Rita had gone back finally to the U.S., Aly seemed to rebound with characteristically high speed back to Gene. Together they saw the New Year in at Cannes.

Gene had come far since she first appeared on the New York stage at the age of 20. Now it looked as if she would go much further. But, of course, there was first a period of strenuous denials on both sides.

Aly went on a brief visit to Pakistan on his father's affairs—then suddenly in May turned up at his Giltown stud farm in Ireland—the same farm to which he had taken Rita and her daughter, and where, very long ago, he had spent happy days with his first wife.

With him for "a quiet holiday" went Gene Tierney. She seemed to take happily to country life, inspecting Aly's stables and posing happily for photographers astride some of his horses.

All that summer Gene and Aly were inseparable. Gene, less shy and highly strung than Rita, mixed easily with all Aly's varied guests and adapted herself to his quick-motion way of life. It was easier for her than it had been for Rita. She had been partly educated in Europe, and was no stranger to its ways.

But the idyll came to an abrupt end. In December, 1953, Gene was suddenly in Paris telling reporters that she was flying back to the U.S. "to consider a marriage proposal that Aly made nearly eight months ago"—which would mean at the time they were together in Ireland. Aly studiously said nothing at all.

Three months later, Gene was still on the other side of the Atlantic, but in March, 1954, she and her mother went on a visit to Tijuana, Mexico, and Aly suddenly arrived there, too. Two days later Gene announced: "I am engaged to Aly Khan, and I hope to marry him within six months in France."

Aly said nothing. He flew back to France, and when reporters asked about Gene, his lips were sealed.

Across the Atlantic Gene said nothing more. She was busy in Hollywood making a mystery film, "Black Widow," and no one would predict what direction the romance would take. Meanwhile, Aly flew to New York to meet briefly with Rita and attorneys in the custody battle over little Yasmin, amid threats by Bartley Crum, Rita's counsel, that he might subpoena Aly's "current and other girl friends" in an effort to show that Aly's home life wasn't especially suited to the rearing of a little daughter.

Aly spent last spring and summer in France with a variety of new friends. But when, on June 21, he drove for the first time in trotting races at Vincennes, there was no girl friend to cheer him.

Have 43 years of high living and a career of adventure and romance taught Aly Khan—that strange mixture of worldly playboy, shrewd businessman and sentimentalist—any philosophy of life?

The sentimentalist must have been uppermost the day I asked him bluntly what lesson, if any, he had learned from life. He replied:

"I should say that the greatest satisfaction in life comes from showing kindness to other people. That doesn't necessarily mean giving them money—it may mean just showing them consideration." And he appeared to be completely sincere as he said it.

TREES OF CHARACTER

A famous psychologist presents a simple test to reveal hidden secrets of your personality

by **DR. OSCAR N. MYER**

Since the turn of the century, psychology has made great progress in judging personality traits—those little individual characteristics that make you tick. One method is the well-known Rorschach Test in which the subject is asked to tell what he sees in a series of ink-blots. His responses constitute the basis for an evaluation of personality.

Another method asks the test-person to draw a picture, for it has been established that the same inner drives and feelings that direct his responses to a given image also direct him in drawing a picture.

Based on the generally recognized fact that a drawing is a projection of the inner self of its maker, the Swiss psychologist Karl Koch developed a new method called "The Tree Test" which has proved astonishingly accurate as a personality evaluator.

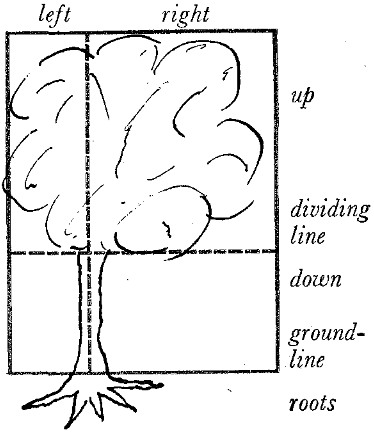
The test is simple. But before you read further, take a pencil and on a standard-size sheet of writing paper draw a fruit tree—any fruit tree—from memory. You may use the whole sheet, and it does not matter whether you can draw or not. The positioning of your drawing on the paper as well as the details of the tree indicate how you orient yourself unconsciously in space.

In all human cultures, the term "up" symbolizes the spiritual sphere, the world of ideas; "down" is the terrestrial, the experiences which connect us with earth.

The symbolic value of "left" tends backwards and is related to the past, while "right," or forward, is directed into the future.

In order to make it easier to recognize the distribution in space of your test-tree, draw a line parallel to the vertical edge of the sheet through the middle of the trunk, and another parallel to the horizontal edge of the sheet through the dividing point between trunk and crown, as pictured below:

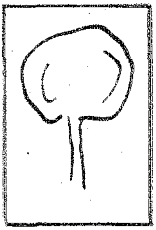
There are, of course, many aspects of this test which have to be related for a detailed scientific analysis, but the primary approaches given here are sufficient grounds for a basic interpretation.

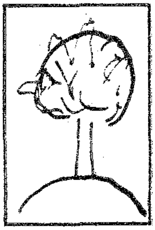


Applying the following examples to the tree you have drawn will show how the result corresponds to your own personality.

The tree shows roots: indicates that subject is earthbound, heavy, not given to speculation and inconsiderate acts.

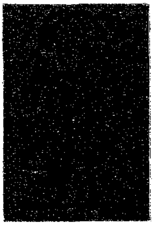
Tree has neither roots nor a crossline to indicate the ground: subject has a lack of self-consciousness. Actions are not based on well-founded principles. Opportunist.





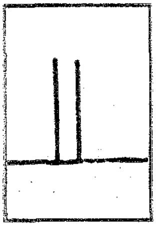
Tree stands on a hill-shaped groundline: subject puts himself on a pedestal, isolates himself or feels isolated. Social contacts are disturbed.

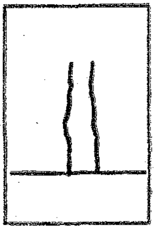
Short trunk and large crown: strong self-consciousness, ambition, desire for recognition and pride.



Long trunk and small crown: retarded development. This tree-form is typical in children's drawings.

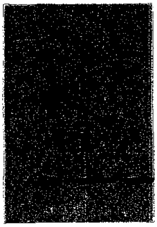
Trunk consists of two straight and parallel lines: stickler for exactness, matter-of-factness, unimaginative and stiff.

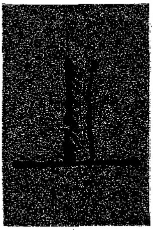




Trunk consists of two parallel but wavy lines: vivacity and easy accommodation to given circumstances.

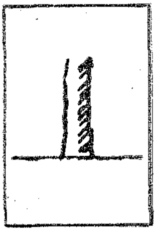
Trunk drawn with interrupted short strokes: irritability, more intuitive than deductive thinking.

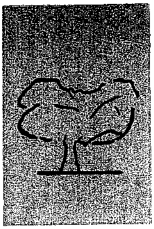




Trunk shaded on the left side: introverted disposition and inhibitions.

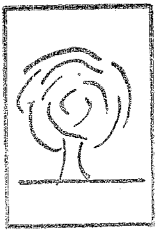
Trunk shaded on the right side: extraverted disposition and willingness to get in contact with environment.

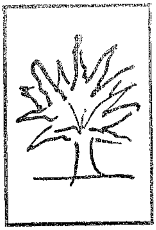




Crown flattened: inhibitions resulting from outside pressure, inferiority feelings, mental heaviness.

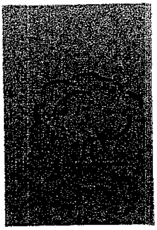
Crown in concentric circles: secretiveness, lack of activity, self-complacency, introversion.





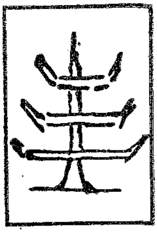
Crown an array of branches: industriousness, enterprise, initiative, extraversion.

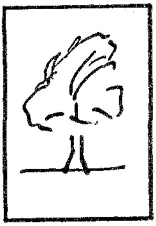
Crown like a cloud: imagination, dreaminess, emotionality, lack of energy.



Crown a cluster of curls: enthusiasm, communicativeness, sociability, talkativeness.

Tree drawn as espalier, or trellis: bound in tradition, formality, self-discipline, constructive talents, but also artificiality.



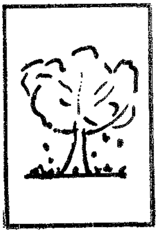


Tree tends to the right: sociability, emotionality, trust in the future, expressiveness, activity.

Tree tends to the left: control, reserve, precaution, egotism, fear of the future.

Crown shows fruit: Good observation, striving for material gains, realism.

Falling leaves or fruit under tree: sensibility, perceptive capacity, resignation, lack of firmness.



Your design may be a combination of several of the ones shown, since your personality will be a composite of the traits listed.

A heartwarming answer to the "moderns" who assert that the American family is tottering

FOREVER HOME

by **Channing Pollock**

WHAT ALWAYS AMUSES ME is the idea of the advanced thinkers in each generation that, between now and next Thursday, they're going to change all our customs and abolish our most ancient institutions. Even a mere child like myself has lived long enough, and read widely enough, to learn that if "Rome wasn't built in a day," neither is it destroyed in a night.

Things rooted deep in human instinct—that were rooted in animal instinct before we became human—are not to be uprooted in any such instant of infinity as a generation or a mere millennium. And the deepest of all these instincts is that which produced the home and the family. That, of course, goes back far beyond the beginnings of civilization and is as strong among the not-so-dumb animals as among the Lords of Creation.

The fat brown chipmunk who lives just outside my bathroom in the country, and sits on the window sill enthralled by my shaving, has that instinct as compellingly as I. "The cat came back" stories are as old as the race. Last summer, a feline that had adopted us, and gave evidence of impending multiplication, was motored ten miles to a butcher who adored cats and gave this one a refuge at least as comfortable as our own. She returned to us for breakfast on the second day. Home was home, she insisted, and no strange house became home merely because it was warm and rich in vitamins.

Each generation produces its squad of "moderns" with peashooters to attack Gibraltar. And because they make a terrible racket, and most of us who love our homes and families do not, each generation concludes that, in all probability, these establishments are tottering.

Not long ago I lunched with two editors and another author. He was a bright young fellow who had been married three years and said that was a long time, but seemed longer. When he had delivered himself of a dozen similar witticisms, he got down to autobiography in a big way and told us that he and his wife had a two-room flat just west of Washington Square.

No responsibilities, you understand; no meals at home, and no children, or anything. They kept

From Guideposts in Chaos, by Channing Pollock. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. Copyright, 1952, by the author.

their books in the ice-box, and their gin and vermouth under the radio. Friends dropped in for cocktails almost every evening and told one another about the stupidity of the human race. Afterward, they dined at a cafeteria or a night-club, depending upon the state of the budget, and worked if they felt like it.

The wife earned more, but they divided expenses equally, and had no antediluvian notions about "restrictive morality." They were quite untrammeled, in fact, except that our friend had got into an entanglement with another free soul in the next block and couldn't get out of it. Women were all alike, when you came to that, and marriage, even in as favorable an aspect as his, was a monotonous, soul-destroying and heart-wearying business. Nobody he knew had made a success of it, and some of them had tried as many as five times. Did we know about anybody "happy though married"?

Apparently we didn't, for no one answered, and our friend hurried off to take a manicure girl to the theater. Then the oldest of our party remarked, "Darn fool!"—or approximately that—and we began discussing another subject. An hour later, we discovered that one of us had been married ten years, another thirty-five years, and the third forty years, without feeling locked in or eager for a change. And I wanted to know why nobody had said that to the young gentleman who had found everything wrong, even with marriage *a la carte.*

"What's the use?" said the oldest of us. "I don't want to trot out my private life and my most sacred convictions before an idiot like that."

"Perhaps not," I answered. "And perhaps that's the way Peter felt when the cock crowed three times."

I'm afraid I crow a good deal about the joys of what James Whitcomb Riley sang as "a wee cot—the cricket's chirr—love and the smiling face of her."

"How do you find anything new to say on the subject?" another author's wife asked me recently. And, of course, the answer is, "I don't."

There isn't anything new to say about anything important. How could there be? The Library of Congress records at least 10,000 books every year. There are millions of lecturers in this country—or, perhaps, it only seems that way. If everybody talks as much as we do, the number of words uttered daily by the two billion inhabitants of this planet must run into sums inexpressible by figures.

One might conceivably think up a fresh wisecrack about the latest gadget or journalistic item, but there's probably nothing new about birth, love, hunger and death, and there's certainly nothing new about God. Shall we, therefore, stop discussing earth and heaven?

The fact is that nobody's very much interested in new things. It's much the same, I think, with home and the family. That George, Jr., took his first steps last Sunday, or that little Lena said something that sounded almost like a word, is of vital and eternal importance to George, Sr., and Mrs. George, but to no one else. A hundred centuries or more after housekeeping began, any normal woman will spend hours gladly in conference as to a recipe or a rubber plant, and any normal man will swap memoirs of last night's menu or the time someone threw away his favorite robe that was more holey than righteous.

If this is true of these minutiae, how much more true is it of the ever-changing pattern of domestic relations—the tender, trying partnership of husband, wife and children? Here we are in a field of eternal experiment, of discoveries old as mankind, and yet always new.

Then, too, as I have said of everything else, what's ancient history to you may be news to me. Twice, I have sat with judges in courts of domestic relations and wondered at the simplicity of problems that had brought families to the point of dissolution. After one of these mornings, a magistrate told me that, in his opinion, a third of our divorces could have been prevented by a few words of wisdom spoken in time.

Marriage is a great institution, and no family should be without it. Whatever cheap cynics may say, home is the most popular, and will be the most enduring, of all earthly establishments. Many of us don't realize how completely it is the beginning and the end of our striving.

We are like that couple in California who found their dwelling unsatisfactory and decided to move. Soon after, they saw an advertisement that offered a house for sale and were so attracted that they resolved to buy it. When they wrote to the agent, they discovered that the house they wanted to buy was their own. It hadn't seemed like that to them until they read the description written by an outsider.

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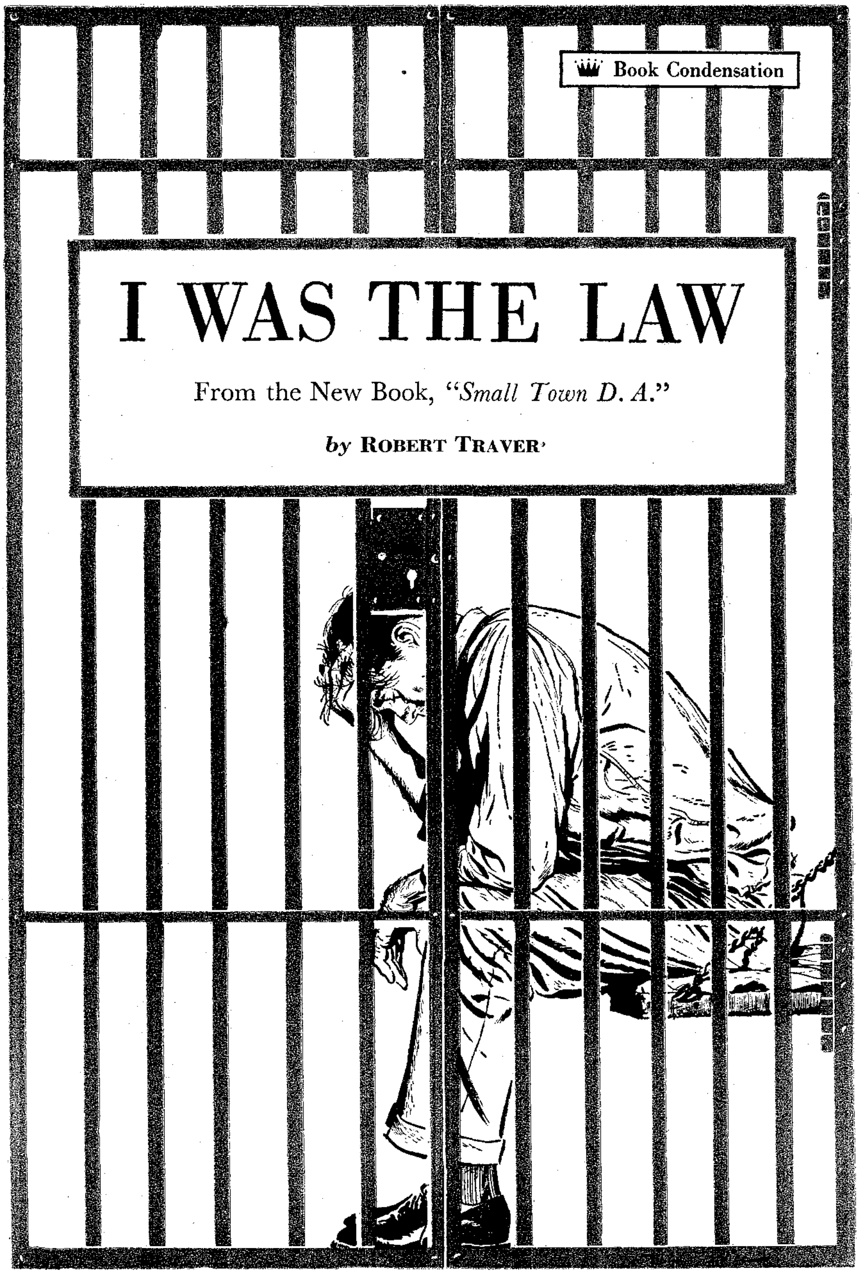
Book Condensation

I WAS THE LAW

From the New Book, "*Small Town D. A.*"

by **ROBERT TRAVER**



From *Small Town D.A.* by Robert Traver. Published at $3.00 by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York. Copyright, 1954, by Robert Traver.

The district attorney in any community is inevitably in daily collision with life at its most elemental level. His job is somewhat like that of a young hospital intern on Saturday-night ambulance call: he is constantly witnessing the naked emotions of people—raw and bleeding.

By virtue of his job, the D. A. is keeper of the public conscience, a sort of father confessor to his people. Before him in an unending line tramp the foolish and the wise, the fox and the lamb, the wrongdoer and the wronged, the arrogant and the bewildered, the informer and the reformer.

In this book I propose to tell you some of my experiences and observations, in court and out, during my 14 years as D.A. If I have drawn any large conclusions from these dramatic years of watching my fellow men in trouble and in suffering, then certainly the outstanding one is a firm belief in the essential goodness and toughness of human nature. —The Author

WHEN I FIRST became D. A. of my native town in Michigan, there was a fabulous old criminal lawyer still practicing called Old Crocker. In his day he had been the Clarence Darrow of the Peninsula, the victorious hero of hundreds of criminal defenses. He had also been a constant thorn in the side of my predecessors in office.

By the time I arrived upon the scene, he was a very old man; crotchety, deaf and alcoholic, his day nearly done. He sat at home with his Shakespeare, his whiskey and his memories, shouting at his equally deaf old housekeeper. But occasionally the old war horse could be lured out of retirement if the fee was large enough and if the case or the defendant happened to interest him.

Old Crocker was more familiarly known among the legal profession as Willie the Weeper. Besides his booming bass voice, tears were the secret of his success; he wept his way through every trial; and for years, sniffling jurors had been applauding his histrionics with verdicts of acquittal.

About all I can remember of the particular trial was that the case was a rape case in the classic tradition: the defendant was a wandering married man who wouldn't take no for an answer, and the girl wouldn't say yes. All during the trial I felt the same thrill to be pitted against the grand Old Crocker that a young actor might feel given his first walk-on part with one of the Barrymores.

Despite his age and deafness (he disdained wearing a hearing aid), Willie was still good on examination, especially cross-examination. But as the trial wore on, it was plain to see that he wasn't too much interested in the facts of his case; facts were for fools and young D. A.s. He was waiting for the third and final act—the jury argument—when the great Crocker himself, ignoring mundane facts, could strut and fret and fume and shout and weep down all opposition.

When he finally had his man on

the stand, he paused, cleared his throat and suddenly asked his client: "Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Is your woman stickin' with you in your trouble?" In court, Old Crocker, really a well-educated man, frequently affected the cracker-barrel talk of a small-town merchant.

"Yes."

"Is your woman here in court?"

"Yes."

"Will you point her out?"

"Sure." Pointing.

"Will you ask her to stand up?"

"Stand up, Amanda," the witness ordered.

Amanda obediently stood up, a plump, matronly, pleasant-looking woman in her late thirties. In her arms she held the sweetest golden-haired baby I'd ever seen. "Goo," gurgled the baby. The women on the jury cooed with adoration.

"So that's your woman standin' there, holdin' the infant?"

"Yes."

"Tell her to sit down!" old Crocker barked.

"Sit down, Amanda!"

Amanda sat down.

All this obvious play for sympathy had nothing to do with the case, and I doubtless could have successfully objected to it.

But I knew that the jury was consumed with curiosity and would have resented my blocking its gratification, so I remained silent. It was one of Crocker's oldest tricks: if I objected, I made the jury mad at me; if I remained silent, he made his point. Either way, he won.

When it came my turn to cross-examine the defendant, deaf Old Crocker didn't even deign to come over and stand near his client so that he could hear my questions and the answers. Instead, he sat at his table putting on a diverting sideshow. Half the time the absorbed jury sat looking at him rather than listening to the exasperated D. A.

As I monotonously examined the defendant, who blandly denied everything, something in the back of my mind kept bothering me, striking a faint warning bell which seemed to chime: "Traver, aren't you overlooking something? Think, Traver, think!"

Suddenly it came to me: of course, the little golden-haired baby! Old Crocker had barely mentioned the baby. I and everyone had naturally assumed that it was the defendant's child. *But was it?* And why had crafty old Crocker neglected to cover such an important sentimental point in his corny bid for sympathy?

I glanced at Old Crocker, who was busy rearranging a silk handkerchief in his lapel pocket. Then I drew near the defendant and lowered my voice. Just as Old Crocker didn't want to listen to me, so now I wanted to make sure he couldn't hear me. Even the jury had to pay close attention to hear.

"That baby your wife is holding—is it your child?" I asked.

The witness glanced anxiously at oblivious Old Crocker, who was now elaborately swallowing a crop of white pills. "No, it isn't," he answered.

"Perhaps the child is adopted?"

"No."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"I haven't the faintest notion."

"Is the child any relation to you or your wife?"

"Not that I know of."

"Hm . . . Do you and she have any children?"

"No."

"Does your wife work?"

"Yes."

"Is she self-supporting?"

"Yes."

"Do you and she live together?"

"No, we're separated. Over five years . . ."

All this was equally objectionable, but oblivious Old Crocker had partially opened the taboo subject and I felt I had an equal right to exhaust and close it.

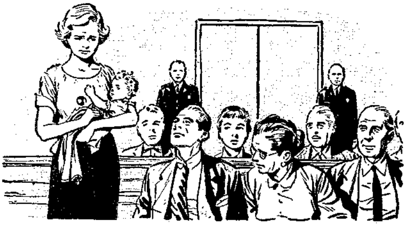
"Why is the child here?"

Shrugging: "You got me. I don't know." Innocently: "My lawyer asked my wife to bring a small baby to court. They made their own arrangements. She and I ain't talking . . ."

So the baby was just a Crocker stage prop. The diabolical old goat!

I turned to the jury to make sure they had heard all this. From their quick glances at each other and their broad smiles, I knew they had been listening. I then turned quickly to the judge and said in a loud voice: "That's all. No further questions of this witness."

Old Crocker got up, gracefully flowed his silk handkerchief through his forefinger and thumb, and then trumpeted: "May it please the Court, the defense rests!"



"Very well, gentlemen, you may proceed with your arguments," Judge Belden said, smiling gravely.

My opening argument was brief and routine. Old Crocker came over and stood listening to it, cupping his ear. I felt flattered. I was also pleased that he had had no time to exchange vital statistics with his client. Acting on a hunch I could not then have explained, I was careful to at no point refer to the defendant's wife or the baby she held. I simply reviewed the facts in the case and sat down.

OLD CROCKER AROSE and bowed low to the judge—"may it please the court"—and strode before the jury like an arthritic old Roman senator. "Esteemed members of the jury," he began in that melodious soothing voice, like a pipe organ warming up. Then he was away. . . . The oratory came from him like sap from a girdled maple tree in May. He discussed everything under the sun but the facts in his case: quotations from Shakespeare, the roll of drums at Valley Forge, the spat of muskets, Betsy Ross and the furling flag, the deathless Constitution, the dampness of those gray prison walls, the defendant's lonely wife, the empty home with the lamp gleaming in the window . . .

Sometimes the voluptuous rhetoric itself grew inaudible and there was just the deep growl and boom of the Voice, vibrant and muttering . . . I found myself nodding. It was a form of hypnosis.

"Ah, yes, the hearth, the home!" he repeated dramatically, slowly savoring these folk-laden words. At this point he sniffed and produced his silk handkerchief and buried his face in it—and promptly emerged miraculously convulsed with tears. He pointed tearfully at the defendant's wife. "Who's going to take care of this little mother and her suckling babe?" he quavered tremulously. It was superb!

At this point—and equally miraculously—the suckling babe let out a sudden stricken wail, for all the world as though some one had deliberately stuck a pin in it.

Judge Belden frowned. Old Crocker was too absorbed with his big scene to observe that a hard-hearted jury was convulsed with mirth. On and on boomed Old Crocker, picturing the sad fate of the little mother and her suckling babe. "Breathes there a man or woman on this jury with soul so dead," he wept, "who can bear on his conscience the knowledge that by his guilty verdict, he will have torn this innocent man from the loving grasp of this little mother and the tiny plucking fingers of this bereft infant?" He paused and straightened. "Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you and may God bless you."

Old Crocker turned and strode, tearless, back to his pills. By this time, some of the jurors were stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths and hiding their faces behind their hands. It was my closing turn to talk. But what was there to say? I slowly rose to my feet.

"The people waive any closing argument," I announced, and slumped down. Enough was enough. Far from feeling any sense of triumph, my main feeling was one of embarrassment and guilt: embarrassment that a venerable old lawyer—whose reputation I had esteemed for years—could make such a gorgeous ass out of himself and his profession; and guilt that I had to be a party to the old Roman's decline and fall.

Verdict: alas, the plucking fingers of the suckling babe were torn from its borrowed foster-father. Old Crocker retired permanently to his Shakespeare, whiskey and pills.

THE PROSECUTION of a criminal case, to a convicted defendant at least, consists of a series of little public hangings, each a sort of death in miniature: arrest, preliminary examination, arraignment, trial, conviction, sentence, commitment to prison . . .

The most depressing time for most D. A.'s is the imposing of sentence on those who stand convicted of crime. This is the time when the chips are really down. I shall never forget those gloomy sessions—the poor convicted devils herded into the jury box, all under guard, each glumly waiting for the judge to call him up and utter the few magic words that meant either freedom or prison.

The rest of the courtroom would be filled with families and relatives. They always sat in little huddled islands of silent watchfulness. Unless some particular case had attracted wide notoriety, the rest of the public stayed away. They were only interested in the drama and dirt of a trial; in the noisy clash of opposing lawyers; they wanted no part of the tears.

As the hour for sentencing approached, the place would grow hushed. You could usually pick out a mother or a wife in the crowd; she would sit there so terribly still with dread, so trance-like and dry-eyed, waiting and waiting for the law to take its course. Then—the crowd would stir electrically—the heavy door of the judge's chambers would open and Judge Belden would slowly enter and gravely take his seat on the bench.

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye!" the sheriff would intone as everyone stood up, "the Circuit Court for the County of Iron Cliffs is now in session!" Then he would bang his gavel and everyone would sit down but the D.A., who would remain standing. It was all part of an old ritual.

"May it please the Court," the D.A. would say, following the quaint rigmarole, "the People now move for judgment of sentence on the convicted respondents."

"Very well," his honor would say, "the motion is granted." He would then open his notebook and consult his term docket and ascertain the first name. Then: "James Jorick will come forward and stand before the Court for sentence."

One of the guarding jailers would frantically motion the defendant Jorick to stir, and Jorick would stride defiantly or shuffle up before the judge and stand there, silently awaiting his fate.

"Do you, James Jorick, now have anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you?" Belden would ask, his face grown suddenly as gray as a prison wall. I do not believe he ever liked the sentencing ceremony any more than I ever enjoyed watching it.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the doomed defendant would mumble "no" or merely shake his head. Sometimes I wondered why the poor fellows did not jump and rail and scream at the trap that life was closing upon them. But no, these voiceless ones seemed finally stricken mute by the accumulated pressure of Society.

Then, one day, one of them did speak out . . .

"Do you now have anything to say . . ." Judge Belden began, asking the usual fateful question of a confessed embezzler who stood before him.

"I do, Your Honor," he said quietly.

"Very well," Belden said, not unkindly, "you may proceed."

The defendant, an intelligent, clean-cut man in his mid-thirties, began to speak in a low voice, rather diffidently at first. He had been, he said, an outstanding athlete in high school, which we knew was true. He had also been an honor student, which was also true. He told the court that following his graduation, he had been approached by the athletic representative of a number of colleges.

"I didn't go to college," the defendant continued, his voice growing stronger. "I wanted desperately to go, but I couldn't . . . You see, Your Honor, my mother is a widow—my father, a laborer, had been killed in an industrial accident when I was a boy. I had to stay home and support her. Then I had met a girl from a neighboring town. We fell in love. Then, to seal my decision, I was offered the job in the bank from which I have now stolen money.

"When I first got that job, I thought I had the world by the tail. Here I was, the son of poor immigrant parents, being offered a responsible job in one of the best banks in the Upper Peninsula. It seemed incredible. I took the job, as you know, and what happened? I worked there for five years before I got my first raise. I also got my first service chevron to sew on my sleeve.

"I knew from the checks that passed through my hands that I was being paid less than some of the young typists down the street. I also knew, from my work, the handsome dividends the stockholders were making on their stock in the bank where I worked.

"I kept going with my girl—we had been engaged for several years—begging her to wait, that I was sure I'd get my break soon and then we could be married. She waited. . . . Another five years passed and I got my break, all right—I got a $10 a month raise and another chevron to wear so that no one could possibly forget the length of my servitude.

"Several more years passed and one day, one of the older tellers suddenly died. I had been his understudy since I had come with the bank. I knew the job from A to Z. I asked for the job. What happened? I didn't get it—one of the stockholders had a faltering son-in-law who was beginning to cost him money.

"The son-in-law got the job over my head. It didn't take me ten minutes to discover that he didn't know a sight draft from a bale of hay. And I'm not blaming him; he was a nice guy who needed a job—and had the connections to land it. But it happened to be the job I was looking for and needed. It also happened to be the job which I was entitled to, if there is any morality in business whatever. . . . I wound up doing most of the new man's work as well as my own.

"I became desperate and cynical, and didn't care much what happened. I told my girl that I didn't quite land the new job, but that I had got a substantial raise and we could be married soon. I lied to her. I didn't get a substantial raise—or any raise; instead, I got another chevron to add to the others.

"I grew embittered and wanted to quit. But there was my mother to think of, and the girl I loved—and by then, about all I knew how to do was my particular little niche in banking. I was a has-been at 33—and yet I felt I couldn't quit. I'd lost what little pride and spirit I had left."

His voice, rising now, began to shake a little with emotion. "Then I began to steal. It was easy. I knew my business well and I found the way to cover up my tracks indefinitely. As all embezzlers feel, I thought I would pay it back some day. But I felt no particular sense of wrong-doing, nor do I now. I think I should tell you that. I felt

and still feel that I was taking no more than my due.

"I bought my girl an engagement ring and began making payments on a building lot. We planned to be married just about now. Instead, she has gone away to take up nursing. She says she'll wait for me . . .

"Then came that small error, the auditors were called in, and I was caught. As for my shortages, I could not pay them back—I had no wealthy connections who were important stockholders in the bank. So I was prosecuted. As you know, I came in here and pleaded guilty.

"You have asked me if I had anything to say. This, Your Honor, is what I had to say, and I have said it not in any mitigation of my guilt nor to seek any sympathy at your hands. I'm smart enough to know that I'm through. The reason I have spoken is so that some other eager young men going into similar banks might perhaps know what they may be getting into; and so that possibly, and less likely, the eyes of the directors of some of our banks might at last be opened to the wizened fruits of their quiet greed.

"That is all I have to say. Thank you, sir, for the opportunity to get all this off my chest."

The courtroom had grown as still as a church. I moistened my lips. Judge Belden sat looking at the eloquent and pallid defendant. His own drawn face had turned ashen gray. His voice was weary and old when he finally spoke.

"Young man," he began, and his voice broke with pent emotion. He cleared his throat. "Young man, there are times when the weight of responsibility resting upon a judge is almost more than he can bear. This is one such occasion. . . . Most of the things you have told me I already know. Some of them indeed come as a surprise. I am moved, and deeply so, and I wish it were possible for me, under the law, to take a different course. But a judge, alas, must be ruled by his head as well as his heart.

"Other less articulate men will presently stand where you now stand. They will stand there when you and I are gone. Their stories, if they could speak, would also wrench the heart. Few of us are compounded solely of evil, just as few men are made up only of good. It is one of the awful dilemmas of crime and punishment—indeed, of life itself. I can only give you the cold comfort that what I am about to do, I shall do reluctantly and with a heavy heart, but with the sad conviction that under the scheme of things I must."

Judge Belden sighed and turned slightly toward the silently busy automaton, the court stenographer. "It is the judgment of the court that you be confined to the state prison situated in this county, there to remain for a period of not less than one year nor more than twenty years. I recommend that you be made to serve no more than the minimum term."

There was a faint sighing whistle in the courtroom. Someone sobbed behind me and spoke softly in a foreign language. I looked around and saw an old woman leaving the courtroom. I never learned who she was. An attendant came up and touched the arm of the defendant and motioned him to follow . . .

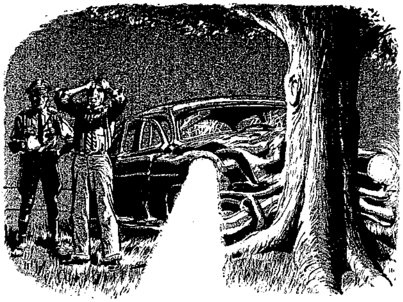
I arose and went swiftly to my office. I closed the door and stood looking far out across Lake Superior. The vast lake glittered and heaved in the cheerful sunlight. The gulls endlessly wheeled over the harbor, far below. They looked so free . . . I stood there looking and thinking for a long time. What an incredibly lovely world it was without men!

Somehow into my brooding thoughts crept the name of a book—a book by a man called Dreiser. *An American Tragedy* it was called. As I stood there, I wondered just who I thought I was, to be part of the monstrous machinery that presumed to pass judgment on my fellow men.

THE TRIAL OF young Donald Blair was nearing the end of its third day. It was a drab, drizzly afternoon in the fall. In the coppery glow of the old-fashioned brass lights, Judge Belden sat on the bench, quietly preparing instructions to the jury. I sat at my table with the People's files and exhibits spread before me.

Tall young Blair, the defendant, his long legs crossed, sat opposite my table beside his lawyer. I glanced at him. He was rubbing the soft down on his cheek, staring dully at the big sheriff on the witness stand. The sheriff was the People's last witness and I was nearly done with him.

All during the trial, which had been uneventful enough, I had had a feeling that something unusual was going to happen. Perhaps it was sheer mysticism; perhaps it was merely the fact that this was my first kidnaping case as prosecutor. The feeling of impending surprise persisted. I tried to dismiss it from



my mind by telling myself that—as any D. A. knows—all criminal trials have a faculty of taking unexpected turns, sometimes exploding in the very faces of the astounded judge, unsuspecting counsel and mystified jurors.

Maybe you're getting jittery, Traver, I thought. I decided I had better get on with the People's witness . . .

"Sheriff," I resumed, "after the bloodhound stopped before this young man in the jail corridor, did you learn his identity?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Prosecutor."

"Who was the young man?"

"Donald Blair, the defendant," the sheriff answered with finality, pointing at young Blair. Donald hung his head.

"That will be all, Sheriff," I concluded.

"No questions," the defense attorney surprisingly said. I turned to Judge Belden. "The People rest," I said, puzzled by the failure of the defense to question the sheriff. I shrugged. At any rate the People's case was in. It was now up to the defense to put in its testimony.

Judge Belden looked at the courtroom clock. It was nearing 4:30. Court ordinarily adjourned at 5 P.M. But it was a nasty day and everybody was tired, and Judge Belden was plainly debating whether to proceed or adjourn until the next morning. The judge glanced at the jury. Twelve fidgety citizens, anxious to get home, looked hopefully back at the judge.

"The defense will proceed," Belden dryly said. The jurors sighed and sat back reluctantly.

Blair's lawyer arose and announced pontifically: "The defense will waive its opening statement and call the defendant, Donald Blair, as its first witness!"

Blair's quavering, youthful falsetto, as he said "I do" to the oath, scarcely went with his tremendous height. He was inches over six feet. He sat in the witness chair, facing his lawyer, his dark eyes watchfully unblinking, his boyish cowlick falling over one eye.

To put it mildly, I was curious to learn what young Blair's defense would be. The People had already shown that at dusk on the day of the crime, someone had snatched a sleeping child out of its parents' parked sedan; had run with it into a field towards the woods on the outskirts of Princeville, the little mining town which was the scene of the crime; that shortly after that the parents discovered their child was missing; that a search was made; that the dead body of the child was finally discovered in the driver's seat of a truck parked by the side of a tavern; that the diaphragm of the child had been crushed.

We had also shown that the truck driver was in the tavern during all these events; that strange fingerprints, not the driver's, were discovered on the truck door; that bootprints of the apparent abductor were unusual in this locality, in that they were made by high-heeled boots similar to riding boots; that the marks of these boots were traced from the parked sedan through the field near the woods where the abductor had knelt or fallen, thence back to the parked truck where the baby's body was found, thence to the paved main road, where they disappeared.

During the past three days of the trial, I had painstakingly developed before the jury that the sheriff had finally obtained a bloodhound to aid in the search; that this beast had repeatedly taken the searchers over the same trail, always ending at the paved road where the bootprints ended; that several days of search to pick up the tracks had proven fruitless; that one evening, as the tired searchers were returning to the little Princeville jail, they encountered the usual knot of curious persons in the jail-house corridor; that as the sheriff was leading the bloodhound down the long corridor, the big dog suddenly growled and strained at its leash to reach a young man who was standing far back in the crowd, a young man who was wearing low

oxfords on his feet; and, finally, that this young man was the defendant, Donald Blair.

I had shown that the officers had warned and then questioned young Blair; that after some questioning, he had finally admitted he owned high-heeled boots; that, in company with the officers, he had produced the boots; that they exactly matched preserved footprints at the scene of the crime; that young Blair had then put on the boots at the officers' request and had walked home, in company with an officer, from the paved road; that the bloodhound was again started from the site of the parked sedan and led the officers unerringly over the entire course, not stopping on the main road this time but going right to Blair's home, about a mile from town. Finally I had shown that the fingerprints on the door of the truck (where the body was found) were those of Blair.

But through all the pre-trial investigation, the defendant had sullenly denied that he had seen or touched the little girl. It is true that the People's case was based largely on circumstantial evidence, yet contrary to popular notice, this is often the most reliable kind of evidence. Witnesses on both sides of a case may die or disappear or forget. But physical facts like finger- and bootprints—and, I am informed, bloodhounds—never lie.

So I sat there wondering just what young Blair's story would be. His attorney had started to question his client.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen," Donald answered.

The jurors glanced at one another and a few of them shook their heads sadly. I mentally marked down a three-bagger for the defense.

"Where do you live, Donald?"

"I've been working on a farm near Princeville. Two years ago I came there from Chicago."

"Are you living with your parents?" his lawyer asked.

"No." Donald hesitated and then went on. "My mother and father are divorced. I don't know where my father is."

"And your mother? Where is she?"

Donald's lawyer was doing all right. Naturally he knew all about Donald's mother and father, but he was shrewdly bringing it all out in a way best calculated to arouse jury sympathy.

"Where is your mother, Donald?" his attorney repeated.

Blair gulped and his eyes glistened. "She's working. She—she's a thin lady with a circus. I—I wish she was here."

I glanced at the jury. A home run for the defense. Donald's attorney paused to let all this sink in.

"When did you last see your mother, Donald?"

"Not since last winter. I'll see her again this winter—I mean, I hope I will."

The forlorn quality of this statement from this pathetic marital waif had even me swallowing a lump in my throat. This was no calculated show; it was the real McCoy, a lonely homesick kid longing for his mama.

"Isn't she coming up here for the trial?" his counsel asked. He was piling it on a bit thick and I could have objected, but didn't dare.

"She wrote she was going to try

to. I—I hope so. We don't have much money. I want to see her so bad." Tears were in his eyes.

Donald's attorney walked up close to Donald. I sat up. This was the part, here it was coming. The jury leaned tensely forward.

"Donald, did you take this little girl from her parents' sedan?"

Donald looked squarely at his attorney. "No, sir," he answered confidently, almost defiantly. There was a subtle change in his demeanor that puzzled me.

"Did you touch her or hurt her in any way?"

"No, sir."

"Were you in Princeville that night?"

"Yes, sir. I had been in town a couple of hours. I shot a game of pool and started home. It was just getting dark. I saw this sedan parked by the main highway and I walked over to see if I could get a ride toward home, but there was no one in it."

"What did you do then?"

"I then decided to walk across the field towards home and take a short cut through the woods. Halfway through the field, it got pretty dark and I stumbled and fell, so I decided to go back to the main road. Passing the tavern I saw this parked truck. I grabbed the door and looked in, still looking for a ride, but only saw what I thought was a sleeping child."

"Did you touch her?"

"No, sir."

"Then what did you do?"

"Then I walked to the main road, waited a while for a ride, couldn't get one, so I walked back home."

"Did you cooperate with the police to help them find out who did this thing, Donald?"

"Yes, sir. I even went to the jail to tell them I had seen the little girl in the truck. Then—before I could —that dog smelled me. If I had really done it, I would of stayed away from the jail."

"That is all, Donald." His attorney turned to me with a slightly mocking smile. I smiled ruefully back. "You may take the witness," he announced.

The jury leaned back and sighed in unison. I guessed they were revising a previous settled conviction of guilt. It was a bad sign for me.

SO THAT WAS IT! Donald's attorney had used one of the simplest and yet most effective criminal-defense practices: that of admitting as much of the truth as possible, short of admitting guilt. He had accounted neatly for everything. And there was always the haunting possibility that it was true; that Donald hadn't abducted the girl or touched her in any way.

I cleared my throat to speak, feeling my way for an approach. I was in a tight box and knew it.

Just then the big courtroom door opened. Framed in it stood the tallest, palest, thinnest woman I have ever seen. Certainly she was the homeliest. She looked like a grotesque female Abraham Lincoln. She saw her son on the witness stand.

"Mama!" he murmured. Her lips silently formed his name. The bailiff came forward and led her to the other lawyer's table. Wordlessly she sat down, still staring at her son. Her son buried his face in his hands. Everyone in the courtroom, including the D.A., was visibly affected.

I turned to Donald. His face was still in his hands. I walked over so that I stood close to his mother. It was not a trick. If Donald was innocent—and by then I hoped he was—I wanted to show it and show it quickly.

"Donald, please look at me. I want to ask you a few questions," I said.

Donald slowly looked up, saw his mother, and then quickly stared straight in my eyes.

"Donald," I said quietly, "your mother always taught you to tell the truth, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And always to thank people for helping you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are going to tell us only the truth here, are you not?"

Donald glanced at his mother, searching her eyes. I glanced at this gaunt, stricken woman. She had shut her eyes and sat convulsively gripping the arms of her chair.

"Oh, yes, sir," Donald replied.

"All right, then, Donald," I said, and then paused for perhaps thirty seconds. Then quickly: "Tell us, did you thank the person who gave you the ride home from the paved road in Princeville to the farm the night the little girl was killed?"

Quickly, quietly. "Yes, sir." There was no time for his attorney to make a warning diversionary objection or anything.

There it was. Just like that. It had to be.

"And it isn't true that you walked home that night, as you have just claimed here, before your mother arrived?"

"No, sir." In a small, wan voice.

"Why did you tell the police and now the jury that you had walked home, Donald?"

Slowly. "I—I was mad at that bloodhound and I—I wanted to show him up."

"Why were you mad at the bloodhound, Donald?"

"B—because he got me in trouble."

"When you came to the jail, did you think the dog wouldn't discover you if you weren't wearing the riding boots, was that it, Donald?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you were curious to see this animal, and find out if it could really detect a guilty person by scent alone?"

Quietly. "Yes, sir."

There was one final question that had to be asked. "Now, Donald, will you tell us—your mother and all of us—why you didn't want to be discovered?"

Donald's mother opened her eyes and looked at her son. Her tragic eyes were tearless, her face was bloodless and drawn. It was one of the saddest, most moving scenes I have ever witnessed in or out of a courtroom.

Though I sought only the truth, I felt like a monster. Again the mother nodded her head, ever so

lightly. Her lips began to move. "Tell Mother, Donald," she said. "Tell Mother the truth—just like she always taught her baby."

Wide-eyed, Donald began speaking to his mother in a high, piping voice. "Yes, Mama, I did it. I—I don't know why . . . I had read lots about kidnapings and ransoms. So I opened the car door with my handkerchief, to hide the fingerprints, just like I read. I grabbed her, Mama . . . She started to cry . . . I didn't mean to hurt her, Mama. Honest I didn't. . . . I ran away in the dark and tripped and I guess I fell on her. She didn't make a sound after that . . . She grew so limp and quiet . . . I—I got scared and ran back and saw this other truck and put her in it. I forgot all about fingerprints . . . I ran out to the highway. Just then a logging truck was going by. I thumbed a ride and went home . . . And—and I thanked the driver. Really, I did, Mama . . ."

"My baby!" Donald's mother said. The words seemed wrenched from her very soul.

"I—I only did it for you, Mama —so I could make some money so you wouldn't always have to be a—a thin lady in a circus . . . If—if you'd only been here, I'd have told them guilty long ago. They scared me with all their questions."

I had indeed discovered the truth, and the taste turned to ashes in my mouth.

"That's all, Donald. You may go to your mother now," I said.

I glanced up wearily at the courtroom clock. It was two minutes to five. The impatient jury could go home now. We'd gather up the broken pieces in the morning. . . .

THE BRAVE RINGING phrase "Murder will out" is surely one of the finest fallacies with which man comforts his way to the grave. Every prosecutor knows this. The grim fact is that most murders have to be dug out by main strength and awkwardness. Millions of dollars are spent annually, and often vainly, trying to pin murders on their uncooperative perpetrators. And the annual toll of totally unsolved murders in this and every other so-called civilized country in the world would stagger the imagination.

Our grisly tabulator would resolve his cases into at least three broad categories: where the fact of the murder is apparent but no murderer has been found; where both the fact of the murder and the identity of the murderer remain officially shrouded in doubt; and finally, in that large class of cases where no legally actionable suspicions whatever are aroused—that is, in the completely successful murder.

It is upon a phase of this last class of murders that I now wish to dilate. I like to call them "psychological" murders, because I have a suspicion that the most successful of them are truly that. Let me tell you about the "murder" of Orion Fry. In a sense it is fictional, in that it is frankly pieced together from the unreliable hints and rumors of various servants that worked for him.

Orion Fry descended upon this neck of the woods out of nowhere shortly following World War I. Some said he was a war-profiteer, some said he was a retired munitions manufacturer, some said he was a draft-dodger. I don't know: perhaps he was all three. Certainly he was a man of mystery. That he was also immensely wealthy no one doubted because, through his agents, he quietly purchased a large wooded estate along the rocky shore of Lake Superior. There he laid out elaborate grounds and built an immense, rambling log house—called "Orion's Watch"—which commanded a splendid view of the restless lake and of Old Baldy, a granite knob, a mile or so up the shore.

As nearly as we natives could tell, the mysterious Orion Fry spent most of his waking hours sitting in his library, staring at Old Baldy. (He kept a rack of binoculars at his elbow.) That and listening to music. He possessed all manner of phonographs, radios and assorted music boxes. He owned a grand piano as long as an oversized ping-pong table. Whatever else he may have been, Orion Fry was an advanced music lover.

Further evidence of the man's wealth and fanatical devotion to music was the fact that practically all the guests at Orion's Watch were professional musicians, currently prominent in the world of music. They were a motley international group and their names would compose an impressive list of the musical great of the last quarter-century. Many of them—it was learned later—were paid prevailing concert rates simply to come to Orion's Watch and perform for Fry.

Then, shortly before Pearl Harbor, a brilliant young European pianist was invited to come to Orion's Watch. To avoid international complications, we shall simply pick a typical Anglo-Saxon name and call her Sonja. It seems that Sonja was very beautiful and very talented. The combination apparently proved irresistible; she came and played and conquered—and remained on as Mrs. Orion Fry.

Following this strange marriage, the estate rapidly became a sort of musical mecca. It was said that one could not stroll along the rocky shore without stumbling over at least one recumbent concert pianist. Kitchen rumor had it that one might even stumble over a mixed pair of concert pianists.

As time went on, the gracious and beautiful mistress of Orion's Watch surrounded herself with all manner of hopeful musical protégés. Some of the younger and more obscure remained on as more or less permanent fixtures. And despite a severe heart attack, aging Orion Fry continued to sit in his vast library and listen to the music and stare at Old Baldy through his binoculars.

"Keep him very quiet," the physician warned the beautiful Mrs. Fry. "Nothing must excite him."

"Ah, yes, Doctor," Mrs. Fry gravely assented. "He shall remain very quiet."

Shortly before the master had suffered his heart attack, a talented and handsome compatriot of Mrs. Orion Fry's had arrived at Orion's Watch as a guest. It seems that Mrs. Fry had known him as a student in Paris. We shall pick another typical Anglo-Saxon name and call him Boris.

Boris and Sonja instantly rediscovered what might be termed a complete musical affinity, an instinctive appreciation for each other's considerable talents. They played duets by day while old Orion Fry sat in his chair, listening and staring out the window at brooding Old Baldy. They played candlelit duets far into the night.

They even took long hikes together along the rugged lake shore, presumably discussing music and kindred interests while Orion Fry swallowed his heart pills and stared at them through binoculars.

Then one bright day, they left old Fry sitting in his library as usual. Slowly they prowled the shore, hand in hand, and finally scaled Old Baldy and lay under a lone pine in the glittering sun. Hours later, when they returned, they went immediately to the library. There they found the contorted body of Orion Fry sprawled in his chair before the window, staring sightlessly at Old Baldy.

"Heart attack" read the death certificate. Heart attack it doubtless was. But was it not also what I call "psychological" murder?

This dark thought would never have occurred to me if a tavern-keeper in the village near Orion's Watch had not told us much later, in an unguarded alcoholic moment, that Fry's valet had told him it was really he who had first discovered the dead body in the library; that it was he, grown suddenly curious, who had knelt and raised the binoculars dangling from his master's cold hands; that it was he who had looked out at distant Old Baldy and there witnessed a certain tableau involving a man and a maid—a spirited tableau that had little or nothing to do with music.

We inquired about the valet, but could not find him. He was last traced into war-shrouded England. As for Sonja and Boris, they had promptly sold out and reportedly left together for the quiet English fishing village of Minsk.

But even if we could have proved all these things and could have laid our hands on the musical pair, would we still have had a legally provable case of murder? We would not have. Any second-year law student could have sprung them. Yet, if the story is true, old Orion Fry was murdered just as surely as though the two lovers, Boris and Sonja, had shot him.

Murder will out? It is to laugh. Whoever says it should be arrested for circulating false rumors.

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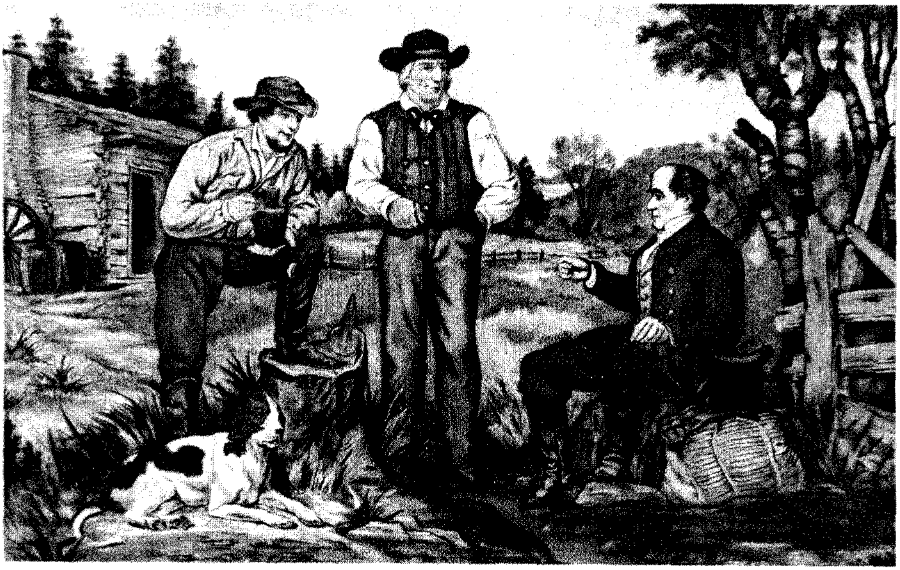

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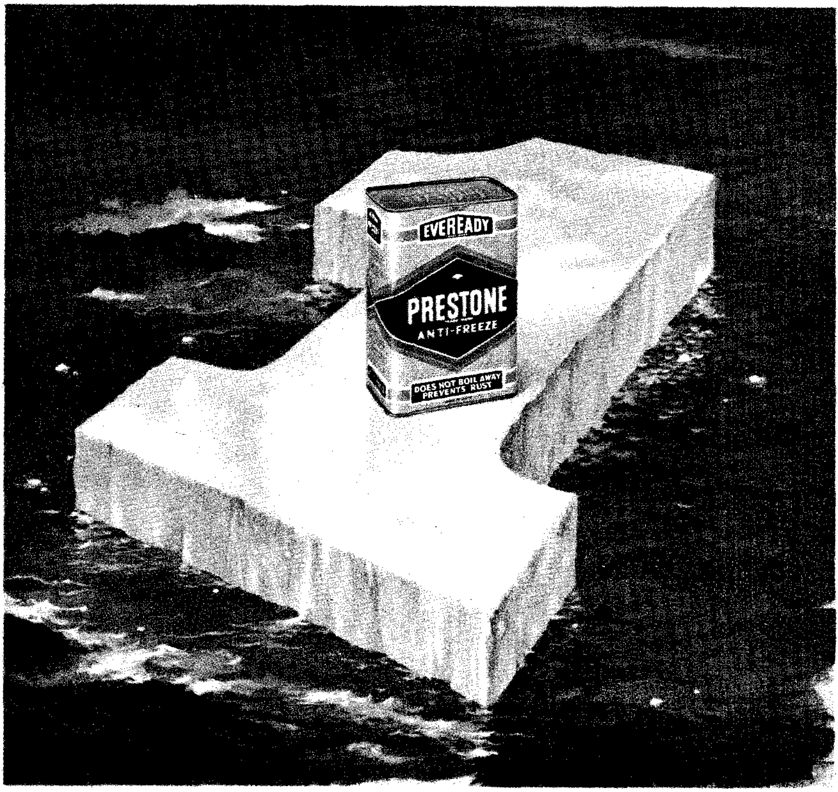
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